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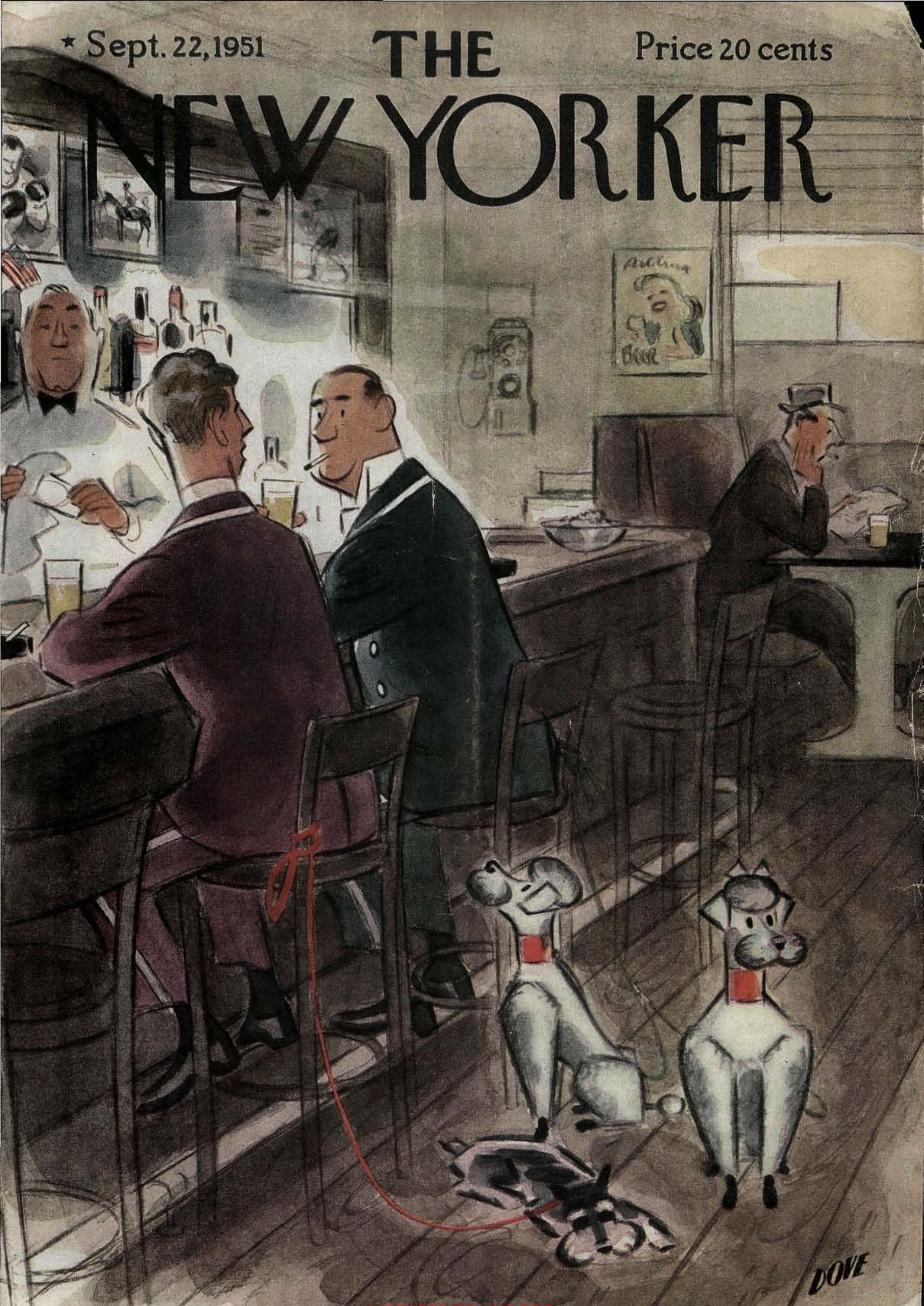

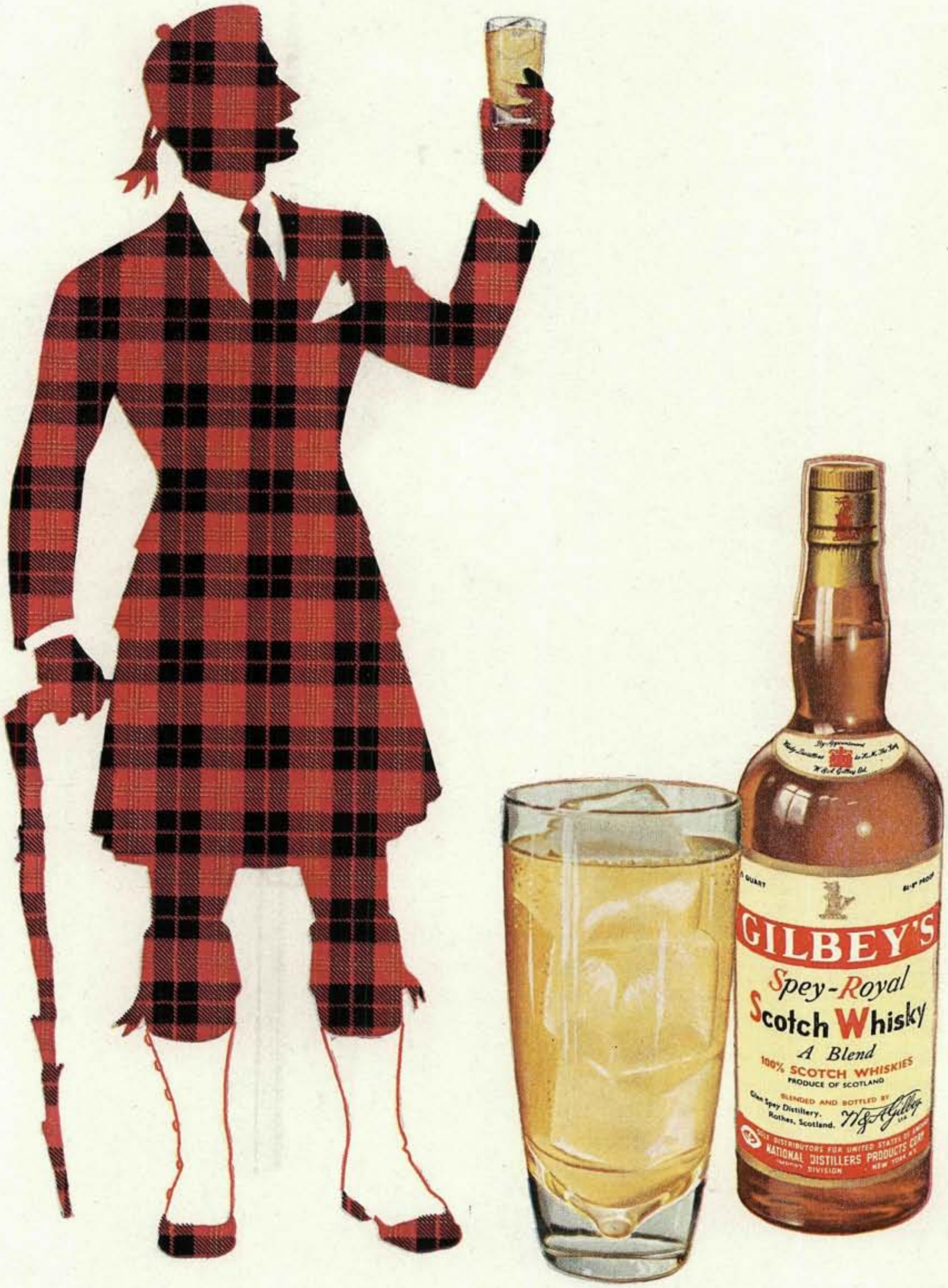
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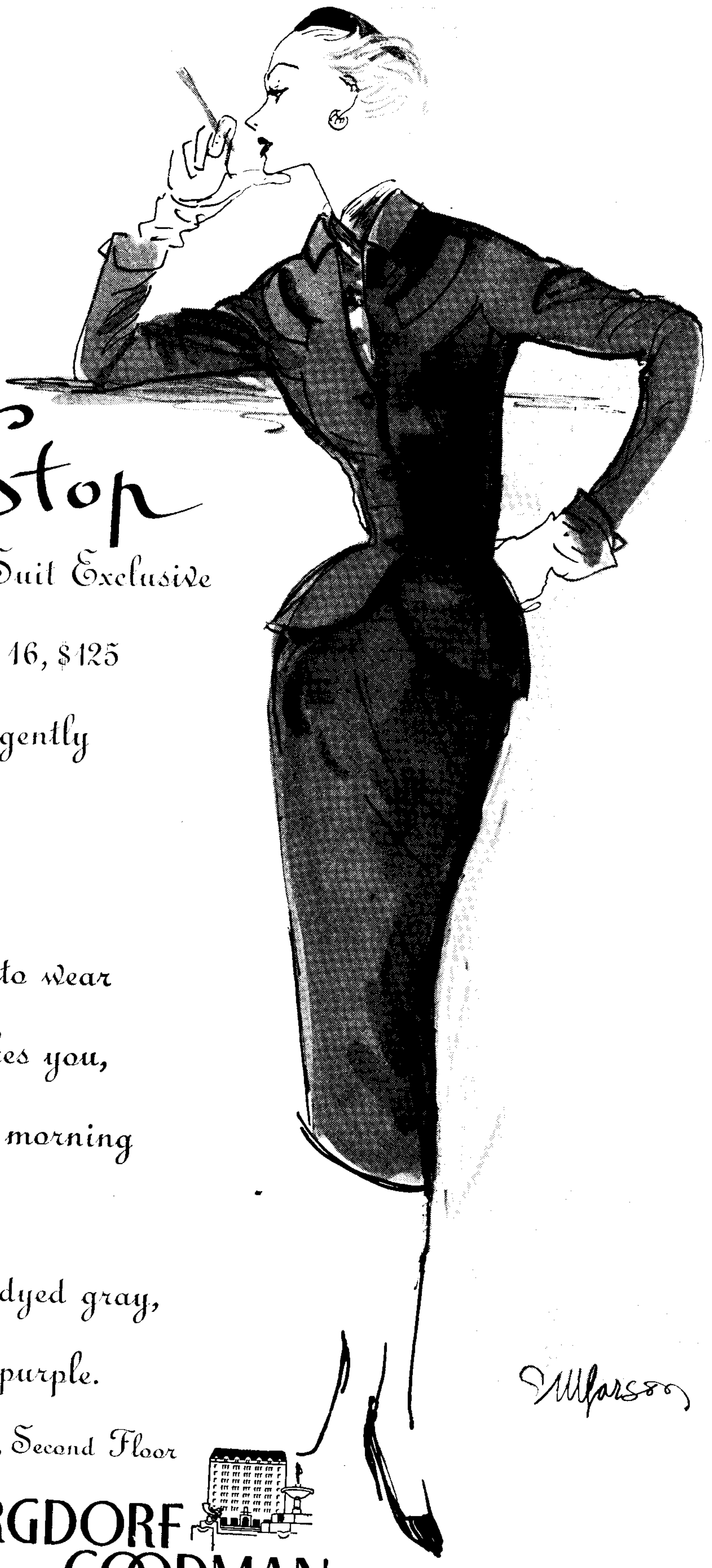

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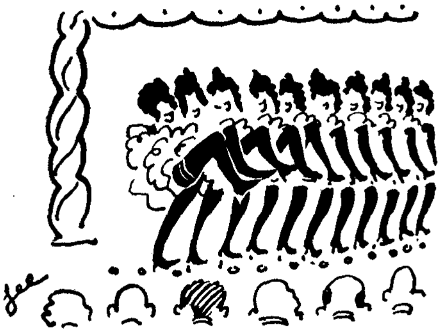

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Diamond Lil—Mae West in a limited return engagement of her old lemonade social. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Lace on Her Petticoat—Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked in a comedy-drama by Aimée Stuart. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Unlike the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned Tennessee Williams in the past, his heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely persuasive. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company, including John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—affairs of state: Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are in it, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Seventeen—More in the spirit of routine Broadway musical comedy than of Tarkington's famous story, but you might do worse. With Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—George Abbott and Betty Smith collaborated on this adaptation of her novel, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields wrote the music and lyrics, and Shirley Booth is at the top of a talented cast, which includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. The result is an unusually lively and moving show. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Martha Stewart are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Out West of Eighth—A comedy by Kenyon Nicholson, with a cast that includes Richard Carlyle, Robert Keith, Jr., and Barbara Baxley. Produced by Courtney Burr and Malcolm Pearson. Opens Thursday, Sept. 20. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twilight Walk—A play by A. B. Shiffrin, with Nancy Kelly heading the cast. Staged by Paul Stewart and produced by Richard W. Krakeur. Opens Monday, Sept. 24. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love and Let Love—Ginger Rogers, Paul McGrath, and Tom Helmore in a comedy written and directed by Louis Verneuil. Produced by Anthony B. Farrell. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 25. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet Company—Final performances of the season, tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 20: "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 21: "Card Game," "Orpheus," "The Cage," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 22: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," "The Duel," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 22: "Card Game," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 23: "Jinx," "Firebird," "A la Françaix," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 23: "Illuminations," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Age of Anxiety," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 7—Thursday evening, Sept. 20: "Giselle," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 21: "Les Sylphides," "Princess Aurora," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 22: "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Princess Aurora." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 22: "Concerto," "Fall River Legend," "L'Amour et Son Amour," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 23: "Concerto," "La Fille Mal Gardée," "L'Amour et Son Amour," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 23: "Theme and Variations," "Fancy Free," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 25: "Swan Lake," "Til Eulenspiegel" (American première), "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 26: "Designs with Strings," "Bluebeard," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Schumann Concerto" (première), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "Schumann Concerto," "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "L'Amour et Son Amour," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "Swan Lake," "La Fille Mal Gardée," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Schumann Concerto," "Caprichos," "Til Eulenspiegel," and "Bluebeard." (Metropolitan Opera House. BR 9-3135. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Cowboys and Indians in the not so wide-open spaces around Eighth Avenue. Opens Wednesday evening, Sept. 26, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 21. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean Garden, halfway to China, Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dancing at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—String music during dinner in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays), and, except Sundays, the same sort of stuff at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE

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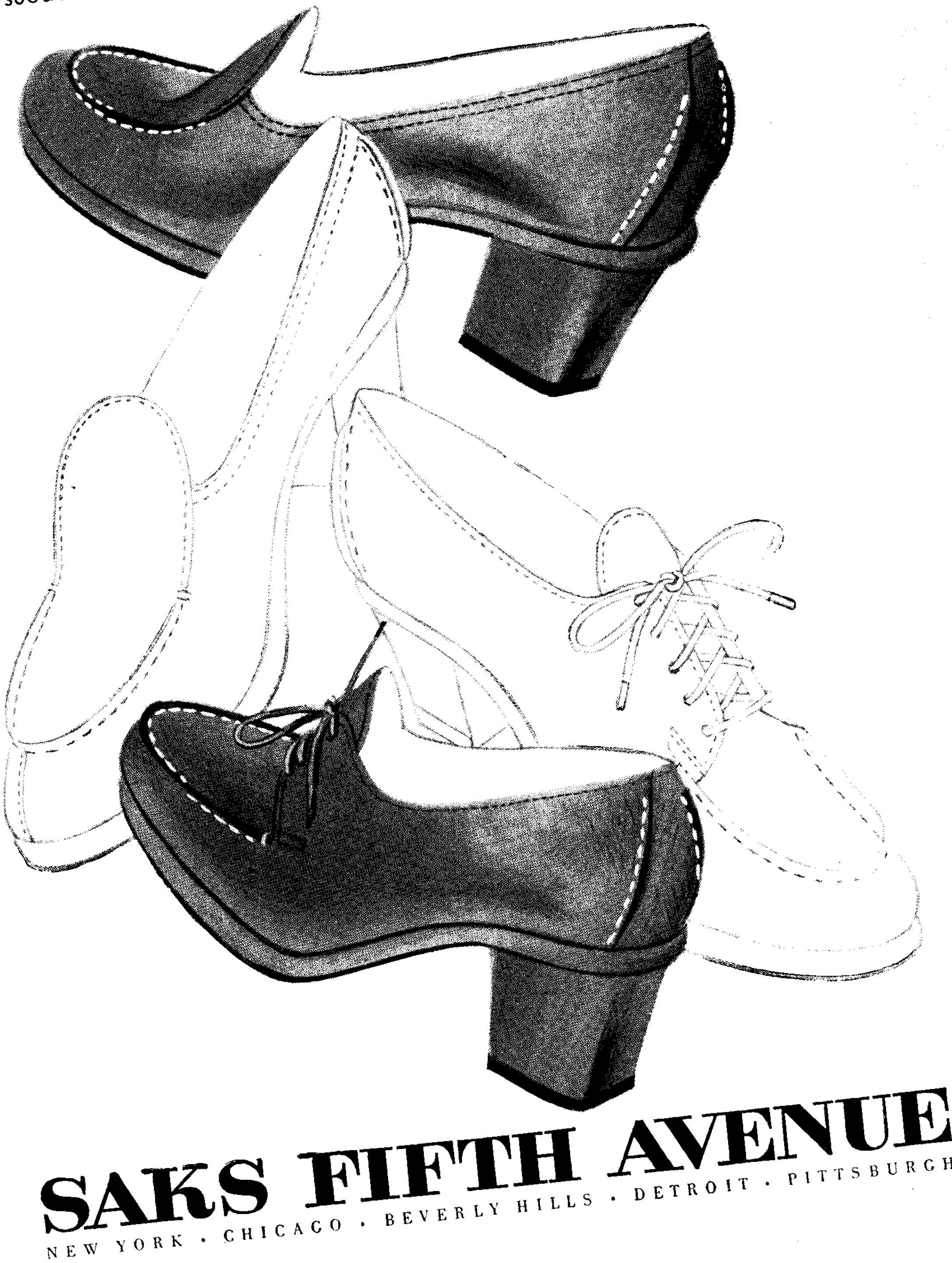

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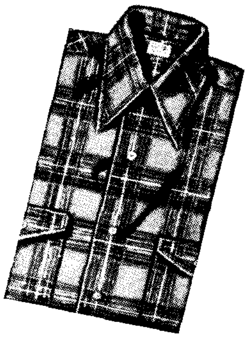

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than they were in the old place, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner, except on Sundays, in the big restaurant to make the transition as painless as possible. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A resplendent new job of landscaping enhances the vistas from this regal hunting lodge, where Ted Straeter and his dance orchestra and Pancho's long-silent rumba band make the night merry from nine on. Thursday, Sept. 27, will be black tie, s.v.p., as will the last Thursday of every month. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, which is new, too, George Feyer's piano begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, now a great big skating rink, there's a show at dinner and supper on the disappearing ice rink. The guests perform more sedately, on solid ground, to Bernie Cummins' music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Yma Sumac, whose tall voice can easily get lost in the stars, sings in the Cotillion Room, where Artini and Consuelo dance. The guests dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room will reopen Thursday, Sept. 27, with a benefit for the Travelers Aid Society. The principal event then and thereafter will be Kay Thompson, back where she always should have been—in the arms of Andy Williams and his three equally agile brothers. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's orchestras will play for dancing. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals make most of the music for dancing in the Grill at dinner and supper. On Monday, Sept. 24, they'll give way to Dick Mulliner's band. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, an extremely elegant boudoir, Julie Wilson, who just loves her work, is trying on some new evening dresses and songs, all of them quite becoming. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room will reopen on Wednesday, Sept. 26, with a benefit for the Tolstoy Foundation. Hugo Pedell's and Jan Brunesco's orchestras will do the honors, as before.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Russ Morgan's big dance band plays during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Escapists in a hurry might try the terrace, which is surrounded by trees, grass, fireflies, and other natural phenomena. Dancing for non-escapists.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dining in considerable peace, except when the mambo customers take the floor. John Carroll (Hollywood '51) sings, and Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, at both dinner and supper, the bands of Vaughn Monroe, America's most beloved train announcer, and Mischa Borr. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. Dancing.

Note—A thoroughly romantic view of fantastic, improbable old Manhattan is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who remembers when Wall Street was considered way uptown, displays his indestructible grin and bouncy dance band here from eight-thirty on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A pleasurable oasis wherein Alex Fogarty casually strokes a piano after eight. Starting Monday, Sept. 24, Julius Monk will be toying with the Steinway from five to eight, and after eleven Hugh Shannon will be chanting his jovial songs about lovely, lush, and lamentable ladies. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a nimble collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): This guys-and-dolls trysting place has Sonny Kendis, bent double over his piano, and his enthusiastic trio as after-dinner music, except Sundays. Lionel Meth plays high-velocity piano from about eight-thirty, except Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails, Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney plays an excellent grade of drawing-room piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Sam Hamilton sits in.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, that earthy raconteur and racing man, proving that it is indeed money that makes

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the mare go. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): If you sit at the right table, you can get a fine New Jersey view of the George Washington Bridge. Through Wednesday, Sept. 26, Lena Horne will be weaving her magic spell over the onlookers, and George DeWitt will be cracking his jokes. The following evening, Dick Haymes will start singing for his supper. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Billy Daniels' famous imitation of an aspen tree, to say nothing of his frenzied songs of passion. François and Giselle Szony may well be the neatest dance team now operating in these parts. The rest of the doings, except for a small collection of leggy French dolls, are a trifle soporific. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A veteran is back in business again, offering Pearl Primus and her African hillbilly dances and songs, an extremely lively cultural venture, as well as Sammy Benskin's dance band. . . . **GILDED CAGE,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): The newest arrival in the café-theatre set. As you'd expect, a show in which the female population outnumbers the male. The most important inhabitant is the sad-faced Ben Blue, a funny fellow in any surroundings. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** 2nd Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Reopens Friday, Sept. 21, with a new assortment of burlesque melodrama, singing waiters, singing customers, sawdust, and gags by Paul Killiam. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5908): In the back room, a bumper crop of goodies—anecdotes by the masterly Orson Bean, top-grade humor by Odette Myrtil (a wise old-timer), impish clowning by the new Coast team of Doodles and the Spider, glamour-puss songs by Barbara Cook, and the joyous music of the Ellis Larkin Trio, plus the piano of Stuart Ross. Saturdays and Sundays, at cocktail time, Doodles and the Spider, as well as Stuart Ross, will do matinées, too. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides some nice piano music at the dinner hour. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, whose lifework is setting Freud to music, and the Three Riffs, whose more bumptious fun is just as satisfying. The Norman Paris Trio plays celestial music, Julius Monk plays nostalgic piano, and Mary Mayo, a fledgling soprano, sings ballads. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, a small, fetching, and limpidly lyric siren from Israel. On Friday, Sept. 21, Charlotte Rae, a lady with distinctly comic implications, joins up. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bibi Osterwald bursts like a bombshell over this sedate cloister, and rollicking is the word for her ballads. Herb Corey offers some humorous ruminations, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The mixture as before—steam-calliope songs by Mae Barnes, romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels, idiotic ones by Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, rumpus-room piano by Norene Tate. Gene Fields' trio is an added starter. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon—as energetic a crew as ever graced this storied old firehouse. Ralph Sutton tears off some pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161

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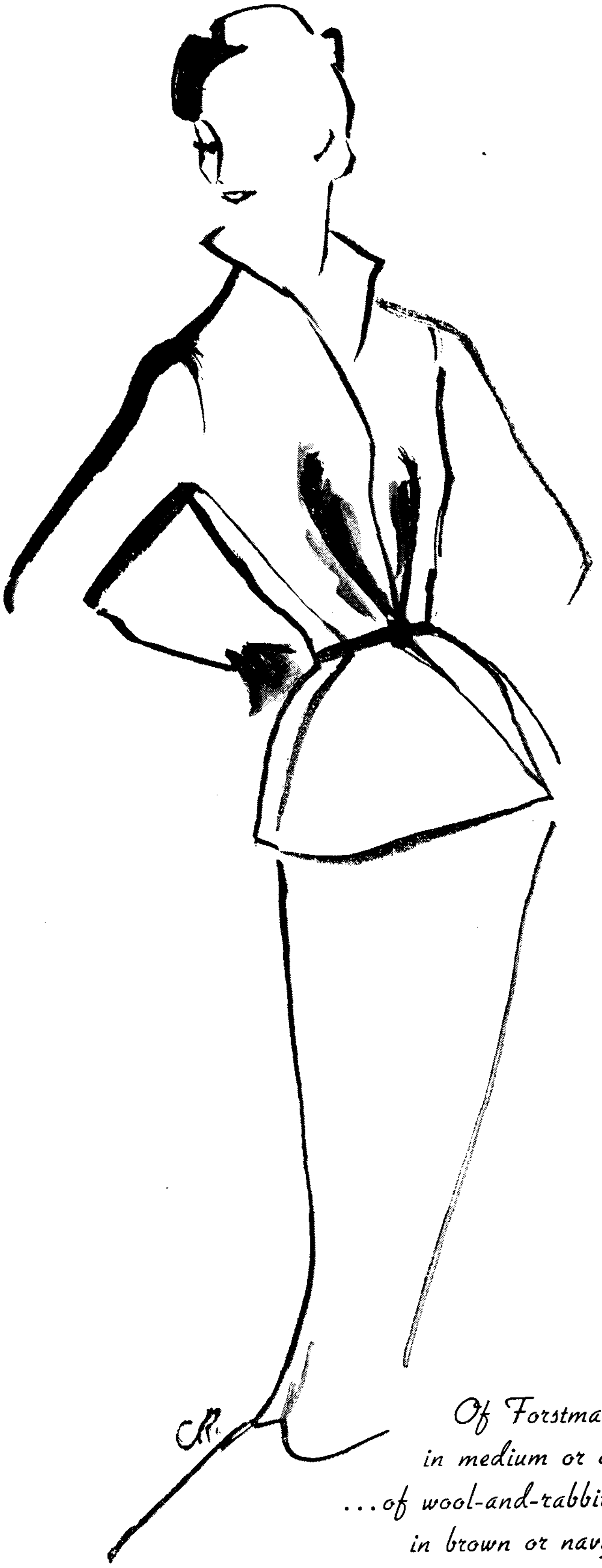

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Bobby Hackett and his true-blue boys, among them Vic Dickenson and Gene Sedric, to carry you back to old Virginny and all points South, and Red Norvo's artful trio, which includes Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass, to transport you to the stars. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band rumbles away here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's loyal supporters here are Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Sept. 26, Dizzy Gillespie will be bopping and mopping in the upper register. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Sept. 21, the caravan will include Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, George Wettling, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, and Bob Haggart. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This week (Sept. 21), Billy Butterfield, Bobby Sherwood, Peanuts Hucko, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, and the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton (Ohio, that is) will sound off. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EDITH BRY—New oils and pastels, many of them religious in subject, by an artist with considerable skill in the complexities of design. (Heller, 108 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 22.)

DAUMIER AND DELACROIX—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

SIDNEE LIVINGSTON—Paintings, a bit brittle in composition but animated in color. (Wellons, 70 E. 56th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8; through Sept. 22.)

GEORGE MUELLER AND JOEL VASEY—The first showing of paintings, all based on musical conceptions, by two young non-objectivists of some promise. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 27.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The Association's annual exhibition of prints, including serigraphs, color prints, etchings, and lithographs. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6; through Sept. 22.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Water colors of the Arizona desert country, done with the same quiet competence he has displayed in his Eastern landscapes. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 29.)

PROTÉGÉS—A lively show of paintings by a group of little-known artists, each artist selected by a member of the gallery. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Sept. 29.)

SIAMESE SCULPTURES—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 27.)

DAVID YOUNG—The first one-man showing here of abstract paintings, lively and imaginative in color, by a twenty-one-year-old Boston artist. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Sept. 29.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: An old and a new work by each of the gallery's artists, including Gregorio Prestopino, Anton Refregier, and Lena Gurr; through Sept. 22. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Water colors by contemporary American artists, among them Jacob Getlar Smith, Jean Liberte, and Henry Botkin; through Sept. 29. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jim-

The man in the Hathaway shirt

At long last American men are beginning to realize that it is ridiculous to buy good suits and then spoil the whole effect by wearing a cheap, mass-produced shirt. Hence the growing popularity of Hathaway shirts, which are in a class by themselves.

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Above all, Hathaway make their shirts of very remarkable fabrics, imported from the four corners of the earth — Viyella and Aertex from England, woolen taffeta from Auchterarder in Scotland, Sea Island cotton from the British West Indies, hand-woven silk from India, broadcloth from Manchester, linen batiste from Paris. You will get a great deal of quiet satisfaction out of wearing shirts which are in such impeccable taste.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

my Ernst, José de Rivera, Louis Schanker, and other gallery members. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 10; through Sept. 24.... **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Drawings, varied in subject matter, by Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, Reuben Tam, and others; through Sept. 22.... **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: James Ensor, Raoul Dufy, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other European and American moderns, in a showing of oils; through Sept. 29.... **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils and sculptures mostly, by Hare, Motherwell, Baziotes, and others; through Sept. 29.... **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: Works by Waldo Peirce, Henry Billings, Doris Rosenthal, and other gallery members, in the first exhibition at the gallery's new quarters; through Oct. 6.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28. Closed Saturday.... **NEW ART CIRCLE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Sept. 29.... **PERIDOT,** 6 E. 12th St.: A showing by Reginald Pollack, Seymour Franks, Esteban Vicente, and others; through Oct. 6.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Works by such modern French artists as Modigliani, Braque, Matisse, and Léger; through Sept. 29. Closed Saturday, Sept. 22.... **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Canvases by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Sept. 28. Closed Saturday.... **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: A show of oils and sculptures, comprising works by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, Renato Birolli, and other Americans and Italians; through Oct. 6. Closed Saturdays.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY,** 122 E. 55th St.: The Ontario Society of Artists; through Oct. 6.... **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Group of modern Europeans; through Oct. 27.... **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57th St.: Eric de Kolb; through Oct. 15.... **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: Group show by the art faculty. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 12.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Group showing by contemporary American artists; through Oct. 6.

NOTE—The semiannual exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 7.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists....¶ A display of portrait photographs, 1830-1930, including examples by Thomas Eakins, Man Ray, and Alfred Stieglitz. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 14.)

COOPER UNION, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—About a hundred woodcuts, etchings, and engravings given to the Museum by Leo Wallerstein. Among the artists are Dürer, Rembrandt, and Van Ostade. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Oct. 20.)

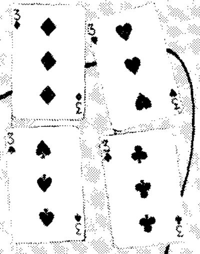
JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—Oils and pastels, mostly on Biblical subjects, by the late German artist Lesser Ury, plus an exhibition of children's paintings, sponsored by the Jewish Education Committee of New York. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, taken from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 25.)

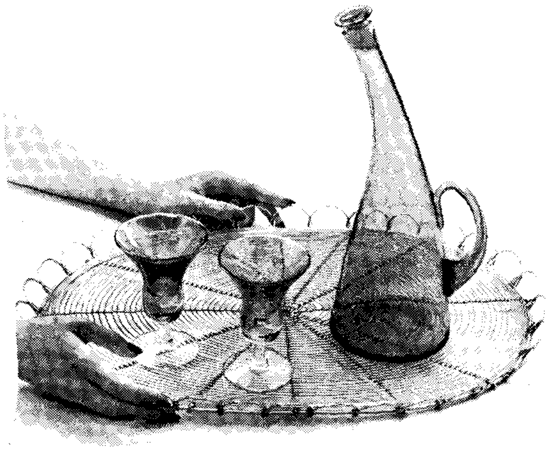
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective loan showing of works by the Belgian artist James Ensor; starting Sept. 26....¶ An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11....¶ Prints by the late Max Beckmann; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here

Sloane's deals out four-of-a-kind

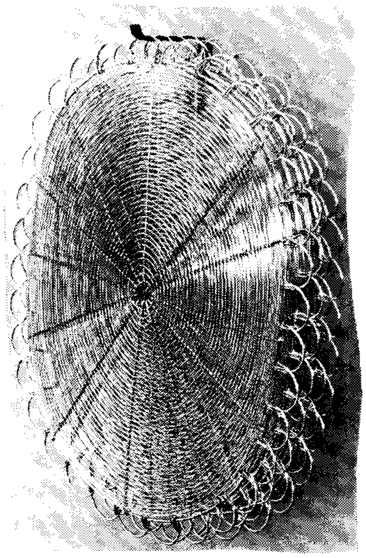


as a tray—scalloped edges turned up.



bright
and
shining
trays

compactly stored—
flattened and hanging on a hook.



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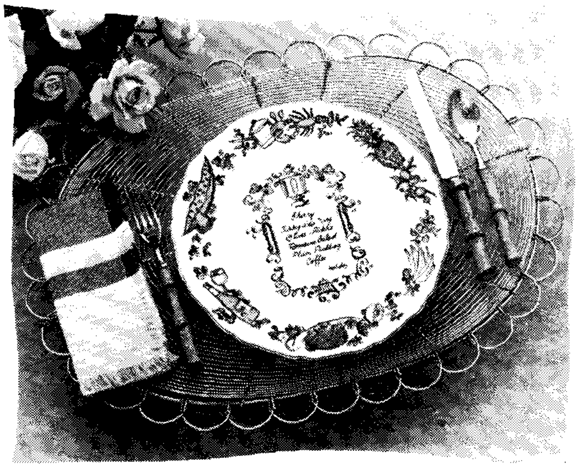
as a place mat—scalloped edges flattened out.



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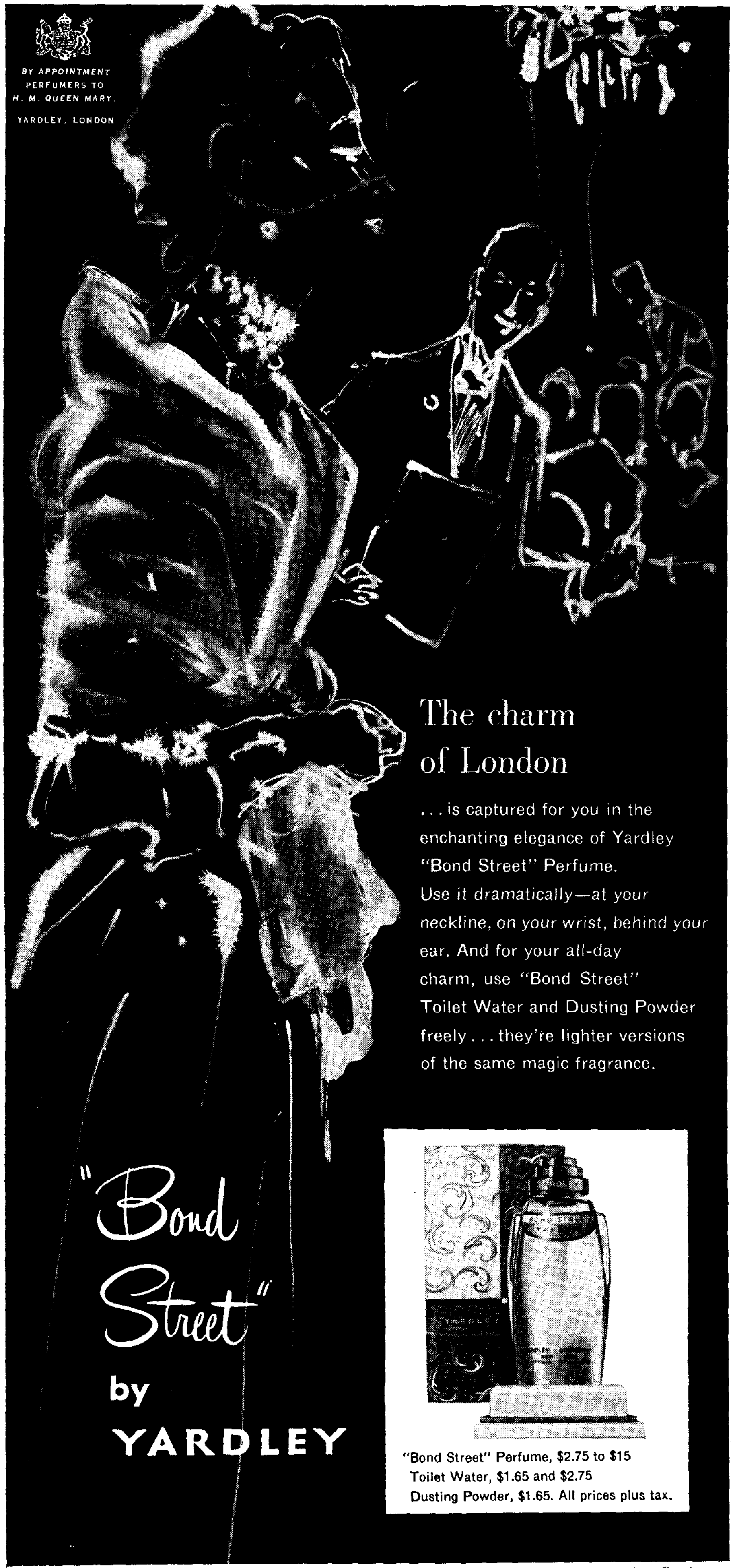
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are recent acquisitions: paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay, plus a Pevsner construction and other items. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Oct. 14.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's first show of the season is a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from its permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 30.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 11—Thursday evening, Sept. 27: "Manon.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Faust." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Duke Ellington's orchestra, the King Cole Trio, and Sarah Vaughan. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Sept. 28, at 7:45 and 11.)

LOCUST VALLEY MUSIC FESTIVAL—The New Music String Quartet and Carleton Sprague Smith, flute. (Mrs. Alma Morgenthau's residence, Lattingtown Estates, Locust Valley, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 23, at 4. For tickets, call Glen Cove 4-5951J.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, Sept. 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, at 1 (both doubleheaders), and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 2:05. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 23, at 2:05. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 22, at 1:30; Sunday, Sept. 23, at 2:30; and Monday, Sept. 24, at 1:30.

BOXING—Chico Vejar vs. Eddie Compo, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Sandy Saddler vs. Willie Pep, 15 rounds, for the World Featherweight Championship. (Polo Grounds. Wednesday, Sept. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 22:** Harvard vs. Springfield, at Cambridge, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Bates, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 29:** Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Temple, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Fordham, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. California, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Navy, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams; an exhibition game for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8:30.)

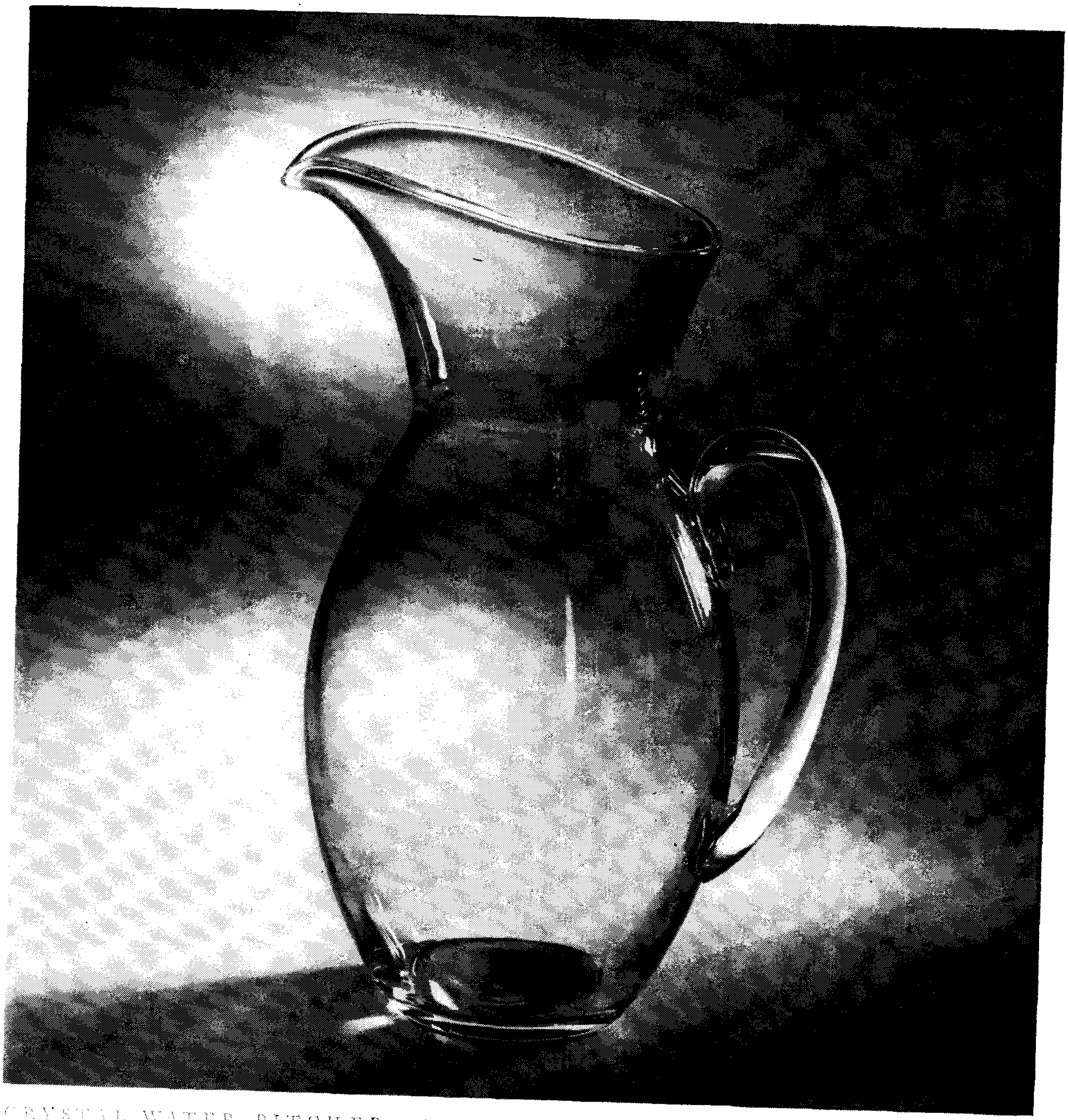
GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Through Thursday, Sept. 20.)

HORSE SHOW—Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29.)

HUNT RACING—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 22.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury. A match in the National Open Championship, Sept. 23.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15, through Saturday, Sept. 22. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Mon-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Sept. 24, through Tuesday, Oct. 16. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Sept. 24; the Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 26; and the Matron and the New York Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 29. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Aqueduct.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:40, from Monday, Sept. 24, through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains will leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:57, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization is currently in the throes of transferring all operations from Flushing Meadow to Manhattan, but if you call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, you may catch an open meeting, at Flushing Meadow, of the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, or the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. Be sure to call the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

NATIONAL HOMEFURNISHINGS SHOW—Everything for the house, including the kitchen sink. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Weekdays, noon to 10:30; Sundays, 1 to 10:30; through Sunday, Sept. 30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The program for September includes the main show, "Exploring the Constellations," as well as a special demonstration of how the annular eclipse of September 1st occurred. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Continental furniture, as well as paintings, prints, porcelains, silver, and other objects of art, the property of Mrs. George M. Bodman and others. (Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 20-22, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Georgian furniture and decorations; Dresden, Oriental Lowestoft, and other porcelains; glass; and silver, chiefly from various English collections and all assembled by Phineas Meade. (Exhibition Saturday, Sept. 22, and Monday through Thursday, Sept. 24-27, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, at 1:45.)

•

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Sept. 20.)

Force of Arms—Striking battle scenes of the late Italian campaign and fine acting by William Holden and Nancy Olson compensate for a somewhat uneven script. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Sept. 26.)

Four in a Jeep—M.P.'s of Russia, England, France, and the United States on patrol in the International Zone of Vienna. The amity between the Russian and his cohorts is not all one might desire but the film is interesting enough, especially when it shows the homecoming of Austrian prisoners of war. With Viveca Lindfors and Ralph Meeker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 23-24.)

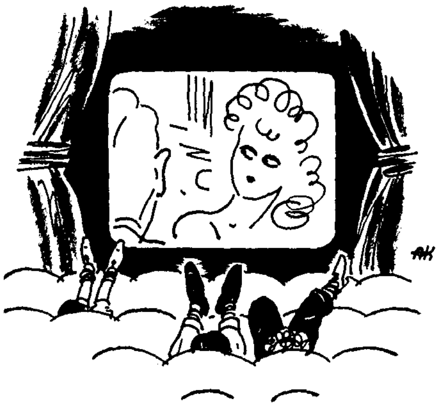
The Great Caruso—Maybe there's a lack of authenticity about this chronicle of the tenor's career, but the music is good, and Mario Lanza, in the title role, sings it quite adequately. Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom uncork a few songs, too. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 24.)

Marie du Port—A world-weary man from Cherbourg finds release from ennui in a neighboring village, which happens to have a pleasant bar and an even more pleasant barmaid. An extremely amiable French film, with Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Oliver Twist—An English version of the Dickens novel that is handsomely mounted, and distinguished by the performance of Alec Guinness as Fagin. John Howard Davies is the Oliver of the piece, and Robert Newton, Francis L. Sullivan, and Kay Walsh are on hand as some of the other colorful characters. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

A Place in the Sun—Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in George Stevens' superb adaptation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India that is distinguished by fascinating topical detail and a script based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most engrossing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats *only*.)



Tales of Hoffmann—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tony Draws a Horse—English whimsey exploiting a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. A bit too broad to be entirely satisfactory, but amusing nevertheless. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 26.)

REVIVALS

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Sept. 21.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 21. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Sept. 22.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 21-22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 23-25.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 21-24, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 21.)

Extenuating Circumstances (1946)—A retired judge involved with a gang of crooks. In French, with Michel Simon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

Five Men and a Woman (1938)—A French film (formerly called "They Were Five") concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 20.)

The Last Stop (1949)—A Polish semi-documentary film, in several languages, about the concentration camp at Auschwitz. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-la, where people live forever. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Sept. 23-25.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 20.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 20.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 21-24, tentative.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 25, tentative.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—A small boy picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture, with John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Valerie Hobson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 23-25.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 25, tentative.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 25.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 23: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 24: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Here Comes the Groom," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
A PLACE IN THE SUN.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 26 (tentative): "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Flying Leathernecks," John Wayne, Robert Ryan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Sept. 20: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.
From Sept. 21: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 25: "The People Against O'Hara," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.
From Sept. 26: "The Well," Richard Rober, Barry Kelly.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"A Streetcar Named Desire," Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

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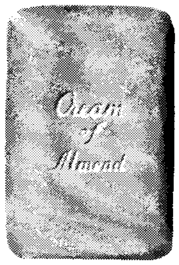
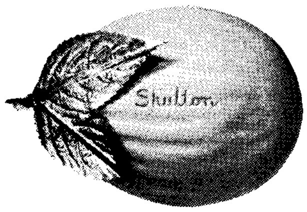


Cream of Almond Soap, 4 cakes 1.50



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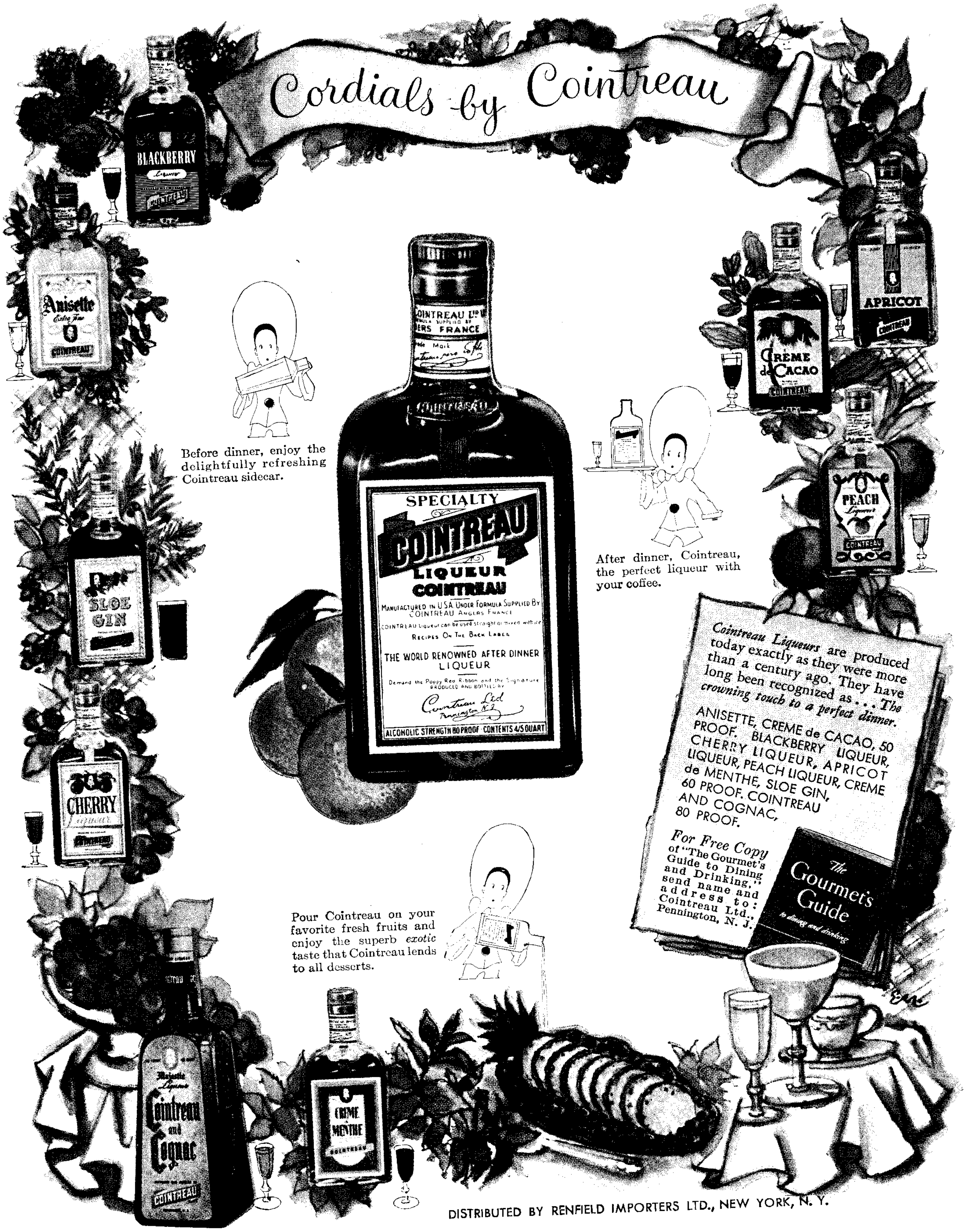
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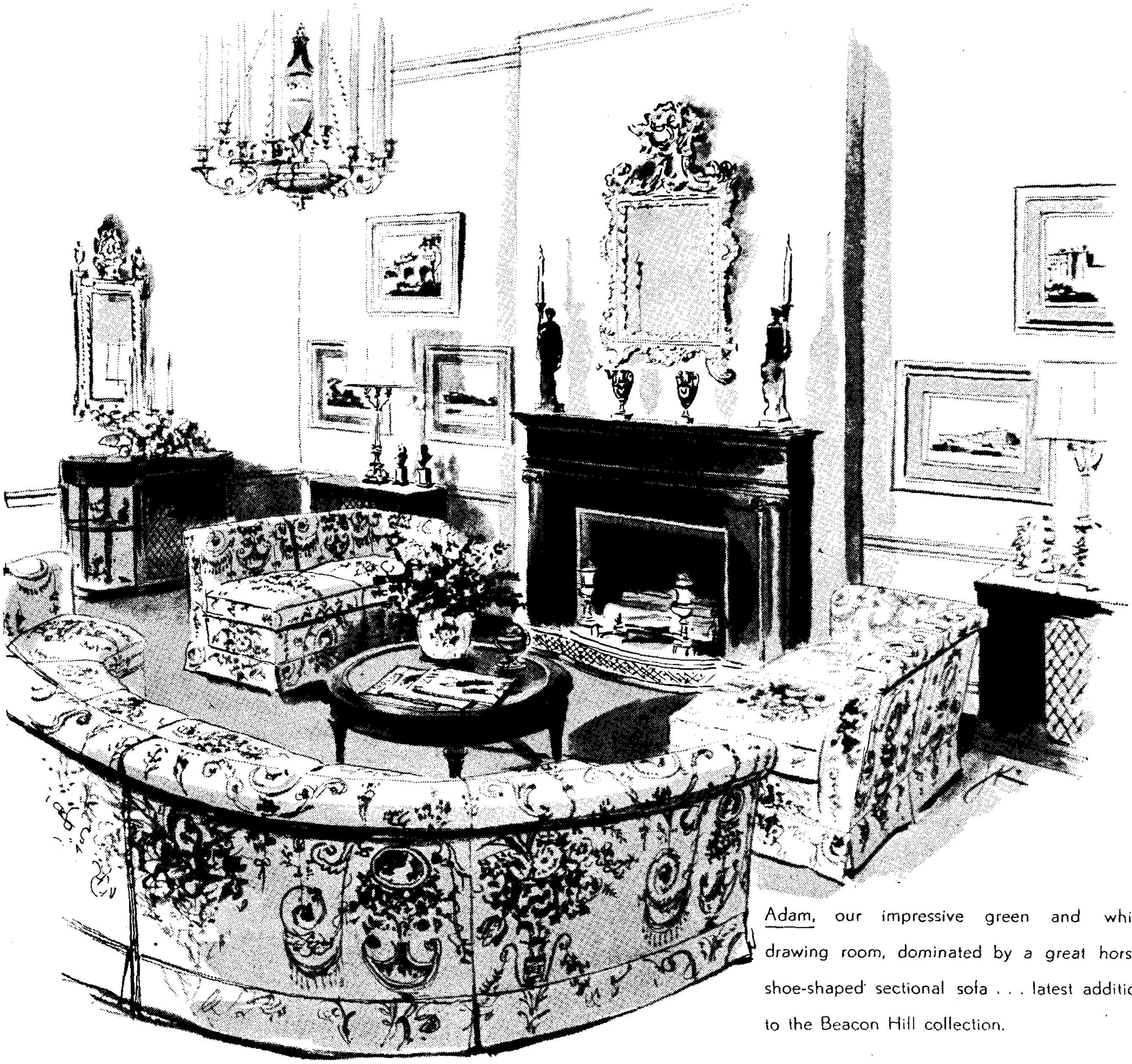

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

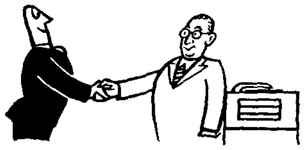
BEING a connoisseur of ominous news, we feel free to direct your attention to page 171 of *Vogue* for September 1st, where a photograph clearly foreshadows dark and evil days to come—unless we can stop them by taking a stand. The photograph shows a woman in a dress illustrating what *Vogue* calls "the low middy line." It needs only a glance to see what she has on: she has on one of those fallen-abdomen gunny sacks of the nineteen-twenties. This was the lowest point reached by the American woman's waist, also the lowest point reached by the American woman in her desire to please. Hips and belly were indistinguishable, and as waists sank beyond recall, women's heads disappeared upward into a bell hat. There was never before a time of such feminine enclosure, and such drinking.

Vogue presents this ugly revival boldly and mentions a fellow named Balenciaga as being back of it. "Balenciaga," says *Vogue*, "launched his long middy line with authority, making both day-woollens and late-day laces in this very young, very schoolgirl un-shaped shape." Well, we launch this objection with authority, too—we have behind us the authority of many millions of middle-aged, punchy American males, who haven't forgotten. It was one thing for us to cope with baggy, malformed women when Scott Fitzgerald was around, cheering us on, and when our gravest problem was whether to summer at Antibes or at East Hampton, but nowadays, when males are pushed pretty hard anyway, and with Scott dead, it is too much to ask us to accept girls whose pelvis appears to start just below the chin and who look as though they had been hacked out of an old elm stump.

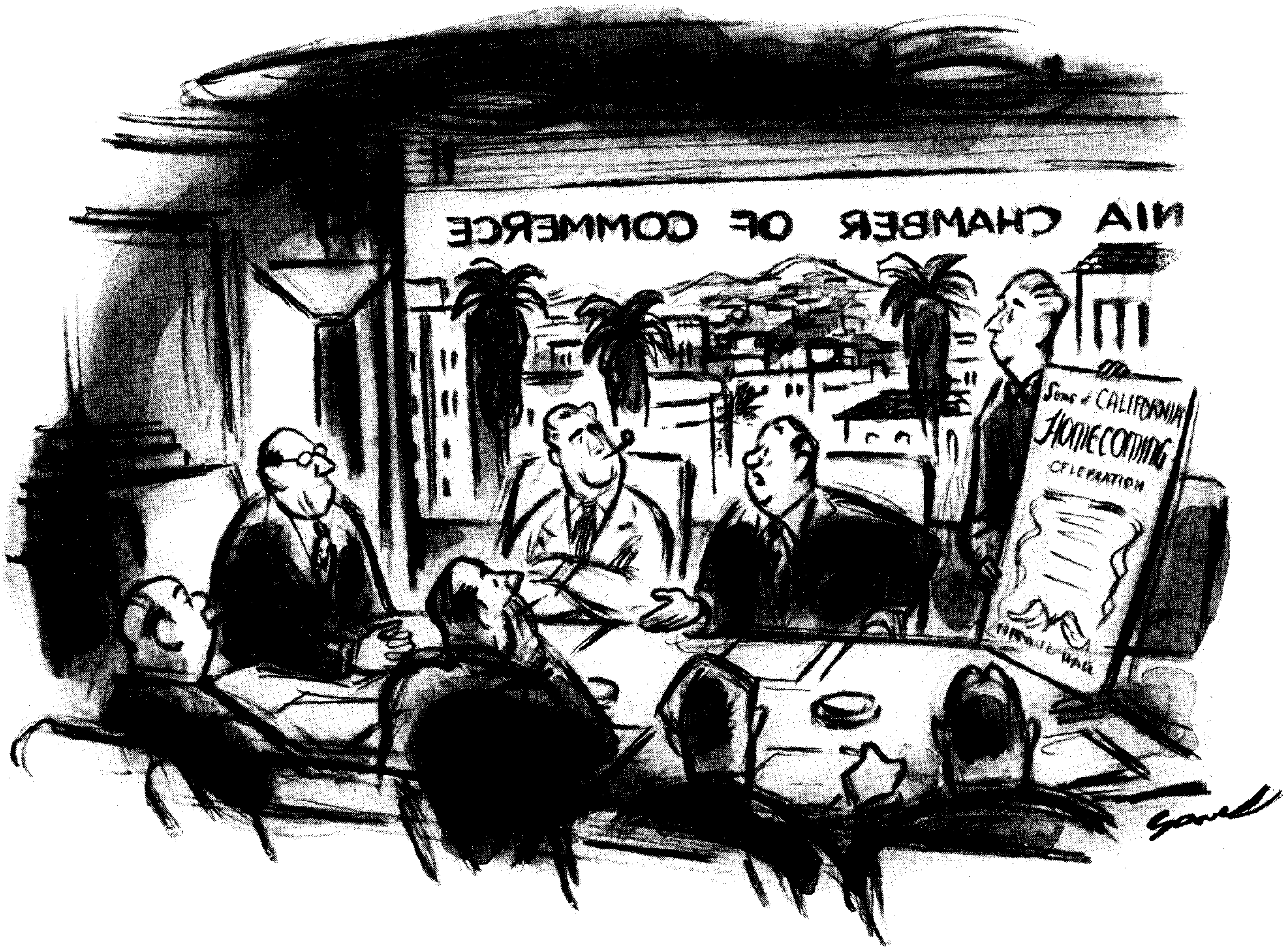
"Where is the waistline?" asks *Vogue*, archly. By heaven, if *Vogue* doesn't know where the waistline is, we will bring an accommodating girl around to its office someday when Balenciaga isn't all wrapped up in his T squares, and we will get this girl to shuck, and we will stand there and *point out* the waistline to *Vogue*. We can give a hint right now: the waistline is in the neighborhood of the belly button—a little above, as a matter of fact. It is a good line, an old line, a true line, and no girl need be ashamed of it. If Bal is unhappy about it, or is off his feed or something, it's the times he lives in, probably. Fashion is a racket to sell clothes, but that's all right by us, because it is essentially a gay racket and reveals women in their fascinating and lovely inconstancy. But there are depths to which the business must not descend; the cloche hat and the prolapsed stomach were below the level of acceptance. Let's have no more nonsense about the low middy line—we've been through it and we survived. Why crowd our luck?

Opposition

DR. ALBERTO GAINZA PAZ, erstwhile owner and publisher of the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Prensa*, is in New York, preparatory to receiving a freedom-of-the-press award from Freedom House at a dinner on October 7th, and we made an appointment to call on him bright and early last Thursday morning at the apartment he is occupying in the Sherry-Netherland. We found him a stocky, youthful-looking man of fifty-two, wearing a handsome gray suit and horn-rimmed glasses. He was simultaneously concluding breakfast and a phonograph recording by the cellist Pablo Casals. He put down his coffee, turned off the phonograph, shook hands, and asked us, in excellent English, if we'd seen the Sugar Ray Robinson fight. When we said we hadn't, he said *he* had, and had enjoyed it very much. We drew from the Doctor the information that his name is of Basque origin, that his title derives from a degree in law, that he has eight children, that his grandfather founded *La Prensa*, in 1869, and that since the showdown with Perón he has been living on an *estancia* a hundred and fifty miles west of Montevideo, Uruguay, across the Plata River from Buenos Aires. He did not tell us, nor did we feel it discreet to ask, whether the expropriation of the paper had brought him personal financial ruin, but we got the impression that if it had, the ruin was on a fairly high, or Sherry-Netherland, plane.



Dr. Gainza Paz did tell us that *La Prensa* was silenced in plain violation of the Argentine constitution, which has two articles specifically guaranteeing freedom of the press, and that, over the years, Perón made a number of attempts to put the newspaper out of business, either indirectly or by ostensibly legal means. He cut down on its newsprint, imposed entangling administrative regulations, and arranged for a series of investigations by the Argentine Congress for the purpose of getting a report that the administration of the paper was corrupt or that funds were reaching it from abroad. In the end, the Perón government trumped up a labor dispute between *La Prensa* and a venders' union, which tried to intimidate *La Prensa's* employees into going out on strike. The employees refused to



"What bothers me is, if we call it a homecoming, won't it give the impression that people leave *here?"*

• •

strike, and one of them was fired on and killed while crossing the union's picket line. The government thereupon suspended publication, on the ground that it was necessary to put an end to public disorder.

Dr. Gainza Paz recalled with a smile that a delegation of newspaper publishers from this country had visited Buenos Aires last year. "Perón told them that the Argentine press was perfectly free," the Doctor said, "and cited as proof of this the fact that *La Prensa*, a paper that had always been opposed to him, had doubled its circulation since he became head of the government. That remark was deleted from the government press releases later handed out to Argentine papers. Some of Perón's other remarks were widely publicized, however, including one to the effect that if an opposition press were ever found lacking in Argentina, he would feel obliged to create one." Dr. Gainza Paz shook his head. He was still smiling, but it was a sad smile. "I do not know what your North American publishers made of that," he said.

When we inquired as to whether he was planning to start an anti-Perón campaign outside Argentina, Dr. Gainza Paz replied that he wouldn't dream of it. "For one thing, I am very much against constantly airing the ills of one's country abroad," he said. "For another, and more important, no one can do a better job of blackening Perón's name than Perón himself." Dr. Gainza Paz said that there has been a big industrial boom on in Argentina, and that on the surface the country seems prosperous. "But there are flaws," he said. "Every worker knows that a thousand pesos today is worth far less than two hundred pesos six years ago. And for the first time in our history we have an acute shortage of many essential things—even of meat. Think of it! You can no longer find a decent steak in Argentina! And all the while the government becomes more and more concerned with the problem of locating secret enemies, secret plotters, conspirators lurking in the dark—those famous 'others' who are always responsible for whatever mistakes the tyrants themselves have committed."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The McKee Glass Company, 1107 Broadway, has begun the marketing of the Hottle—a bottle, or carafe, made of glass with special heat-retaining qualities.

An old stone mill near Haymarket, Virginia, that bears a sign reading, "Water Ground Corn Meal," is run by a diesel engine.

No Doves, No Swords

EARLY next month, the United Nations will open its own post office in the Secretariat Building and will start issuing its own stamps and accepting for delivery items of mail to which these have been affixed. We've been over and discussed this milestone-to-be with Bertil A. Renborg, who, as chief of the United Nations Postal Administration, will go down in history as the first international postmaster. A big, rumpled, placid-looking Swede, he is not taking this forthcoming honor too hard. He was named to the post last November, within a week of its creation by the General Assembly, and he is without previous postal experience. He was on the staff of the League of Nations for seventeen years, he told us, switched to the United Nations in 1946, was made head of the Communications and Records Division, and served as principal secretary of the United Nations Commission on Korea from November, 1949, to November, 1950. Actually, his new job presents no great organizational problem at the outset, for the Secretariat has made a deal with the United States Post Office Department by which the Department will staff and run the new office, retaining the money that comes in from over-the-counter sales of stamps, while the proceeds of philatelic orders, which will be handled by mail only, will be kept by the United Nations.

None but United Nations stamps will be sold in the post office, use of which is to be restricted to United Nations staff members and authorized visitors, and United Nations-stamped letters will have to be mailed on the spot; if they should be carried outside and dropped in a U.S. mailbox, they'd either be returned to the sender or end up in the dead-letter office. The initial series of United Nations stamps is to include eleven regular and four air-mail denominations, ranging in price from a cent to a dollar and bearing eight different designs. Renborg said that he would have liked to get up an international competition for the design of the stamps but that the General Assembly had urged prompt action and there obviously wasn't time. What he did was stir up the United Nations art staff and ask a number of postage-stamp makers and independent designers here and abroad to show what they could do. A preliminary Secretariat committee picked what it considered the best of a hundred and fifty-odd designs submitted, and a commission was appointed to make the final selection.

"The designs raised questions of politics and religion as well as of aesthetics," Renborg said. "Even the meaning of certain symbols proved a bit of a headache. Take the dove. It isn't recognized all over the world as a symbol of peace, so we had to throw out doves. Designs with swords had to go, too. Then, to avoid possible protests by Oriental delegations, we decided to eliminate any designs that showed classic Greek figures. The same with crosses, or anything else that might be thought to represent one particular culture only." As a result of these varied and subtle limitations, the eight designs chosen by the commission are all fairly abstract. They feature such uncontroversial objects as clasped hands, planes carrying air mail, and the United Nations flag. Only one independent designer got a nod, all the selections but his being from United Nations staff artists or from designers employed by the two firms—one Dutch, one British—that were awarded the stamp-printing contracts. As it happens, the independent is an American, León Helguera, a local advertising illustrator who was born in Mexico. His design shows the Secretariat Building and environs against a background of the United Nations seal.

While the new stamps are the first ever printed by an international organization for its own use, Renborg said that the League of Nations had taken a step in that direction back in the twenties, when it arranged with the Swiss government to overprint Swiss stamps with the name of the League. The same practice is currently being followed by various agencies of the United Nations in Europe. "For the time being, the new stamps won't be available for postage purposes anywhere but here," Renborg said. "There's no precedent for this operation, and we'll have to feel our way for a bit. We've ordered thirty-five million stamps printed. We expect that will hold us for two years. We have very high hopes for this project. The fact is, it's one of the few proposals that the General Assembly has ever agreed on unanimously."

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It Pays to Advertise

LADY driving along the Merrick Road, in Long Island, saw an open car ahead of her wobble to the side of the road, one of its tires flat. As she slowed down, one of the disabled roadster's occupants—two girls—held up a sign reading, "Help Wanted—Male." The lady stopped to see whether this would work out. Well, in ten minutes it did, to the tune of a nice-looking young man who stopped *his* car, walked over to the girls, jack in hand, and fell to.

Sinclair Lewis's Executor

HAVING read in the *Herald Tribune Book Review* that Melville Cane, described therein as Sinclair Lewis's literary executor, is helping a Random House editor collect Lewis's non-fiction for publication, we stopped in to see Mr. Cane in his office, which is right in our building, and recognized him at once as a man with whom we had taken innumerable jouncy elevator rides. "There is no such thing as a literary executor," Mr. Cane, known to us by reputation as a lawyer and a poet, said. "My partner Pincus Berner and I are executors of the Lewis estate, which includes a big place at Williamstown, Massachusetts, looking out on Mount Greylock, a number of securities, and, of course, his literary properties. After his death, we examined his papers and found, in boxes, crates, and trunks at Williamstown, a great many interesting non-fiction articles, some buried in magazines, some unpublished. Several of them are autobiographical, having to do with his early days as a reporter. Others are book reviews, in which he airs his views on American literature in general. One of the best things is his introduction to Paxton Hibben's life of Henry Ward Beecher. It's *very* anti-Beecher. The mass of this material suggested to me that there might be a book to be made of Lewis's miscellaneous papers. Random House, Lewis's last publishers, agreed, and gave us a contract. We have a researcher going over the papers now. They also include a lot of letters he wrote to his parents forty or more years ago, and a number of poems, many written during the last year of his life." Mr. Cane, who has published four books of poetry himself, lit a cigar and assumed a thoughtful air. "The poems are serious and introspective," he said, "but unfinished, really, and I don't think they ought to be published."

Mr. Cane, a specialist in copyright law who has practiced since 1903 and was in on the founding of Harcourt, Brace & Co. in 1919, met Lewis, then an H.B. author, in 1921, not long after the publication of "Main Street." "He'd made a contract for the dramatization of 'Main Street' that contained some ambiguous clauses as to the sharing of royalties with the two playwrights who wrote it," Mr. Cane told us, "and I was called in to advise him. I became his lawyer, and during the next thirty years handled all his legal affairs, business and personal. I drew up about a dozen wills for him, including the final one. He wasn't especially interested in money—his expenditures were lavish, and he never tried to build up a fortune—but he was a very careful person in respect to business matters. He read his contracts thoughtfully, and he was meticulous in paying his income taxes. He was fascinated by hotels—one of his novels, 'Work of Art,' was a scientific study of the hotel business—and he must have stayed at twenty or twenty-five different New York hotels at one time or another. He was a great man for research. Soon after getting the Nobel Prize, in 1930, he decided he wanted to write a book about a labor leader and hired a number of specialists to feed him material. He worked on the project for a couple of years and then dropped it."

We asked Mr. C. about his own literary career, and he told us that while he was an undergraduate at Columbia, fifty or so years ago, he contributed verse to the *Columbia Literary Monthly*, of which he was editor-in-chief, and to *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *Harper's*, and the *Century*. He then gave up writing, other than the writing of briefs, until 1923, when, getting his second wind, he began appearing in the *Dial*. He has since been published in over forty magazines here and in England, and spent parts of two recent summers giving a course in poetry at the University of Kansas City Writers' Conference. "During my twenty-year silence, I got away from the influence of the post-Victorians and developed something internal I wanted to express," he said. "As a lawyer, I've unconsciously drawn writers and publishers to myself as clients—among them Bobbs-Merrill, Scribner's, John Erskine, Eugene O'Neill, and Thomas Wolfe. Wolfe came to me around 1927 with two suitcases full of the manuscript of 'Look Homeward, Angel.' I spent five nights reading a small fraction of it, and told him that while it showed enormous talent, no publisher would take the trouble to edit it. Well, Max Perkins did, of course, and when it appeared, Tom sent me a copy with a letter saying I couldn't be expected to read every page but would I please read every other page? A very nice letter, under the circumstances."

Plus Ça Change

A BUNCH of ladies were watching a television program the other day when the sound suddenly ceased. Their hostess gave the set a practiced thump with the heel of her hand, renewing the sound, and said, "It's like a watch."

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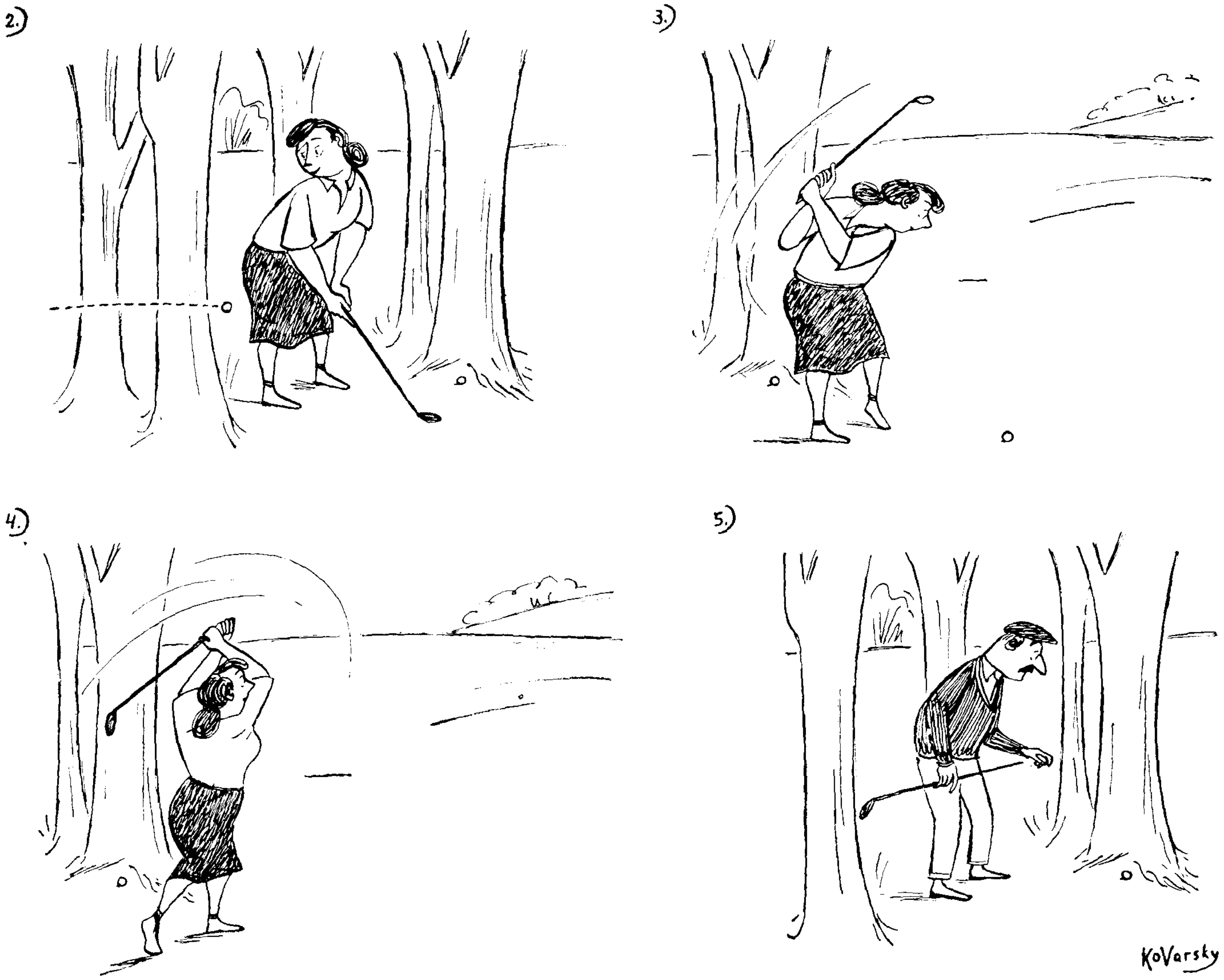
OVERHEARD on Lexington Avenue, one man to another: "He calls me a bastard. What he doesn't know is I'm an entrepreneur."

Olives, Even

IN a spasm of confraternity, Macy's put on an Italian Fair last week, and it goes without saying that we were there, up to our eyelashes in old Roman herbs. When we arrived at the store, the operative we first approached was unaware of the intense activity in the hands-across-the-sea line and we were misdirected to the rug department, where the mention of Italy brought forth simultaneous violent statements from several Syrians to the effect that Italians are no good. Backing out of this, we got distracted by some brown suitings, which we looked over, and a pair of brown shoes, which we bought, and then came upon a lady muttering, "I think it's terrible, I think it's terrible." Her beef proved to be that the fifth floor, customarily devoted to boys' furnishings, was full of picturesque carts and all kinds of people who weren't there to shop. "It certainly seems to me that if they're trying to make a museum out of a department store, they shouldn't run ads about junior suits," the lady said. The activities on the suspect fifth floor were of a foreign flavor, she said.

We headed there, approached a clerk at a counter covered with Italian ties, and asked for details of the cultural undertaking, but he merely inquired, "You want a Nicky Chini-designed tie?" We told him we didn't, and he continued, "Information first floor, any entrance." We strolled on past counters loaded with Italian cheeses, salamis, olive oil, pickled gherkins, antipasto, and so on, and stopped alongside a glassblower, who was obviously taking his work quite seriously. "Wouldn't that kill you?" a lady watching him remarked to her escort. "*You* couldn't even *pick up* a glass of water without spilling it." The crowd at the Italian Fair had by now become all but impenetrable. As we milled about, a passerby buttonholed us and demanded, "Where do I get this goddam vermicelli?" Three aisles down, we told him. "Have you seen the gondola?" a lady asked us. We said we hadn't. "It's absolutely the same as they have in Venice," the lady said. "It's cute." "I'm damned if I can see all this whoop-de-do about buying some olives," a gentleman near us said. "When I was in Venice," the gondola lady said, "my



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husband and I went all over the city with a man who sang just like Pinza." "I never been in Venice, I never want to be in Venice," the irritable gentleman said. "I'd rather row down the Harlem River."

We wedged our way between a couple of stage lemon trees and got into the ceramic division of the Fair. A pair of elderly ladies were standing at the counter nearest us. "Of course, it's not Limoges," one of them said. "As a matter of fact, they're not what you'd call real craftsmen." "I think they're quaint," the other lady said. We were urged to a counter displaying some decks of cards that were designed to wean players from bridge and canasta and steer them on to something called Scopa. We could not follow Scopa. We were preparing to say farewell to Macy's and Italy when a man lurched toward us, mumbling. "Going to build them Italians up, ain't you?" he said. "Going to buy their stuff, ain't you? Build them all up. Where's that leave the old American know-how? Where, I ask you?" We advised him that we had no idea. "Take, for instance, me," the man said. "Would you think I spent time in a gondola? Sure you would. And that's where you're wrong. I come from Toledo. But that doesn't mean I haven't got a right to make a living, does it? How do you like them apples?" We disengaged ourself from the Middle Westerner and started away. The salesman at the tie counter looked over at us. "You wouldn't be interested in a Nicky Chini-designed tie?" he asked wistfully.

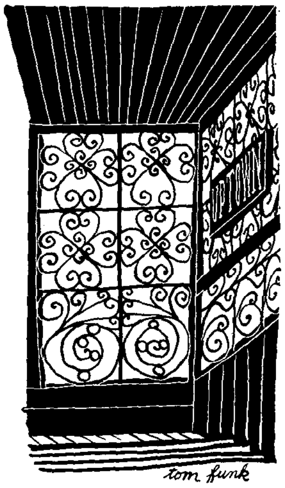
Person-to-Cat

HERE'S a cat *and* Telephone Company yarn, all in one. It seems this man went out to dinner prior to going to the Idlewild Airport to meet his wife, arriving from Washington. Soon after he left, his wife called their apartment from the capital to notify him that her plane had been grounded by fog and that she'd arrive by train. Well, he wasn't in, of course, but when the phone rang, their cat—jumping in fright, or something—knocked the phone off its cradle and began to meow. The lady had put in a collect call, so the operator asked the cat whether it would accept the charges. The cat gave a noncommittal meow, and the lady tried to explain matters to the operator, gave up, hung up, and went home under her own steam. Her phone bill at the end of the month included a charge for the call, which, after her husband's complaint to a member of a high Telephone Company echelon, was cancelled. The Company spokesman observed that long-distance calls are not considered complete unless there is a two-way conversation, and that such, apparently, hadn't taken place, but added a warning that local calls are automatically registered and charged for as soon as the receiver is lifted. This information has been passed on to the cat.

DRY RUN

As a man who may once have saved the Panama Canal from destruction, I was interested to read some time ago that President Truman had issued new and strict regulations for safeguarding the defenses of the Canal. With all respect to the President and his military advisers, I would say that protecting that waterway may involve more than he quite realizes, and I feel it is only my duty to suggest one practical step he might take, drawn from my own experience in keeping the garrison on its toes.

My official position at the time I may have saved the Canal was that of platoon sergeant in an organization I shall call the 776th Chemical Company (SG). The "SG" stands for "Smoke Generator." The 776th Chemical Company arrived in Panama toward the end of 1942, and was assigned to positions at one end of the Gaillard Cut, near the Pedro Miguel Locks. Its headquarters were at the little military post of Paraíso, which is perched on a steep slope about two miles Atlanticward from the Pedro Miguel Locks. The company's mission was simple. In the event of an air raid, we smokies, as we were called, were to blanket the area assigned to us with smoke and bewilder enemy pilots. Our device for accomplishing this was a smoke pot developed from the kind commonly used in the California citrus groves; I suppose some Chemical Warfare colonel had been awarded the Legion of Merit for dressing the familiar pot up in military guise. It was officially designated the Smoke-Pot M1 A1, and it consisted of three principal parts: the bowl, the stack, and the stack cover. The bowl was a cylindrical steel receptacle about the size of the body of a washing machine; indeed, it was made by a washing-machine company. This contained oil, which was burned to make smoke, and it had a vent through which it was filled and through which the oil was ignited. The stack, from which the smoke poured out over the landscape, was a tin pipe about six inches in diameter and four feet high, and the stack cover was a conical tin cap that shielded the open top of the stack, to hide the glow of burning oil from enemy airmen.



My platoon, composed of forty-four men, was responsible for the care and operation of approximately seventeen hundred of these smoke pots. This was only a small fraction of those in the Canal Zone, and some engineer officers had undoubtedly spent considerable time planning how all of them should be placed. The pots tended by each unit were set out in long lines that radiated from a central position like spokes from a hub, the lines wherever possible following a road, a railway track, or an Indian path. The entire setup was supposed to be able to throw a thick smoke screen over the Canal no matter what way the wind blew. The 776th Chemical Company had charge of the pots in an area roughly sixty miles square, on either side of the waterway, and my platoon was responsible for an area of about nine square miles, which included the Pedro Miguel Locks, the village of Pedro Miguel, Paraíso, and a large group of storage yards that occupied one bank of the Canal along the Cut. The men lived, four to a tent, in eleven tents scattered over the sector—along the locks, in Pedro Miguel village, in the storage yards, and on the hillsides in the fringe of the jungle.

Our method of operation was relatively simple. Outside each tent was a rack holding several gasoline torches, which looked like the long-necked oilcans used by locomotive engineers. Upon the sounding of an alert, each man ran out of his tent, grabbed up a torch, lit it, and sped through the countryside setting fire to the oil in his pots. Between alerts, each man was supposed to play nursemaid to his own pots, keeping them filled, inspecting them, swabbing them daily with oil to keep the tropic rust from eating them up, and practicing the technique of managing his torch.

As I have said, the 776th Chemical Company (SG) arrived in Panama late in 1942—a good many months after Pearl Harbor. As far as is known, no Japanese or Germans had come close to the Canal, except the crews of prowling submarines, who were, of course, not the concern of the air-defense people. This apparent indifference to the Canal on the part of the enemy was heavily discouraging to most of the soldiers who had been assigned to the Panama Canal Department before we arrived. In pre-Pearl Harbor days, the Canal had been considered the most likely target for a sneak attack, and every trigger-happy old soldier in the service had tried to wangle an assignment there. The attack on the fleet at Pearl Harbor was thus considered doubly sneaky by the Panama garrison. Not only had the Japanese struck without warning, they had cheated the reddest-blooded men in the United States Army, who had been sitting in the jungles two years waiting for an attack on *them*. To compound the outrage, naval vessels soon began passing through the Canal on their way to or from active war zones, and their crews took delight in sitting on deck and jeering at the sentries who paced back and forth guarding the locks. "How's the war going, Mac?" the sailors would ask, or "Who classed you 4-F, Joe?"

That wasn't all the garrison had to put up with. Six months after Pearl Harbor, the Canal Zone beer gardens were beerless and the PXs had no candy bars. Inquiry always brought the same maddening answer: The items in question were all being sent to the "war zones." By the time the 776th Chemical Company arrived, disillusionment was general, morale was at rock bottom, and every adjutant's desk was covered with applications for transfer. No one could persuade the men any longer that the Canal was in danger.

The soldiers of the 776th Chemical Company were quick to fall in with the universal dissatisfaction. Before a fortnight had passed, my platoon had acquired all the habits of the rest of the garrison. It was my job to start out from company headquarters in Paraíso every morning and visit all the positions in my platoon's area. This involved a seven- or eight-mile walk. Very often, I entered one of the tents to find it absolutely vacant—all four men back in the bush on a banana-hunting expedition, or down at the Pedro Miguel Club, a civilian community house for Canal Department employees and their families, where one could still get sausages and cakes for breakfast and Tom Collinses with real lime juice. One or another of the men was likely to be in Panama City, where he had gone a day or so before on a twelve-hour pass. I also discovered that near each tent certain smoke pots were always empty,

having been set aside for boiling laundry or for concocting a very potent drink known as jungle juice, the recipe for which had apparently been imparted by the San Blas Indians to certain selected pfc.s. As time went on, I heard rumors that the occupants of some of the tents had installed laundresses or maids from among the natives—hirelings who, it was said, also performed extracurricular duties.

My position as platoon sergeant plainly required that I crack down on this laxity, and I did, but I made little impression, because of the general apathy and the fact that I could never actually bring myself to report anyone. I had a dread of being known as "chicken." I found myself involved in a bad situation that hardly anyone else involved gave a damn about. Even the officers seemed to have accepted the view that the Canal was safe.

THE defense of the Panama Canal against air attack was predicated, as I understood it, on the assumption that there would be fifteen minutes' warning in the event of a raid. Lookout stations were located to the north and south along the coasts, and picket boats patrolled both the Caribbean and the Bay of Panama. The whole defensive force was supposedly trained to be completely ready fifteen minutes after an alarm was sounded. In the case of the 776th Chemical Company, it was expected that every last pot would be lit and giving out smoke at the end of that time. To insure this, dry runs, or practice alerts, were staged at intervals of about six weeks. Sirens would wail and the high brass would stand around with watches in their hands, nodding in approval as every man performed his task within the time limit.

Theoretically, these alerts were sprung without warning, but actually they weren't. Forecasting an alert was a game of sorts, and rather an easy one. Suddenly, all the company officers would begin appearing at the orderly room every morning at seven-thirty. The captain, his jaw set, would stalk around the area businesslike and polished to the hilt. He would make a series of inspections and order me to restrict all pass privileges. By checking with the barrage-balloon boys, who had always received equivalent instructions, and by putting together rumors from all over the area, everyone was able to predict exactly

"Then you think he's sincere?"

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when the sirens would begin to wail.

Thus, when the alert came, the men would be crouched in their tents like sprinters at the start of a hundred-yard dash. Sometimes they would even have their torches blazing. The 776th Chemical Company never failed to have all its pots lit inside of nine minutes after the first siren opened up. This, being six minutes less than the time allotted, never failed to bring down a commendation from the Department Chemical Officer to the company commander, who, naturally, never failed to tuck it away in his 201 file, against the time when he would be up for promotion.

The men were quite aware, of course, that once the alert was over, there wouldn't be another for six weeks, and by nightfall A.W.O.L.s would have reached thirty per cent, and the laundresses would have moved back to the tents and would be helping to consume the jungle juice that had been removed from the pots to facilitate the exercise.

IN making my daily rounds, I took a short cut through the bush, a little-used path that led from Tent 3, in Pedro Miguel, to Tent 5, which was in a jungle clearing on a hillside. Midway between these tents was an air-raid siren mounted on a platform. It was one of hundreds installed throughout the Canal Zone (in our area there was a siren for every two tents), and one of the men in Tent 5 was supposed to precede his pot-lighting by sounding this particular instrument whenever the big, central siren in Pedro Miguel set off a general alert.

As things grew worse and worse, I found myself seized by a private devil every time I passed this siren. I knew perfectly well that in the event of an enemy attack the blame for any failure in my platoon area would rest on me. After all, I had long known of the violations that were going on and I had not reported a single man. Consequently, I felt more and more strongly that I had to prove to the men that their deviations could really have serious consequences. The siren, of course, presented a simple solution. If I used it to spring a surprise alert on my platoon, and if the men didn't carry their assignments out properly and on time, I could come down hard on them and there wouldn't be any argument as to why. I figured that on a normal day twenty per cent of my men would be wandering around the hills looking for bananas, fifteen per cent would be doing laundry or tending still, fifteen per cent would be A.W.O.L. in Panama City, and twenty per cent would be legally there on pass. The other thirty per cent might just possibly get the pots lit in something like forty minutes. The more I thought about it, the surer I was that I would sound that siren someday, and I told myself that I should stay strictly away from it. But I kept right on taking the short cut.

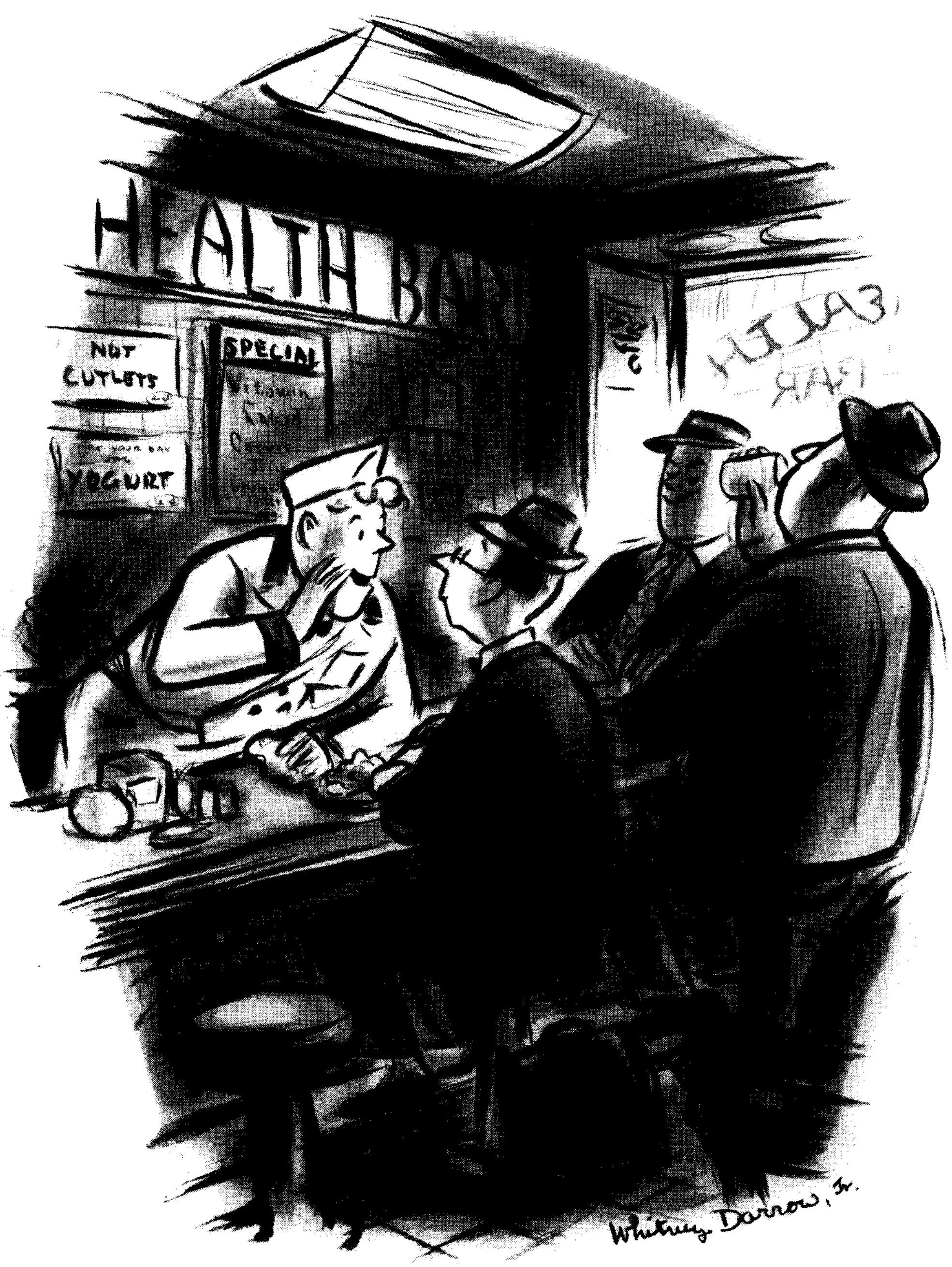
I CLEARLY remember the morning temptation overcame me. Overhead, huge cumulus clouds wandered aimlessly back and forth, building up the customary afternoon shower. I stopped at the siren platform and looked at the scene below me. In one of the storage yards, three or four trucks were parked, their drivers leaning against the fenders or lounging on the hoods, engaged in the inevitable bull session. At the Canal's edge, in the same yard, a huge floating crane was lifting long sections of steel tubing from piles on the shore and swinging them onto a barge. Around the Pedro Miguel Locks, a dozen or so barrage balloons stood stolidly at treetop height. The main trans-Isthmian highway was congested with an infantry convoy on maneuver, moving toward the Atlantic end of the Canal. In my own platoon area, things were normal. From where I stood, I could see a pfc.—I'll call him Willie O'Donnell—clad only in shorts, standing in a clearing and stirring clothes in the smoke pot that he had set aside for his laundering. Down in Pedro Miguel village, four men, probably mine, were going up the steps to the clubhouse. I didn't pay much attention to the Canal itself, but, as I learned later, there were three submarines just entering the Pedro Miguel Locks from the Cut, and a Liberty ship had been let out of the lower end of the locks. Six or seven miles away, in Miraflores Lake, the battleship South Dakota was making its way toward Pedro Miguel.

I had come up from Tent 3 feeling very discouraged. I had found only one man there, snoring on his cot. When I got to the siren, I stopped, as I have said, and looked around. Then, without really thinking, I reached out and gave the handle of the siren a turn, and a mournful wail rose slowly over the area. The sound died, and I turned the handle again, a second and a third time. As the wailing faded to its last low moan, I ran up the hill. It wasn't that I was scared at what I had done. I just wanted to get to a road where Tent 5 had a line of pots, and from which I knew I could see most of my platoon area and check up on how fast the men responded. Halfway there, an impulse made me turn and look at Pfc. Willie O'Donnell. It must have been at least two minutes since the first note of the alarm had floated out, but O'Donnell was just standing there in front of his potful of laundry, staring into space. Every now and then, he would give the clothes a little nudge with his stick. I decided he was in a stupor or had gone deaf, but my observation of him was brief. Other sights distracted me. High above, smoke had begun issuing from the pots on the hillside. Off toward Paraíso, another of my platoon's sirens had taken up the alarm. The men were actually getting to work. I turned again and scrambled up to the edge of the road I had been heading for. The pots close by were still unlit, but up the road perhaps a quarter of a mile I saw a strange sight. It was a small, wiry pfc. who hailed from Kentucky. Ordinarily, he could hold his own in any group with his stories and chatter, but he had been hard put to it to stand up to the old Army men in Panama. To them, he was simply a rookie, and they treated him as such. He had decided that the one true mark of an old-timer was a campaign hat, and he had bought one in Panama City. He had brought it back to his tent and, after jumping on it, tossing it around, and leaving it out in a couple of downpours, had turned the brim up fore and aft, and put it on his head to stay. He had had no further trouble with the Regular Army. At this moment, he was zigzagging along the road, torch in hand, lighting the pots on his line, wearing the campaign hat and absolutely nothing else.

I watched him for a moment and then looked around the platoon area again. There were now about two hundred pots putting out smoke, but I didn't have a chance to calculate whether the men were making good time or bad, because all at once I began to see and hear things that frightened me to death. Across the Canal, smoke was rising from the pots maintained by another platoon. Worse than that, every siren I could hear was wailing. Even the big siren in Pedro Miguel was in full voice. The barrage balloons were rising rapidly toward the cumulus clouds, and in the vicinity of Miraflores Lake a couple of anti-aircraft batteries began firing for range. It had never occurred to me that I might do anything more than stir up my own platoon area. I started down the hill as fast as I could go to sound an all-clear.

I have only a hazy recollection of the rest of that morning, but two impressions do stand out. When I got back to the platform, I looked down at the spot where I had seen O'Donnell. He was still standing there stirring his laundry, not paying the slightest bit of attention to what was going on. The other thing I saw when I happened to look up toward the jungle. It was a San Blas Indian squaw, a papoose on her back, running down a line of smoke pots, lighting them.

A LOT of events took place that morning that I couldn't see but that were recounted to me later with feeling. Pilots stationed at Albrook Field scrambled for their planes and took off. Soldiers came tumbling from bars and bedrooms all over the Canal Zone. Jeeps careened wildly down the



"We've appreciated your patronage, Mr. Elton, but we wonder if you'd mind eating somewhere else."

highways. Everyone was trying to get from some place he wasn't supposed to be to some place where his presence would be legitimate, or more or less so. The infantry convoy on the main highway turned around and headed back to its base, the men eventually losing two full days of maneuver time in the jungles. Orderlies at Headquarters, in Quarry Heights, broke out new steel helmets. Halfway across Miraflores Lake, the South Dakota dropped anchor and sounded general quarters. It was rumored that one of the submarines took evasive action in the lock chamber, with only six feet of water under its keel. Reports later showed that the defensive system of the entire Panama Canal Zone reached full alert status twenty-eight minutes after I first turned the siren handle.

A number of people were awfully mad at me as a result of that alert. It didn't take the Army long to track me down as the man who had started the whole thing. I had to stand at attention before every officer in the chain of command all the way from Paraíso to the Commanding General at Quarry Heights. Some of the statistics of what I had accomplished were impressive; for the work of a sergeant, they were awesome. Seventy P-39 pilots, in seventy P-39 planes, climbed to twenty thousand feet, where they were endangered by shells from two hundred and thirty-two anti-aircraft batteries engaged in getting on target in their own inimitable way. Sixty million dollars' worth of battleship and sixteen million dollars' worth of submarines had also been endangered. Approximately 64,000 gallons of oil literally went up in smoke, and 9,437 rounds of ammunition of various types and sizes were expended. Approximately three hundred A.W.O.L. soldiers were reduced to private, if they were noncoms, or otherwise heavily disciplined, if they were privates already. A considerable number of officers lost their chances of early promotion, and several of them spoke to me about the matter at length.

I am not certain whether any serious attempt was ever made to court-martial me. If so, I didn't hear of it. It seemed to me that my reprimands grew less severe the higher the officer administering them. Eventually, a brigadier general I hadn't seen before came to my platoon area one afternoon, and we sat together for a long time on a culvert, talking about the whole business. I told him that I hadn't meant to alert the Canal Zone—that I had just wanted to wake up my platoon. He asked me why, and I told him, and that led to a discussion of the whole defense setup. He didn't exactly say so, but he gave me the impression there was a feeling in some quarters that I might have done the Canal Department a service outweighing my crime. Before he left, he said, with a wink, that the next time I decided to sound an alert on my own, I ought at least to let the Department Commander hear about it.

One thing I do know. During most of the next two months, the Panama Canal was as ready for an enemy attack as any place in the world. I liked to think of the Axis high command sitting around a table, going over spy reports from Panama. I could see them reading the report for the week after I set off the siren, learning that every outfit on the Canal was at full strength, sober, and loaded for bear. I could see enemy generals tearing up their blueprints of the Canal and filing out of their headquarters, their shoulders drooping in defeat.

I SUPPOSE it was too much to expect this marvellous preparedness to last indefinitely. About six weeks after the alert, I was put on orders to return to the States to go to O.C.S. The orders relieved me from duty, and I spent my days either waiting at Fort Clayton for my travel orders or shopping in Panama City, returning to the company area on the last bus at night. As a result, I was almost completely out of touch with the life of the smoke-pot tenders. I glimpsed it only once more, briefly, the night before I finally shipped out.

I was awakened at a little before midnight by the charge of quarters. "There's a general in the orderly room wants to see you," he said.

I pulled on some clothes and made for the orderly room, where a sawed-off brigadier was pacing the floor, looking at his watch. When he saw me, he smiled. "You the man who set off the alert a couple of months ago?" he asked.

"I guess I am," I told him.

"Let me shake your hand," he said. "I was telling the Commanding General the other day that you had done more to wake up this command than anything since the big yellow-fever epidemic."

"That isn't exactly what the Commanding General told me when I was in his office," I said.

"Just the same, Sergeant, you did wake them up," he said, "and after this they're going to *stay* awake. Right now, I'm down here to stage a surprise alert. I thought maybe you'd like to go out and start it off, the way you did before. Sort of see how things have improved in two months."

"Yes, sir," I said. I *did* like the idea. I thought it was an appropriate farewell, and I was pleased with the thought of seeing how fast the 776th really could make it from bed to the smoke pots. I went to get my steel helmet and rifle.

On the way back to the orderly room, I had to pass the day room. A dim light cast shadows over the tables and chairs, and I could see the company officers sitting there in the gloom, their helmets on and their pistols lying handy on the tables. Off in a corner, the company jeep drivers were squatting, watchful and ready.

Ten minutes later, as the general and I drove to Pedro Miguel, I peered at the wharves of the storage yards. The cruiser Boise, completely blacked out, was tied up. On the decks, I could make out helmeted figures sitting beside the guns. I asked the general to let me stop in at Tent 3, by the Pedro Miguel railroad station, for just a minute. He obliged, and when I walked into the tent, I found all four men helmeted and armed, sitting on their bunks, smoking. One of them said they had ten minutes to go.

As I walked up the hill toward the siren with the general, I hadn't the heart to tell him what had become of his surprise alert, but I had the consolation of knowing that I had probably saved the Canal once, and that if I ever had the chance, I would know how to save it again. I guess maybe the time has come. If the President wants me to show him the way to that siren, I'll do it, but it's got to be between him and me.

—EDMUND G. LOVE

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Let me explain it in this manner. If the magazine is very small, there will probably be one editor who reads everything, rejects everything, and does all the work of getting the magazine off the press with the exception of running the press itself. *—From "Selling What You Write," by Donald MacCampbell.*

No need for that if he rejects everything.

LOVE, DEATH, AND THE LADIES' DRILL TEAM

EMILY COOPER, the newest member of the Pocahontas Drill Team, was the first to arrive at the Burnham Building, where the morning practice, called by their drillmaster and team captain, Mrs. Amy Rotunda, was to be held. She stood for a while enjoying the wind—California's warm, dry September wind—before starting up the stairs to Burnham Hall. Burnham Hall was less pretentious than its name, being no more than the drab, unfurnished second floor of the building that housed, on its first floor, Burnham's Hardware, but the only other hall available in the small town of Los Robles was, though its rent was lower, unfortunately located above Sloane & Pierce's Undertaking Parlors.

Emily was halfway up the stairs when she was hailed from the sidewalk below by Mr. Burnham himself, holding a key aloft. "You one of the Pocahontas girls?" he called.

Emily turned about on the stairs and gazed down at the wide-shouldered old man. The wind was lifting his coattails and tossing his white hair about in tufts, like those of the bunch grass she had known as a girl in the Dakotas. She hesitated for a moment before answering. She was a Pocahontas, all right, but "girl" was a different story. She was thirty-six years old, had been married exactly half her life, and had only an hour ago started her youngest off to his first day of school. Then, left without a child in the house for the first time in fifteen years, she had told her passing image in a mirror, "This is the beginning of middle age for you, Emily Cooper." Now "girl."

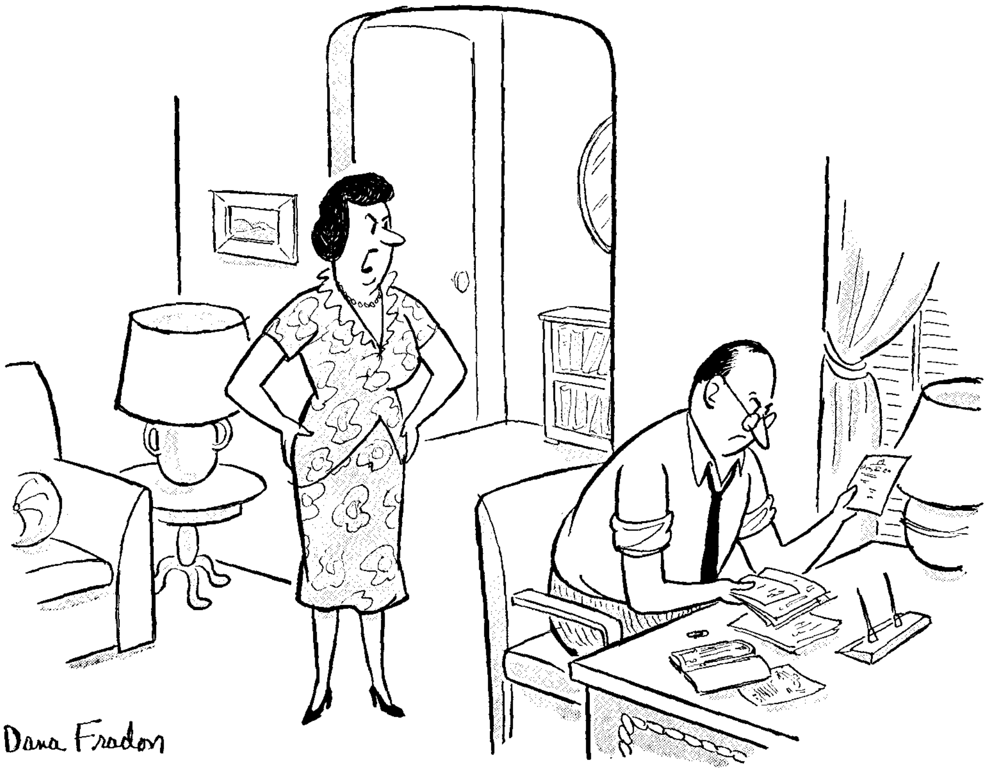
Mr. Burnham, as if understanding the reason for her hesitation, smiled as she came back down for the key. "My youngest is fifty," he said. Then, perhaps fearing that she might consider such confidences too personal, coming from a stranger, he spoke reassuringly of the weather. "Nice blow we're having—nice touch of wind." He faced about for a second after saying this, to get the full force of the warm, lively agitation, which had everything movable in Los Robles moving.

Actually, this talk of the wind was far more personal to Emily than Mr. Burnham's remark about his children. When he put the key in her hand, she said, "It's wonderful weather. I love the wind." Then she, too, was overtaken by a conviction that there was something unseemly in so much openness with a stranger, and she said a quick thank you and started back up the stairs. As she was unlocking the door, Mr. Burnham called, "Throw open the windows, will you? Modern Woodmen used the hall last night and they're a smoky lot."

Mr. Burnham was right about the Woodmen. Emily felt as if she were stepping into the bowl of a pipe still warm and filled with fumes. There were windows across the entire front of the hall, which faced on Los Robles' Main Street, and she opened them all. Then she pulled a chair up to the middle window and sat down to await the arrival of her teammates. There was not much to be seen on the street below her. Ten o'clock on a Monday morning is not an hour for shoppers, and the children who yesterday would have been out in the wind, shirttails lofted for sails, diving and swooping like birds, but much noisier, were behind closed doors, with shirttails tucked in, and speaking only when nodded to by Teacher. She thought of her own Johnny and hoped he was finding school the wonder he had imagined it. He had left her without a tear, without even a backward look, declaring, with the pleasure of a man who has arrived at a goal long deferred, "Now I am a scholar."

Emily leaned out the window to watch a tumbleweed, blown into town from one of the surrounding barley fields, cross Main at Brown, travelling west swiftly and silently. In the vacant lot across the street, the tall, switch-stemmed dust flowers were bent down almost as low as grass. Beneath the window, the Burnham Hardware sign was swinging, and the awning was bellying and snapping with the sound, she supposed, of a ship under full sail. A few merchants were beginning to go up the street to the Gem for their midmorning cups of coffee. Merchants, the wind revealed, had bodies. Inside their usually unyielding tubes of serge and herringbone, their legs were astonishingly thin. As if in restitution for this exposure, the wind parted their coattails to display their firm and stately bottoms. A black cat passed below, its blackness not even skin-deep, for its hair, wind-blown, exposed a skin as white as that of any butcher-shop rabbit. Emily thrust her hands out across the window sill, feeling through her outspread fingers the full force and warmth of the blowing—as if I were the one true gauge, she thought, the one responsive and harmonious harp.

SHE was leaning thus, and by now almost half out of the room, when Mrs. Rotunda, the drill captain and coach, and Miss Ruby Graves, the team's star performer, arrived. Emily was new not only to the drill team but



"It's not me spending too much, it's you not making enough!"

to the town of Los Robles, and was still able, she thought, to see people as they really were, unlabelled by a knowledge of their professions or reputations. But "Miss" and "Mrs." are in themselves labels, and Mrs. Rotunda's gray hair, elaborately waved and curled, with a fancy off-center part at the back and sculptured bangs arranged with all the finality of marble, said widow, said woman without a husband, filling in an empty and lonesome life with what, in the old, rich days, she would never have wasted time on. While, somewhat contradictorily, Miss Graves' black hair, long and innocent of the slightest ripple, said spinster, said woman without a husband and reconciled to the idea that her hair, curled or uncurled, was never going to be a matter of moment to any man. But without that "Miss" and "Mrs.," without her knowledge that Amy Rotunda was Fred Rotunda's widow, and Ruby Graves was Milton Graves' unmarried daughter and housekeeper, would she have had all this insight about hair? Emily couldn't say.

It was the same with Opal Tetford and Lacey Philips, who arrived next. Mrs. Tetford's husband was an official in the local Bank of America, while Mrs. Philips' husband owned and operated a big grain ranch out on the edge of town. Knowing this, Emily thought Mrs. Tetford's soft opulence was suited to the protection of vaults and burglar alarms, while Mrs. Philips' rawboned frame was right in its austerity for a background of endless barley fields and rolling, cactus-covered hills.

Mrs. Rotunda said, "I am going to demand that the Woodmen do something about this tobacco smoke. Do they think they're the only ones who use this hall?"

Miss Graves, who prided herself on being unprejudiced about men, though with every reason to justify prejudice, said, "I expect they are chain smokers, Amy. One cigarette after another all evening long."

Mrs. Rotunda, who had no need to conjecture, said, "Well, they could at least use a little Air-Wick afterwards." She went to a window and leaned out for a breath of uncontaminated air. The other ladies drew up chairs at the windows. Beneath them, Mr. Sloane, of Sloane & Pierce, passed by on his way to the Gem for his midmorning cup of coffee. Mr. Sloane, like many undertakers, was the picture of rosy durability, an evidence to mourners that though one life had ended, life itself endured.

Mrs. Rotunda withdrew her head from the window and began to pace up and down behind her seated teammates. "No," she declared. "I could never bring myself to do it. Not for a mere two-fifty, anyway."

Emily looked inquiringly at Lacey Philips, who was seated next to her. "The Sloane & Pierce hall rents for two-fifty less than this one," Mrs. Philips explained.

"Save two-fifty at the price of drilling back and forth, quite possibly, over the body of your own dead mother? Not I," said Mrs. Rotunda firmly. "It would take a lot more than two-fifty to reconcile me to that."

Ruby Graves, who, in the manner of maiden ladies, combined extreme idealism on some subjects with extreme matter-of-factness on others, said, "If your mother passed away, Amy, wouldn't they hold the services for her down in Anaheim?"

Mrs. Rotunda replied with patience. "Ruby, I was speaking hypothetically. Mother has owned a plot at Rosemead for I don't know how long, and will, of course, be laid to rest there—not be brought up here to the Sloane & Pierce funeral home to be marched across by Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias and others for whom such things don't matter. But I only mentioned her as an example. I would have exactly the same scruples about marching over *your* mother."

Ruby turned away from the window. "Mother passed away a year ago Labor Day, Amy," she said in a voice that forgave the forgetfulness.

Mrs. Rotunda put her hands to her head. "Ruby, I could bite my tongue out!" she cried. "My point was—anyone. I'd have too much fellow feeling to be willing to meet above the remains."

Emily said, "I think Sloane & Pierce is a good place for Jehovah's Witnesses to meet, though."

"Do they meet there?" Mrs. Tetford asked. Mrs. Tetford had a reputation for asking questions—trained, they said, by Mr. Tetford, who was a man who liked to supply answers.

Emily nodded.

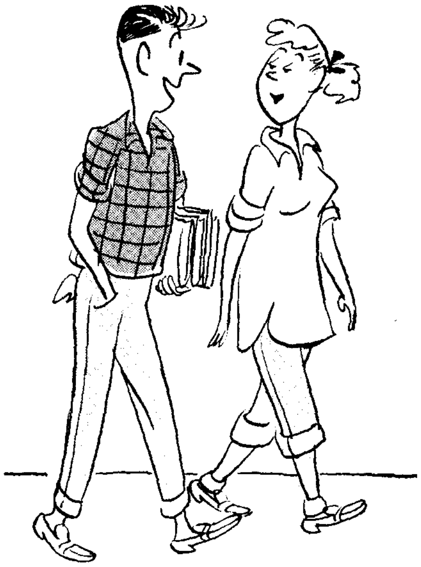
"Why?" Mrs. Tetford asked.

"I don't know," Emily said.

"I mean why do you think it's a good place for them to meet?"

"Oh. Well, that's one of the things a church is for, isn't it?" Emily asked, and, thinking of her children, seeing them already grown and scattered, and herself and John left alone with their memories, she added, "To remind us that all earthly things pass away?"

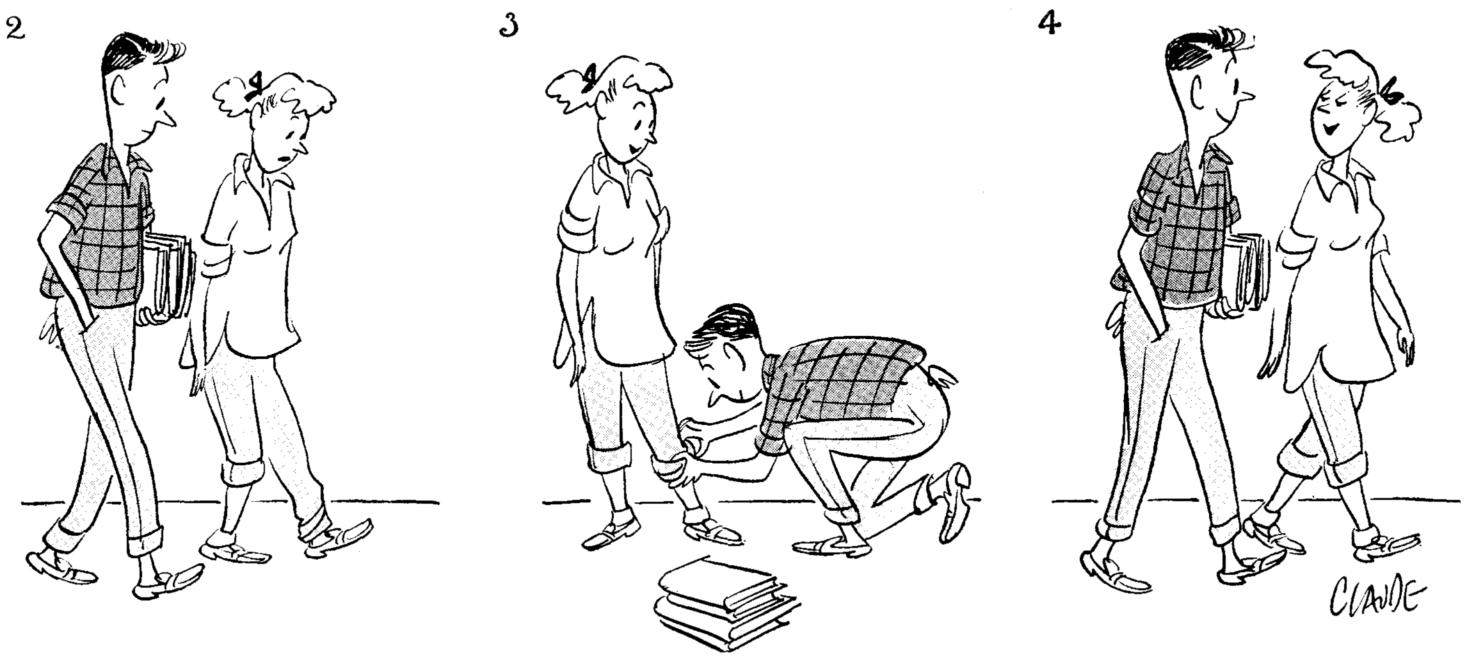
Mrs. Rotunda, at the words "pass away," stopped her pacing, and the hall had the silence of a room in which a clock suddenly ceases ticking. The women turned toward her and she extended her arms as if about to ask some extraordinary favor. "Oh, girls!" she cried. "My dear girls! Let's not be morbid. Let's not dwell on the inevitable or we'll have no heart for our practice."



HER life is drilling, Emily thought, smiling. The lodge is her husband and we are her children. She admired Mrs. Rotunda and hoped that, should she ever be left alone, she could be as sensible. Mrs. Rotunda came to the window before which Emily and Lacey sat, and perched between them on the window sill. Gazing down into the street, she shook her head. "Poor girl. Poor, poor girl," she said.

"Imola Ramos?" Emily asked, though there was not, at the moment, anyone else in sight who could possibly be called a girl. Imola was a black-haired, brown-skinned woman of about her own age. Her red-flowered dress, which looked as if it might have started life as a window curtain or a tablecloth, was cut like a Mother Hubbard and belted in closely with what appeared, from the second story of the Burnham Building, to be a piece of gray, frayed clothesline. It was plain to be seen that she wore no brassière—and not much else, for the wind plastered the big red flowers as close to her thighs as if they were tattooed there.

"Ramos!" Mrs. Rotunda said. "Why, Emily, Imola's name's no more Ramos than yours is. Her name's what it's always been—since she was married, anyway. Fetters. She married LeRoy Fetters so young it's hard to remember



that she was born a Butterfield. But it's Fetters now. That Mexican never married her. Couldn't, to do him justice, since LeRoy would never divorce her. And anyway why should he have married her? She was willing to live with *him.*"

"Live with him as man and wife," Ruby explained.

"I never knew they weren't married," Emily said. "I've always heard her called Mrs. Ramos."

Mrs. Rotunda excused this. "You haven't been in Los Robles very long. It takes a little time to catch on to these things."

Imola, who was carrying two shopping bags heavy enough to curve her square shoulders, stepped off the sidewalk and into the vacant lot opposite the Burnham Building. There she set the bags down amidst the blue dust flowers, and while the disturbed cicadas one by one ceased shrilling, she hunted in her purse for her cigarettes. By the time she had her cigarette lighted, the cicadas were once again filling Main Street with their country cries, and Imola, her head on one side, appeared to be listening with pleasure to the sound.

"Why did she leave her husband?" Emily asked.

"That is the mystery," Mrs. Rotunda admitted. "There never was a better man on earth, to my mind, than LeRoy Fetters."

"LeRoy used to wash Imola's hair for her, regular as clockwork, every ten days," Mrs. Philips said.

"Why, I always wondered," Mrs. Tetford asked.

"Pride," Ruby said. "Pure pride in that great mane of black hair."

They were all watching Imola, standing at her ease in the vacant lot, the wind outlining her sturdy body—a woman obviously well and happy.

Disagreeing with Ruby, Mrs. Tetford answered her own question. "In *my opinion,* LeRoy did it to save the price of a beauty parlor."

Contradicted about motives, Ruby took a new tack. "They say, Mrs. Cooper, that this Mexican manhandles her."

Mrs. Rotunda sniffed. "They say," she said. "I *saw.* Just a week ago today, I saw them having breakfast at the Gem, and Imola had black-and-blue spots the size of quarters on her arms."

Ruby said, "Poor Imola."

"What were *you* doing down at the Gem at breakfast time, Amy?" Mrs. Tetford asked.

"Who said anything about its being breakfast time? As a matter of fact, it was three in the afternoon, and I was having a root-beer float. But those two were having fried eggs and hot cakes, bold as brass, not making the least effort to deceive anyone."

"Why?" Ruby asked. "Why were they having breakfast at that hour?"

"You may well ask, Ruby," said Mrs. Rotunda shortly.

"I feel so sorry for Imola," Mrs. Tetford said.

"They live out near our ranch, you know," Mrs. Philips told them. "They're on the edge of the irrigation ditch, in one of those three-room shacks that the water company furnishes its Mexican workers. Two rooms and a lean-to, really, is what they are. Mattress on the floor, in place of a bed. Old, broken-down, rusty oil stove. Chesterfield with its springs half through the upholstery."

"I wonder how Imola's mother *bears* it," Mrs. Rotunda said.

"Do you ever see them?" Mrs. Tetford asked Mrs. Philips.

"Many's the time. Manuel doesn't seem to have any regular working hours, and in the summertime they do a lot of sporting around together, in and out of the water. And the shoe's on the other foot this time so far's washing is concerned. Imola's the one who does the washing now."

"His hair?" asked Ruby.

"Well, just generally," Mrs. Philips answered.

"A Butterfield washing a Mexican! Sunk that low! It doesn't bear thinking about," Mrs. Tetford said.

"I expect he's pretty dark-skinned?" asked Ruby, who evidently could bear thinking about it.

"They both are," Mrs. Philips explained. "After they finish swimming or washing, whichever it is, they lay around in the sun, sun-tanning. And, like as not, Manuel will play some music for Imola on that instrument of his. That banjo or guitar—I never can tell the two of them apart."

"Fred used to play the clarinet," Mrs. Rotunda said. "He had a natural ear for music and could play anything he'd heard once."

"Is it flat-backed or curved, Lacey?" Mrs. Tetford asked. "This musical instrument?"

"I never did notice."

"Big or little, comparatively speaking?"

"Big," Lacey Philips said.

"It's a guitar, then. I thought it

would be. That's the Spanish national instrument."

"He is dressed, I suppose, by the time this music-making starts?" Ruby Graves said.

"Dressed!" Mrs. Philips exclaimed. "Why, Ruby, he sits there strumming out melodies and flinching off flies as innocent of clothes as a newborn babe!"

"And Imola?"

"Naked as a jay bird. Lying in the grass kicking up her heels. Sometimes silent, sometimes singing."

Mrs. Tetford shook her head. "The poor girl."

"Play to her, hit her. I guess Imola runs the full gamut with that man," Ruby speculated.

"Speak of the devil," said Mrs. Philips, motioning with her chin up the street.

Emily, who had been watching Imola as she listened to the talk about her, saw her throw away the stub of her cigarette and wave at the man coming up the street toward her. Ramos was a short, stocky man with a strong, toed-in walk and, when he reached Imola, a quick, white smile. Imola stooped down when he turned in at the vacant lot and brought up out of one of her shopping bags an enormous bunch of purple grapes.

"Isabellas," said Mrs. Philips. "First it's a feast, then it's a fast with them, I guess."

"He's a big, burly fellow," Mrs. Rotunda admitted.

"Naked and singing by the irrigation ditch," Ruby marvelled as Imola popped grapes alternately into her own mouth and into that of the Mexican.

"LeRoy Fetters was a registered pharmacist," Mrs. Rotunda told Emily. "A very responsible man. He always took a real interest in whether his prescriptions helped."

"Breakfast at three o'clock," Ruby murmured as the feeding below continued, interspersed with considerable affectionate horseplay. "I wonder what it tastes like at that hour."

"Not a thing in the world to keep you from finding out, is there, Ruby?" Mrs. Rotunda asked.

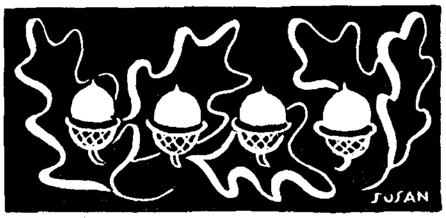
"I doubt it would be the same alone," Ruby said.

Across the street, the grapes finished, Imola, there in the broad daylight of midmorning and in the middle of Los Robles, first kissed the Mexican full on the mouth, then put a cigarette between his lips and, while he shielded it with his hands, lighted it for him.

The ladies were silent for quite a while after this. Finally, Mrs. Tetford said, "Poor Imola! Where is her pride?"

Imola now lighted a cigarette for herself. Emily, watching the two of them at their ease amid the weeds and dust flowers, the wind carrying their cigarette smoke streaming away from them in transparent plumes, said, to her own surprise, "Pride? Why, Mrs. Tetford, pride doesn't enter in. She loves him."

THERE was another long silence in the hall. A number of additional members of the drill team had arrived, and Emily felt that her unconsidered word was settling amongst them like a stone in a pond of still water. But just at the moment when she supposed the last ripple had disappeared, Mrs. Rotunda repeated the word, in a voice that lingered and explored. "Love?" she asked. "Love?"



Is she asking me, Emily thought. But evidently she was not, for before Emily could answer, Mrs. Rotunda had turned her back on the window and was calling the team together. "Girls, girls!" she cried. "Let's not moon! We won't wait for the others. Now, hands on shoulders, and remember, an arm's length apart."

Mrs. Rotunda turned them away from the windows and got them linked together. They reversed by eights, went forward by twos, and formed hollow squares. Emily, still thoughtful, still lin-

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I HEAR AMERICA SINGING, CREDIT LINES[1]

The poets go hippety-hoppety
  To the office to draw their pay;
"Proputty, proputty, proputty—"
  That's what I 'ears 'em say.[2]

And there the office factotum
  Watches o'er every phrase,
And if anyone wants to quote 'em,
  By golly, he pays and pays.[3]

A fellow who writes or edits
  And includes a fragment of song
Had better give proper credits
  Or Ascap will do him wrong.[4]

When you read some novelist's hit, mark
  That no one sings or recites
A line unless Marks or Witmark
  Has ceded the copyrights.

Oh, I think it is frightfully funny
  That our words are restricted thus,
But put them all together they spell *money*,
  A name that means the world to us.[5]

—MORRIS BISHOP

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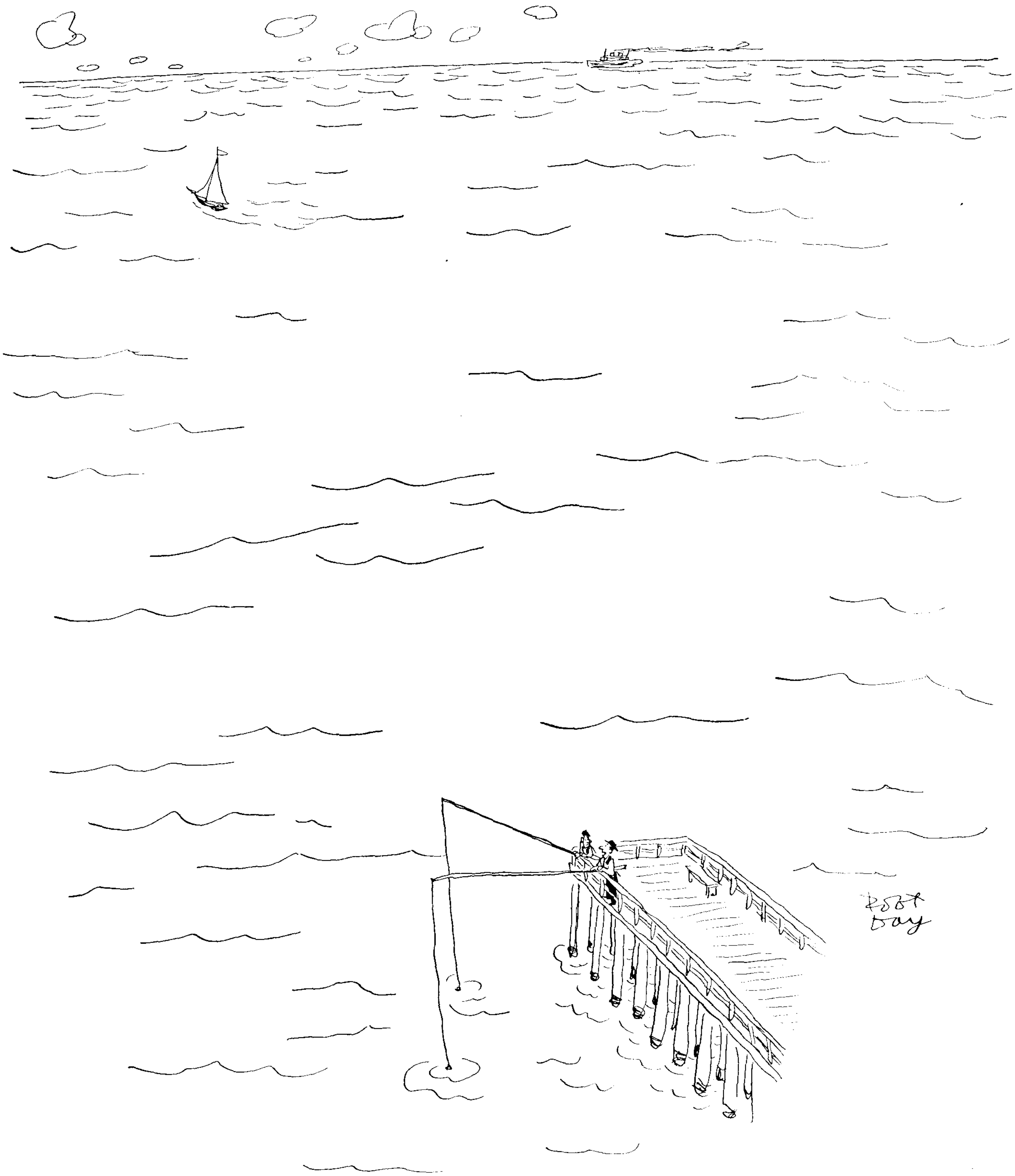
[2] By permission of the heirs of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Aldworth, Blackdown above Haslemere, Surrey, England.

[3] From "The Woman Who Pays," by Will D. Cobb, music by Gus Edwards. By permission of the publishers, Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.

[4] From "Frankie and Johnny," author unknown. A reserve fund has been established to pay eventual claims.

[5] From "Mother," words by Howard Johnson and music by T. Morse. By permission of the publishers, Leo Feist, Inc.



"Maybe it's fished out."

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gering by the window, saw Imola and the Mexican pick up the shopping bags and proceed, together and equally burdened, down the street. She saw Mr. Sloane return, refreshed, from the Gem to his work. She saw Mr. Burnham out on the edge of the sidewalk, face uplifted as if searching the wind for scents of some lost place or time. She saw how the wind, swooping down off the dry, brown hills, wrapped the soft prints of her drill mates' dresses about their vari-shaped bodies, so that they moved through the elaborate figures of Mrs. Rotunda's planning like women in some picture of past days. And Mrs. Rotunda's brisk commands—"To the rear by twos!" or "The diamond formation!"—were like a little, inconsequential piping, the way the wind, veering, shrills for a second or two through a crack before resuming its own voice, deep and solemn and prophetic.

—JESSAMYN WEST

ANNALS OF CRIME

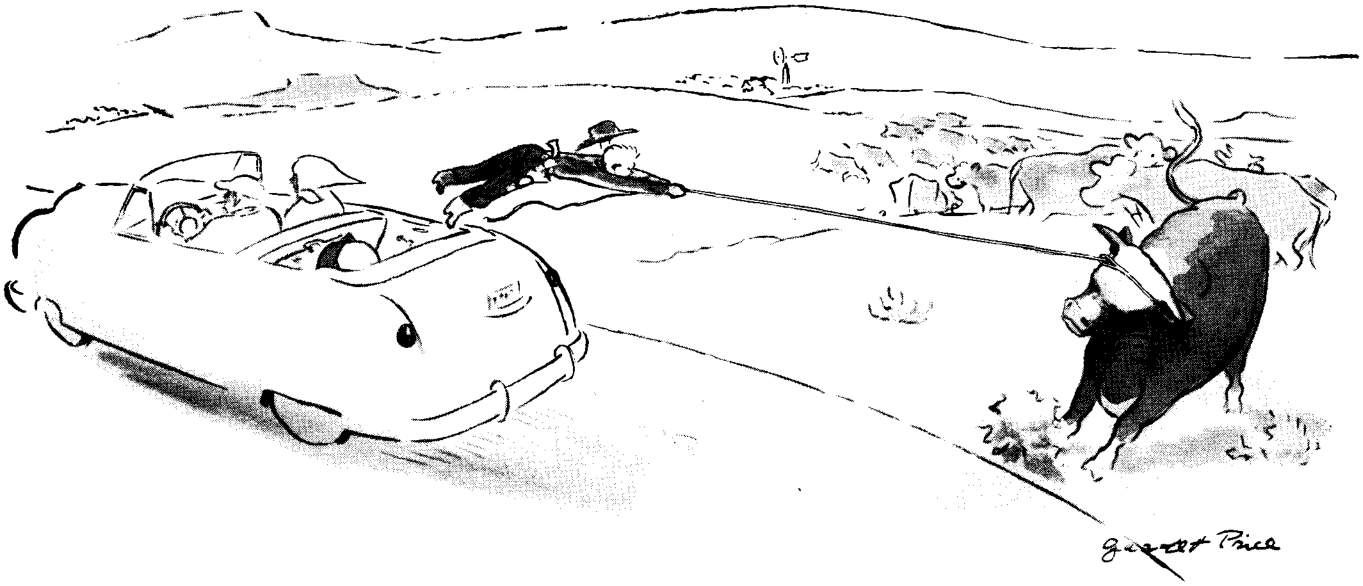
THE BURGLAR WITH THE NOTEBOOKS

BEFORE Michael Sutton, a thirty-seven-year-old burglar from Paterson, New Jersey, was released from the Iowa State Penitentiary, at Fort Madison, on September 27, 1949, he was given, in addition to fifteen dollars in cash, an inexpensive suit of clothes, a white cotton shirt, a blue rayon necktie, a white cotton union suit, a pair of black cotton socks, and a pair of low-priced black shoes. He considered this outfit inadequate. For some weeks before his release, he had systematically studied advertisements in the newspapers and magazines that were available to him in the prison library and had made up his mind that he would need two Hart Schaffner & Marx suits, two Bond suits, two Stein Bloch suits, a dozen Van Heusen shirts, three Manchester sports shirts, two Wimbledon sports shirts, six pairs of Gilbert Juilliard gabardine slacks, three monogrammed silk shirts, a dozen neckties, two dozen handkerchiefs, two dozen pairs of Interwoven socks, three pairs of Florsheim shoes, three pairs of Nunn-Bush shoes, one Hickock belt, one camel's-hair overcoat, one suède sports jacket, three all-wool pullover sweaters, three sweatshirts, one raincoat, two pairs of calfskin gloves, one pair of bedroom slippers, one foulard dressing gown, four pairs of Textron pajamas, one Ronson lighter, one Parker "51" fountain pen, one complete set of Yardley toiletries, one complete set of Lenthéric toiletries, six cakes of Roger & Gallet soap, one pair of Cool-Ray sunglasses, one electric clock, one Longines wristwatch, one Gruen Veri-thin Precision wristwatch, one amethyst birthstone ring, one fourteen-carat Forstner snake chain (with matching penknife), one sterling-silver cigarette case, one gold-bordered pigskin billfold, and three pieces of Stylemaster red leather luggage. He made a neat list of these items in one of two pocket-size notebooks he had in his cell, writing down the estimated prices and total outlay required, which was seventeen hundred and seventy-six dollars.

Sutton had served two years and eleven months of a five-year sentence for burglary and was being let out ahead of time because his behavior had been good. He had been a baker in the prison kitchen and had never violated any of the prison regulations. He is a tall, lean man with sandy hair, a low forehead, soft brown eyes, a crooked nose, and big ears that fan out from the sides of his head, making him look as if he were on the alert, which he generally is. He spent most of his spare time at the penitentiary reading and, during his last few weeks there, writing. His reading was restricted to the books, magazines, and newspapers in the prison library, but he wrote as he pleased. Like the notebooks of W. Somerset Maugham, Sutton's notebooks are made up of a series of more or less unrelated paragraphs. Sutton simply put down, from time to time, random thoughts, ideas, philosophical observations, epigrams, and quotations. Maugham says of his own notebooks, "They do not pretend to be a journal. . . . I never made a note of anything that I did not think would be useful to me at one time or another in my work, and though, especially in the early notebooks, I jotted down all kinds of thoughts and emotions of a personal nature . . . I meant my notebooks to be a storehouse of materials for future use and nothing else." Exactly the same thing can be said of Sutton's notebooks, the contents of which, in addition to the list of things he wanted to buy, are as follows:

> Clothes express and accentuate a person's personality and station in life. Wear good clothes in order to be inconspicuous. Live in best hotels, so I won't be noticed going and coming at odd hours.
>
> Always carry the daily paper when on the prowl early in the evening—or a magazine. It looks like a person coming home from the office. Better still, carry a briefcase.
>
> People are like animals. They are herded together like cattle in a huge pen—a town—by civil authority. From beginning to end we are a number on a birth certificate to a number on a death certificate. From birth to death we are kept in the fold by authority to keep us from straying from the herd.
>
> It takes an amazing amount of cunning to master crime.
>
> "All that occurs in life is an endless sequence of events resulting from chance."
>
> Wear headphones attached to microphone or electronic magnifiers to pick up sounds of breathing, etc., more clearly.
>
> Use bulb in toilet bowl to hide diamonds in—or cash.
>
> Check to see if a town has an opera house or concerts on certain nights of the week. That's where rich people congregate. Watch newspapers for names of people attending these.
>
> Gambling diverts a man faster than lechery.
>
> Ada and Minna Eversleigh. Home in New York City. Solid gold midget piano, worth $16,500. A colored maid—no men around premises. Likes matinees and plays. Plenty of diamonds. Seventy-three years old in 1949.
>
> Rich people live on No. 10 Hill in Baltimore, Maryland.
>
> Ann Sothern collects Chinese White Meissen Figurines.
>
> Bend the end of small screwdriver to get between glass and putty in window. [Illustrated by sketch.]
>
> Now I know why I have been lonely sometimes.
>
> The Sheridan "Super-grade" pneumatic rifle—$56.50. Weight 6 lbs., 37 inches in length. Solid-nosed bullet-shaped ammunition. Sheridan Products Co., Inc., Department 129-D, Racine, Wisconsin.
>
> Variable density filters, complete with eye cups to fit Bausch and Lomb binoculars. Tones down light and glare. 70 West Broadway, New York 7, New York.
>
> Bartenders, cabbies, fences, and

SILENCE
CURTAIN UP



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women are stools. Frequent high class places where cheap stools and detectives can't go.

For a rum-and-gunpowder drink, use gunpowder from one 22 caliber bullet.

A woman alone at a bar usually expects to meet someone—anyone. Most nice girls don't drink alone at bars.

Walla Walla, Washington, is a good joint.

Few people can remember accurately what they see or hear under emotional pressure.

Patience excels science.

Notice if garage is empty and lights out in home. Then people are out.

To remove mouldings or quarter-round from doors, an easy way is to push the nails all the way through. Grind down nail set. "Hamer-Dril" at the Hamer-Dril Company, New York City—$22.50. Electric drill converted into an impact hammer. Attachments come with drill and it can be used with expansion bits. [Illustrated by sketch.]

Believe just the opposite of what people say—especially men—and you will be right ninety percent of the time.

Scotch tape stuck on a pane of frosted glass enables one to see through but not out.

Two guns in shoulder holsters and one 25 or 32 caliber automatic strapped to leg.

Leave phoney overcoat button at scene.

When the clip of an automatic is kept loaded for a long time in between use, the slip spring has too much tension in it, and when the gun is fired about three times it starts to jam because the feeder that feeds the spring loses its elasticity to push the bottom shells up into the chamber. Buy new clips with new springs. [Illustrated by sketch.]

Cut glass in circle with diamond scribe that works like a compass.

Use sneeze powder to foil capture. Sold in novelty stores. Called Cachoo—$1.00 per bottle.

Rich neighborhoods: Bel Air, Los Angeles, California; Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

Joseph Toth of Mansfield, Ohio. Gun collector. Thirty-five machine pistols, some very expensive.

Iowa Falls Museum. Solid gold armor. Also $5,000 gun collection, some with silencers. Go up through floor or down through roof.

"All of us are in the gutter and some of us are looking at the stars."

The F. L. Doheny home has solid gold bath fixtures.

Rob owners of exclusive stores and retired movie stars.

Beverly Hills, California: Schwab's drug store has $200 gold cigarette lighters and $185-per-ounce perfumes. Other stores in Beverly Hills: Howard Greer, Keneth Hopkins, Adrian, John Frederics, I. Magnin, Vendome Liquor Store (50-year-old brandy).

Beverly Hills is guarded by one of the best police forces. When a resident leaves town, a policeman is assigned to test the locks at night. Patrol cars prowl the streets. Anyone of low character on foot after dark is a suspect.

Dogs love the smell and taste of cinnamon.

Find out who the owner is of a good department store, jewelry store, good business, etc., look up address and prowl home.

Start off by asking a woman what she thinks is the most beautiful thing in the world. Then tell her about a woman looking into a man's eyes reminds me of the song, "Always."

Try to find out wealthy people's birthdays. Chances are they have birthday parties downstairs. Then ransack second-floor rooms.

Criminals fail because they are impatient and careless and have no imagination or audacity.

Get into a home and stay in it until people go down to eat breakfast, then ransack bedrooms.

Dentists offices for gold, old and new. Also sodium pentothal.

Slash venetian blinds with sharp knifeblade.

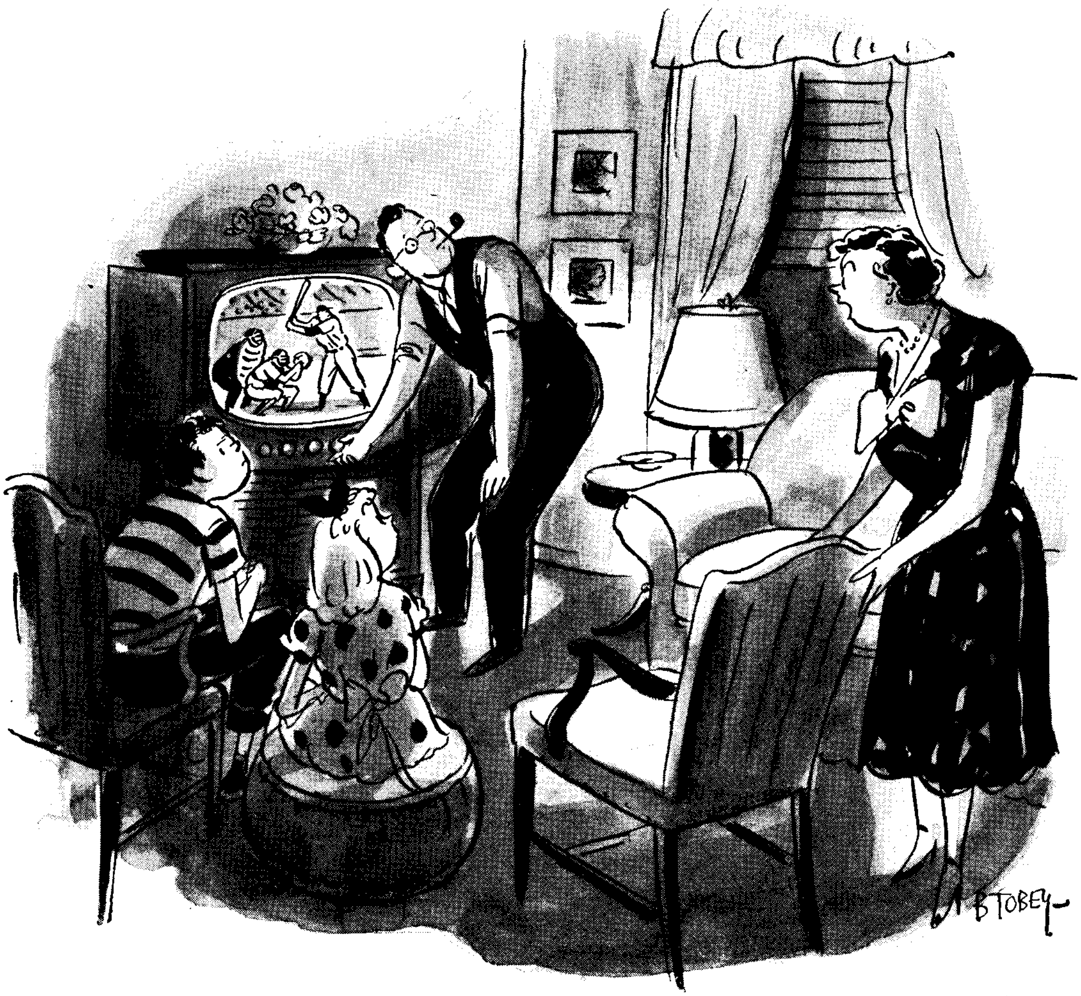
Read all the back issues of magazines and newspapers I can get for tips to prowl.

Wear carnation in buttonhole.

Pose as blind man with dog and dark glasses while prowling. Use white skins of eggs over eyeballs.

Buy or make two or three chamois bags for jewelry.

Buy diamonds with cash from Car-



"But we just saw a baseball game last night."

• •

tier's when I want to sell a hot one. Show the receipt that it was purchased. Make sure it is same size and cut and purity.

Get 8½-ounce electric sound magnifier, "The Hearette." Increases sound power to ear more than one hundred thousand times. Hook up three or four together on one amplifier.

Easter and Christmas nights prowl homes when people are at midnight mass.

Eight-power binoculars, light weight—14 ounces—reduces 1,000 yards to 110 yards. Cost from $72 to $100.

Get telephoto lens for flashlight.

Plan for child-proof medicine cabinet: build a small compartment into one of the shelves to be kept locked so that dangerous poisons or sleeping tablets can't be reached by children. Use ⅛-inch plexiglass. [Illustrated by sketch.]

Get into a home while people are out to the movies and stay there until they come home and go to sleep. Then ransack.

On the day a criminal decides he is smarter than the police, he moves that much closer to the moment of his capture. Don't belong to the egocentric class of criminals. Thieves who are so egotistical as to think that they can't be caught are the ones who get caught.

"Social disapproval is chiefly a matter of self-serving conformity."

Be audacious, have a gentleman's taste in clothes, be a good liar. Have no scruples against shooting a person or slugging a person. It's just as easy to steal a fortune by being audacious and creating a front to blend with an exclusive section. Good car, good clothes, etc. Spot big estates in country with large lawns, and Cadillacs, Lincolns, etc., in driveways. Prowl when occupants are giving bridge parties or dinner parties. Ransack second stories.

Money is power. It will buy almost anything.

Buick, $2430 to $4122.
Packard, $2404 to $4475.
Lincoln, $3113 to $4490.
Cadillac, $2955 to $5417.

"To think that here is a being who lives, who walks, who runs—a being! What is a being? This animated thing that carries within it the principle of motion and a will governing that motion! It belongs to nothing—this thing. In China and India you will see millions of people struggling who are born and who die without leaving behind them more of a trace than an ant that has been crushed on the highway."

Buy a big convertible—Lincoln or Cadillac. Settle in exclusive apartment and study movements of victims by reading society columns. Ransack home when occupants are to be guests in another home. The English half-timber house is for swanky people. It is popular with business executives. The Regency house is for aloof connoisseurs of detail who do formal entertaining.

In most cities the police have abandoned the foot patrolman and put in his place the squad car—especially cities of 30,000 and over.

I don't have to prove my innocence. The police must prove my guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

Oregon Mountain Meadow Preserves: strawberry, wild plum, English damson, nectarine, red raspberry, tangerine, blackberry, green-gage, boysenberry, English gooseberry.

Edam cheese and brandied chocolates.

Everything in the universe including human emotions—i.e., love, luck, etc.—return in cycles. The thing to know is when the cycle returns again.

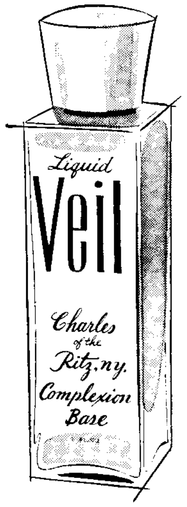
The trait most disliked is being undependable.

"To concentrate on one woman to the exclusion of all others is, to me,

Charles of the Ritz

creates

LIQUID VEIL


Liquid
Veil
Charles of the Ritz, n.y.
Complexion Base

more color
more coverage
more convenience

wonderful, new make-up lotion hides your skin secrets behind a gossamer veil of flattering color . . . gives you even more effective coverage than heavy make-up bases . . . so easy and convenient to apply because it spreads as easily as a blush and leaves your skin satiny smooth . . . without shine . . . without being drying to the skin.

In six "natural" complexion shades. $3, the bottle (plus tax)

BONWIT TELLER

SCOOP, THE COAT DRESS

...you hear the swish swish of its crisp taffeta. See its standout news, stiffening by Armo. Slate blue, plum, gray, black 9 to 15 25.00 Velvet stole 12.95 New York Chicago Cleveland Boston White Plains

senseless. For if I love lilacs must I ignore roses?"

Names for perfumes: Tristan, Acquiescent, Cynthia, Golden Dawn, Purple Night, Nocturne, Lost Paradise, Twilight, Dark Secret.

Pick girls who wear glasses.

"The worth of character. The virtue of patience. The improvement of talent. The joy of originating. The success of perseverance."

"I expect to pass through this world but once; any good therefore that I can do or any kindness, let me not neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Everybody should have at least one beautiful experience to remember.

Black locust honey from Italy. Wild thyme honey from Greece.

Honeydew melon soaked in blackberry or cherry brandy, then filled with ice cream and topped with whipped cream and sherry.

Peel one ripe peach and crush with fork, mix with powdered sugar to taste. Line sundae glass with crushed peach. Then peel and pit one ripe peach and fill glass with marshmallow or whipped cream. Pour blackberry or cherry brandy over all.

Birds from John James Audubon's Bird Books: The blue-winged yellow warbler, the black-billed cuckoo, the American gold finch, the cedar waxwing, the ruby-throated hummingbird, the yellow warbler.

"The babe is at peace within the womb; the corpse is at rest within the tomb; we begin in what we end."

"To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man."

See what Alnico magnets will do to a slot machine.

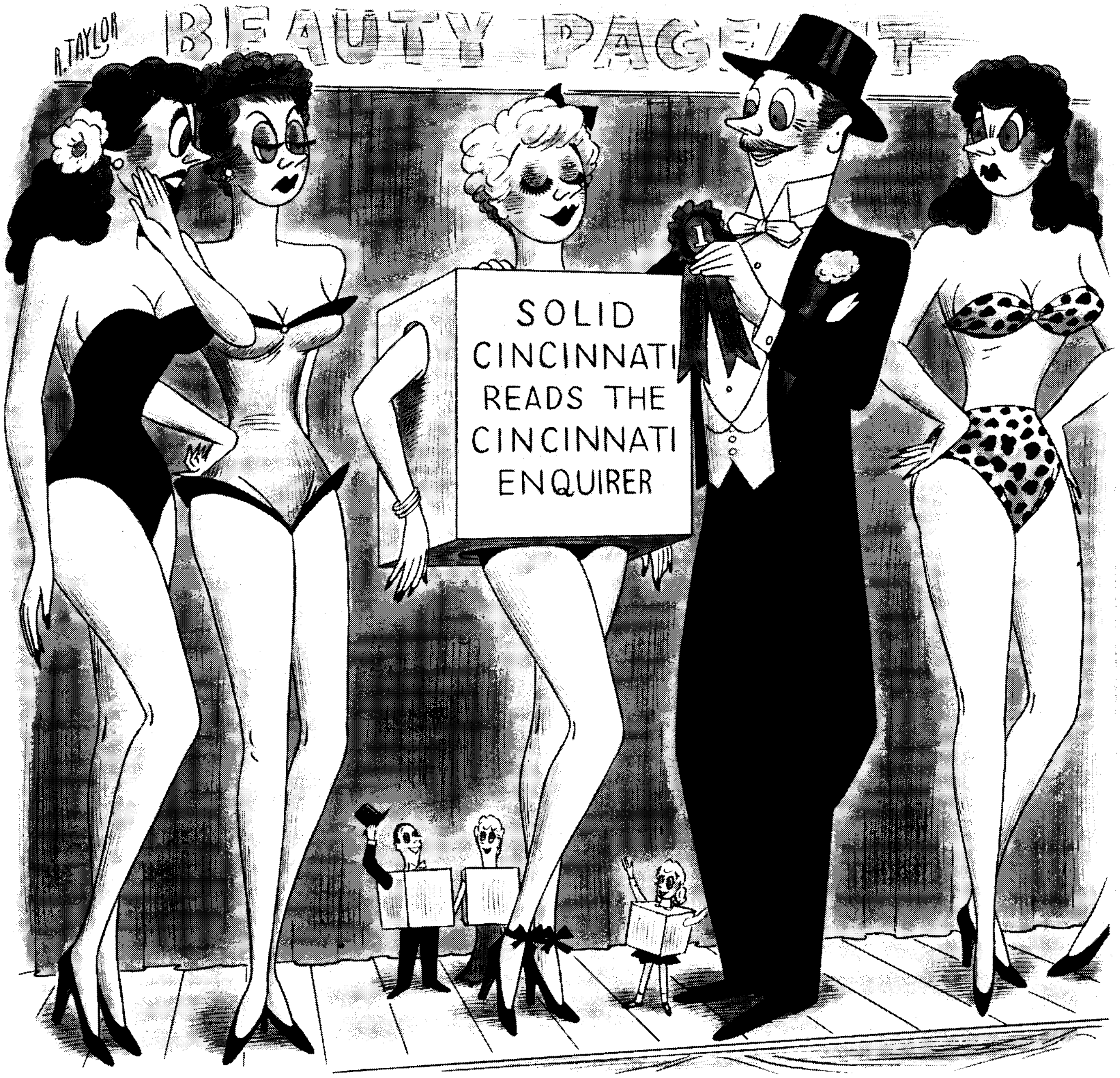
I must not lose the sense of danger when prowling by thinking I'm too clever.

Wear Moose, Elks or Knights of Columbus pin or ring.

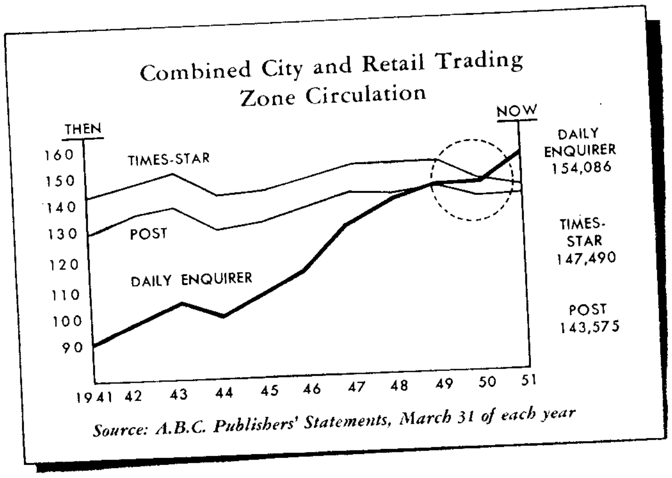
Paulette Goddard has plenty of jewelry.

AFTER shaking hands with the warden of the penitentiary, Sutton made his way to the railroad station in Fort Madison. He carried his notebooks in his inside jacket pocket. He looked over some timetables, questioned a ticket agent about the prices of tickets to various cities, and decided to take a train to Des Moines and, from there, a bus to Omaha, Nebraska. He had robbed a few stores and homes in Omaha some years earlier, had not been arrested, and had liked the looks of the place. In Des Moines, he found he had about half an hour to wait for his bus, so he went to a hardware store and bought an inexpensive chisel, which he put in his inside pocket, along with the notebooks. What with the railroad and bus fare and a couple of sandwiches he bought along the way, there was only three dollars and ninety cents left out of his fifteen dollars by the time he arrived in Omaha. It was five o'clock in the morning, he was tired, and for a long time he had been looking forward to sleeping in a bed with an inner-spring mattress. He went to a commercial hotel in downtown Omaha and paid three dollars and a half for a single room, with bath. He gave his last forty cents to the bellhop who showed him to the room, then took a hot bath, put a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door, and, having no worries about the future, went to bed. He slept until nearly midnight, at which time the room clerk telephoned and said that unless he was going to take the room for a second day, he would have to check out. Sutton checked out, and started prowling.

What Sutton likes most to do is to go through a good big house in a rich residential section while the occupants are asleep and remove the cash from the men's billfolds and the women's handbags without waking their owners up. When properly equipped for housebreaking, he wears a sort of cummerbund that has pockets in it for four or five chisels of different sizes; a small mallet; a punch with which to punch nails or screws out of doorframes, enabling him to lift out panels and thus go through the doors; a carpenter's brace; several expansion bits; and a flashlight. He wants to know something about the people who live in a home he is about to rob, or at least to know how many of them there are. He prefers to observe his prospective victims several evenings, watching them through the living-room and dining-room windows, and then, as he says in his notebooks, when they all go out for the evening, to get into the house and hide until they come home and go to sleep. When the family is out, he doesn't have to worry if he makes a little noise breaking in, and he can conduct a careful survey of all the bedrooms, spotting the bureaus and night tables on which the billfolds and handbags will probably


R. TAYLOR
BEAUTY PAGE
SOLID CINCINNATI READS THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
1

"She's the only one who knew a big space buyer would be judge . . ."



Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, March 31 of each year

Judge these figures. More and more and more. . .Cincinnati is a *morning-newspaper* town! Today, the Daily Enquirer has the largest combined city and retail trading zone circulation of any Cincinnati daily.

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(Advertisement)

be placed, and deducing, from the clothes in the closets, who sleeps where.

That kind of job requires equipment, time, and patience as well as skill, and Sutton, this night in Omaha, was not only unequipped but hungry and in a hurry to get some capital with which to reëstablish himself as a housebreaker. He decided that his best bet would be a store or a bar-and-grill. There would be at least an even chance that the proprietor of a store had left the afternoon's receipts in the cash register overnight instead of taking them home. The chances would be better than even in the case of a bar-and-grill that had been open until after midnight. He prowled around downtown Omaha for three hours. While Sutton was prowling around, looking the town over from his specialized point of view, other burglars in other cities all over the United States (and possibly in Omaha as well) were doing the same thing. According to statistics compiled by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, forty-seven burglaries are committed every hour in this country. Burglary is the most popular form of crime. It is the act of breaking into or entering a place in order to commit a theft, and the F.B.I. reports that there were 411,980 cases of it in 1950. In the 185,566 of these that the F.B.I. was able to analyze, something over twenty-three million dollars in money and property was taken, or an average of a hundred and twenty-four dollars per burglary. Approximately forty per cent of all burglaries, according to the F.B.I., are committed in homes and the rest in stores, offices, public buildings, and so on. During 1950, 43,673 people were arrested for burglary. Of these, only 1,109 were women. Of the forty thousand-odd male burglars, about thirty-five thousand were under thirty-five, or younger than Sutton. More than a thousand of them, though, were over fifty.

At a little after three in the morning, Sutton found what he had been looking for. It was a good-sized bar-and-grill on a dimly lighted street. The front door had a glass panel. Ordinarily, with proper equipment, Sutton would have pried away the strips of molding that held the glass panel in place, using his chisels and mallet and, if necessary, his nail punch, and would then simply have lifted the glass panel out. He could see at a glance that he wouldn't be able to accomplish this with one chisel and without either a mallet or a nail punch. He didn't like to break the glass, because of the noise that would make. While he was trying

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Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances and Musical Ensembles by AGNES De MILLE
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Costumes Designed by MOTLEY
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Lighting by PEGGY CLARK • Orchestrations by TED ROYAL
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Entire Production Directed by DANIEL MANN

PRICES (Tax Included): Opening Night, Orch. (sold out); Loges $7.20; Mezz. $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Evgs. thereafter Mon. thru Thurs. Orch. $6.60; Loges $6.00; Mezz. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Fri. & Sat. Orch. $7.20; Loges $6.00; Mezz. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. $3.60; Loges $3.60; Mezz. $3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
NEW YEAR'S EVE PRICES: Orch. $9.60; Loges $7.20; Mezz. $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Tax Incl.
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A new play by
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Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
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Viewers Applaud New WPIX Picture Station Six Times More Powerful!

WPIX on world's tallest TV tower, atop Empire State Building...increases service area by 5,000 square miles

After two years of planning and construction and at a cost of $250,000, WPIX is now telecasting from atop the Empire State Building. WPIX NOW TRANSMITS A SIGNAL THAT IS EQUAL TO THE MOST POWERFUL ON THAT ANTENNA!... six times more powerful than previous WPIX signal!

During the week following the first program on this new antenna, WPIX was flooded with messages of praise from TV viewers all over the Metropolitan New York area... an area that represents approximately 10.6% of the total population of the U. S.

Look at the tremendous area WPIX's powerful new signal now covers. And check the list of towns, counties, states and New York boroughs that reported good to excellent reception on WPIX, channel eleven...

- 17 counties from New Jersey—this area represents 94% of the total population of New Jersey.
- All 5 N. Y. C. boroughs, and 8 New York State counties —67% of the total population of New York State.
- 3 counties in Connecticut—58% of the total population of Connecticut live in these counties.

To the Advertiser who wants to sell this market (which represents nearly 10% of national retail sales) WPIX offers facilities second to none, *and* lowest time costs. Get your share of this rich N. Y. market on WPIX—AMERICA'S TOP INDEPENDENT FOR AMERICA'S TOP MARKET.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF COMMENTS RECEIVED:

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"Now the best station in our locality." E. 42nd Street

"Saw scientific miracle performed." W. 63rd Street

"Congratulations for most wonderful reception ever." E. 24th Street

"Like discovering a new station on our set." E. 37th Street

"Spectacular." W. 118th Street

"Now has that real-life look." W. 64th St.

"Ghosts are gone. Now a steady listener." Lexington Avenue

BROOKLYN

"Improvement like the difference between night and day." Lafayette Avenue

"Picture leaves nothing to be desired." Grace Court

"Now enjoying perfect reception. 100 per cent improvement in my picture." New Lots Avenue

"Coming in clear since you moved." 13th Street

"Double image gone... picture now perfect." Schenectady Ave.

"Finest picture in two and a half years." Kent Avenue

"Chased the ghosts to less disturbing haunts." Albany Avenue

BRONX

"Best reception ever on our TV set." Hunt Avenue

"Programs coming over wonderfully." East 161st Street

"Channel 11 improved about 99 per cent." Spofford Avenue

"Television reception improved almost 100 per cent." E. 152d Street

"Big improvement over old ghost picture." Brook Avenue

STATEN ISLAND

"Used to be snowy. Now good and clear." Lorraine Avenue

"Greatly improved reception at this receiving point." Post Ave.

"Eliminated dark lines from screen." Dutchess Avenue

LONG ISLAND

"Reception in this area is perfect." Mineola Blvd., Mineola

"Now feel as though you're right in the ball park." 31st Drive, Astoria

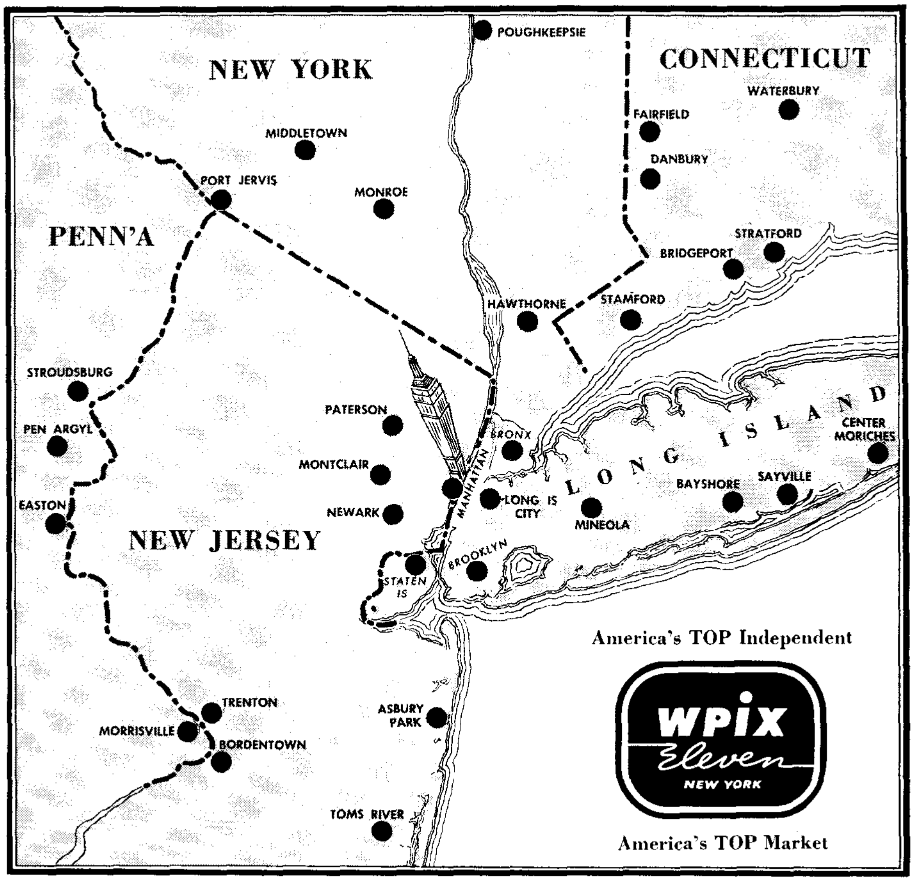
"Clear and good picture." Sayville

"Getting the ball games very clearly." Ocean Avenue, Center Moriches

"Tremendous improvement on my ten-inch set." Lamont Avenue, Elmhurst

"Picture clear and sharp in my bad location." Bayshore

"Excellent picture with only window antenna." Long Island City



Here is the area now reached by WPIX's powerful new signal.

CONNECTICUT

"Sharper picture, even on inside antenna." Fairview Ave., Bridgeport

"Changeover thrilling. Reception excellent." Danbury

"Watched dull picture change to very clear." Lamont Street, Waterbury

"Greater brightness and sharpness immediately noticed." Reef Road, Fairfield

"It was always good. Now excellent." Cloverly Road, Stamford

NEW YORK STATE

"Good picture sixty miles north of Washington Bridge." Monroe, New York

"On behalf of Port Jervis television fans, thanks for new, clear picture." Jersey Avenue, Port Jervis

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"As beautiful and clear as the best." Royce Ave., Middletown

PENNSYLVANIA

"As good as our best Pennsylvania station." Smith Street, East Stroudsburg

"Reception as good as Philadelphia." Sehauk Ave., Pen Argyl

"What used to be fair reception is now perfect." Ferry Street, Easton

"Unbelievable increase in picture strength." Edge Hill Gardens, Morrisville

NEW JERSEY

"Now stay mostly on your station." 2nd Avenue, Newark

"Reception greatly improved." 320 Avenue, Asbury Park

"Picture now as clear as an 8 mm movie." R.F.D. 1, Toms River

"Now use station 100 per cent more." Highland Street, Paterson

"Greatly improved reception here for us." Farnsworth Avenue, Bordentown

"Wonderful, wonderful difference. Can hardly believe it." R.F.D. 2, Trenton

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

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ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK · DIOSA COSTELLO
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N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
GUYS & DOLLS
A MUSICAL FABLE of BROADWAY
Starring
ROBERT MARTHA SAM ISABEL
ALDA · STEWART · LEVENE · BIGLEY
with PAT ROONEY, Sr.
Evenings: $6.60, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20 (Tax Included)
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to think of a solution to his problem, a trailer-truck came down the street, with a roar and clatter. Sutton is accustomed to thinking and acting fast. By the time the truck had gone by, he had smashed the glass panel with the butt of his chisel and was inside the bar-and-grill, looking for the cash register. He found it, and was delighted to discover that it was locked, because that undoubtedly meant that the proprietor had left the cash inside. He pried the cash drawer open with his chisel and stuffed its contents in his pockets. Then he went to an all-night restaurant and had a good meal. When the stores opened for the day, he was tempted to start buying a lot of the things he wanted, but he restrained himself. He merely stopped in at a luggage store and bought one Stylemaster red leather suitcase, for $38.75. He carried the suitcase to the bus station, locked himself in a toilet, and counted the rest of the money. There was four hundred and thirty-three dollars in bills—mostly one-dollar bills—and seventy dollars in silver. He put the silver in the suitcase, along with his notebooks and chisel, arranged the bills in tidy wads and rolls, and redistributed them among his pockets.

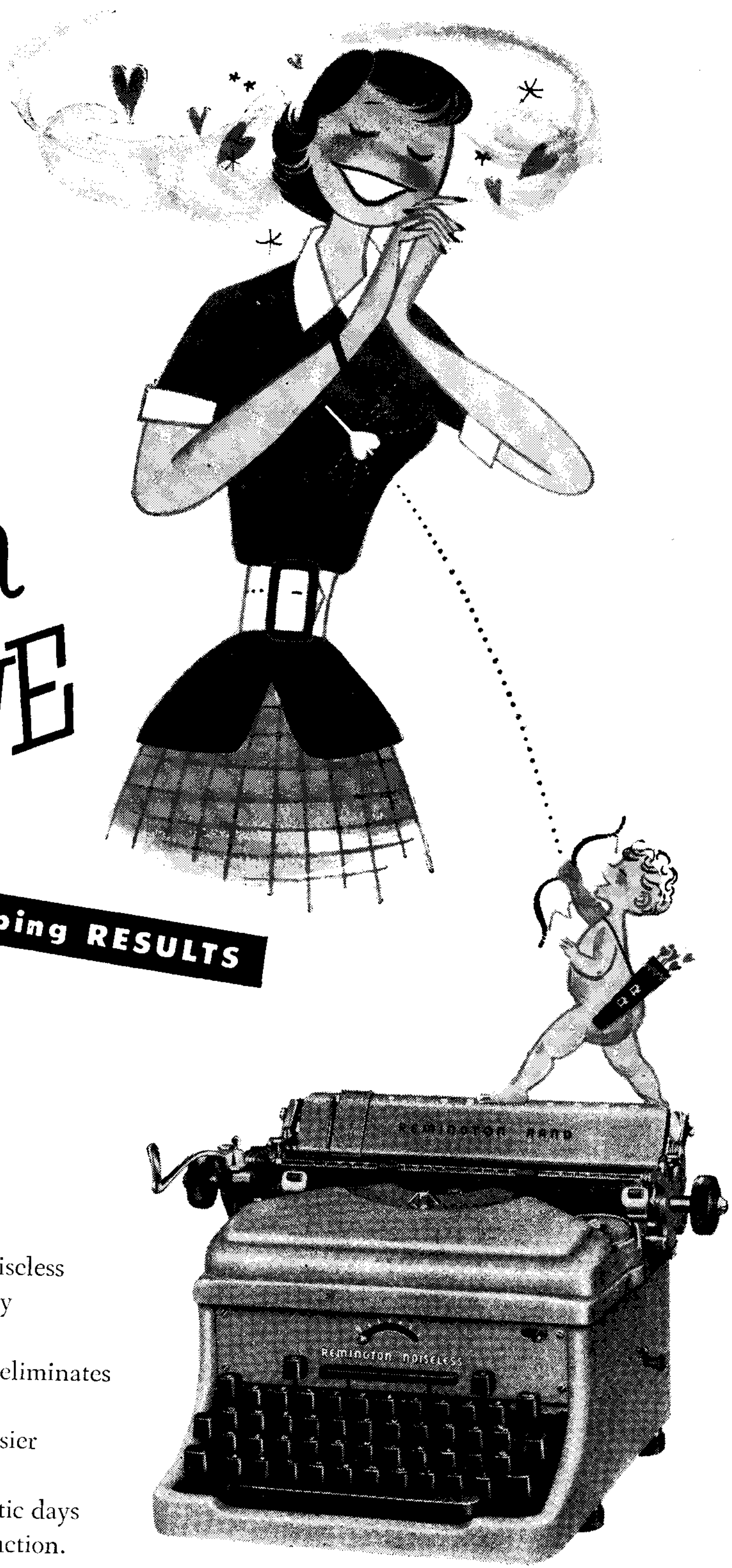
Sutton made up his mind to go to Reno on the next bus. Having spent a happy few weeks there in 1946, he knew that in Reno, where a lot of gambling goes on, a man in cheap clothes who suddenly starts buying expensive clothes is not likely to attract attention. Anyway, he wanted to get out of Omaha as soon as possible. He learned that the next bus for Reno would not leave for another hour, so he checked his suitcase. Then he realized that he needed a shave, and decided to buy a razor. At a drugstore down the street, he bought a gold-plated Gillette Aristocrat, with Gillette Blue Blades in an Automatic Dispenser. This was to him a new kind of razor, and he was very pleased with it. A bottle of Yardley hair tonic caught his eye and he bought that. Then he bought a can of Yardley Invisible Talc, a tube of Lenthéric Lather Shave Cream, an Ever Ready shaving brush, and three bars of Ann Haviland soap. "After that," he said later, in a reminiscent conversation, "I was no longer able to exercise any self-control." He bought a Squibb Angle toothbrush, a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste, and a pair of Cool-Ray sunglasses. Leaving the drugstore, he drifted into the Nebraska Clothing Company, the biggest store of its kind in Omaha. He bought a Pendleton shirt, three nylon shirts, three Arrow shirts, a dozen Interwoven socks, and a McGregor sports jacket. The salesman who sold him these things thought it was peculiar that a man in cheap clothes who needed a shave was buying such expensive stuff with such lightheartedness and mostly with dollar bills. "You must have struck it rich," he remarked. "There's plenty more where this came from," said Sutton gaily, clapping the salesman on the back and laughing.

When the salesman went to get the McGregor sports jacket wrapped up, he mentioned his suspicions to the store detective. After watching Sutton buy a black leather Acme-Bilt briefcase, for $42.50, the store detective telephoned Captain Ernest J. Brown, in charge of the Detective Bureau of the Omaha Police Department. Captain Brown, who had by that time received a report of the bar-and-grill burglary, sent Detectives Andrew J. Simpson and N. F. Nielsen over to the store. They watched Sutton get out eighty-five one-dollar bills to pay for a gold-bordered pigskin billfold. Then they went over and told Sutton that they were detectives and that they wanted him to come with them to Police Headquarters and tell them how he happened to have all this money.

Sutton offered no resistance. He tried for a while to convince the detectives that he had won the money in a crap game, but his heart didn't seem to be in it. "I knew it was hopeless," he said later. "I knew they would search me and find the card I was still carrying that said I had been released from the pen at Fort Madison the day before." The detectives did search him and did find the card. They also found the baggage check for the suitcase he had left at the bus station, and one of them went and got that. After they had glanced through Sutton's notebooks, which they had removed from the suitcase, they didn't even bother to ask him to confess. A week later, Sutton pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary and was sentenced to serve eight years in the Nebraska State Penitentiary, at Lincoln. All the things he had bought were taken away from him. He was allowed to keep his notebooks, and took them along with him to the penitentiary. Having heard about them, I went out to Lincoln a while ago in order to try to find out what a burglar is like who writes the way Sutton does.

BEFORE I talked to Sutton, I consulted Dr. H. G. Salter, a psychologist assigned to the penitentiary,

head over heels in LOVE



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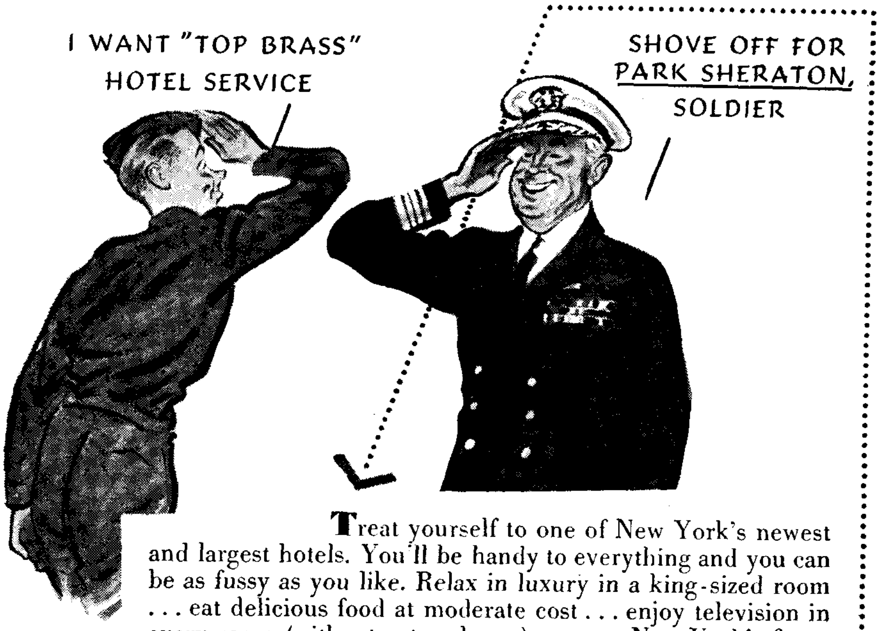
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whose doctorate derives from a Ph. D., and he told me that in his opinion Sutton is a constitutional psychopath. I asked him the meaning of the term, and he said, "Constitutional psychopaths are persons whose main difficulty lies in their absence of deep emotional response, their inability to profit from experience, and their disregard of social mores. Although sometimes dangerous to themselves or others, these persons are commonly likable and intelligent. They may go on behaving like perfectly normal people for several years between one outbreak and another. Their most frequent digressions from the social mores are lying, stealing, addiction to alcohol or narcotics, and sexual immorality." I remarked that this description would fit a number of people of my acquaintance, and Dr. Salter said, "They form a very large proportion of the population. You might say that they're just like what we call normal people, except that they're more human." He got out a copy of a mental test—known as the Wechsler-Bellevue Intelligence Scale—that had been given to Sutton soon after his arrival at the penitentiary, and went over it with me. In what is referred to as the "verbal scale" of the test, Sutton's score was 55 and his I.Q. was 111. In the "performance scale," his score was 49 and his I.Q. was 108. In the "full scale," his score thus totalled 104 and his I.Q., after certain technical weighting of various factors, averaged out at 110. The psychologists who compiled the test estimate that sixty-eight per cent of the population have an I.Q. of between 90 and 110, and regard scores within these limits as denoting average intelligence. Therefore, if the psychologists are right, Sutton is within a point of having above-average intelligence.

"Psychologically," Dr. Salter said, "Sutton was better in the verbal scale than in the performance scale. He has very good informational knowledge. He reads a great deal and he interprets what he reads to his own ends." Dr. Salter showed me some typical questions on the test and the answers Sutton had given. To the question "Why do we have laws?," Sutton had answered, "To govern people." I was surprised to find that this was the wrong answer and that Sutton's score on that question was zero. The right answer is "To protect people's rights and property," or a reasonably close paraphrase of the statement. To the question "Why do we have the marriage license?," Sutton had answered, "To make it legal." He got a zero for that, too. The correct answer

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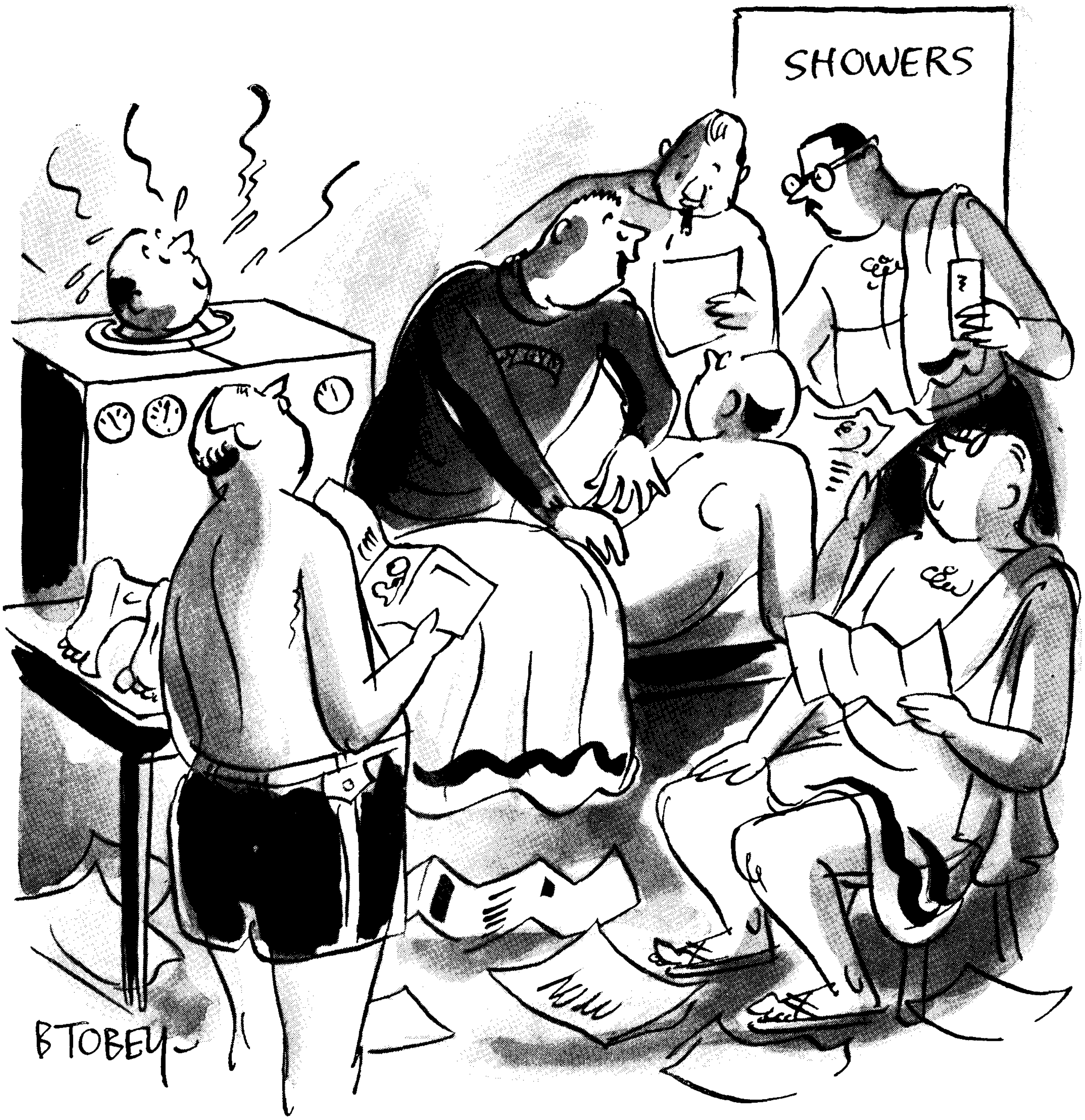

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is "In order to have a record of the marriage." Another question that Sutton slipped up on was "Why do we have taxes?" His answer was "To keep up the army, navy, roads, schools, etc." An intelligent man would have answered, "To pay the cost of maintaining the government," according to Dr. Salter. When Sutton was asked to state the similarity between air and water, he replied, "Hydrogen is in both of them." Again this was the wrong answer. The right answer is "Both are needed to maintain life." Sutton picked up a couple of points on the similarity between the eye and the ear when he wrote that both are "senses of the body," and on the similarity between egg and seed when he wrote that "both are the beginning of life." But when asked to state the similarity between a poem and a statue, he simply wrote, "Not alike at all," and got another zero. It seems he should have said that both are works of art.

I remarked that many of these answers on which Sutton had got a zero seemed pretty bright to me, and Dr. Salter said, "You have to consider the test as a whole, and not judge it by specific questions and answers. We psychologists believe that this test is practically infallible in determining whether or not a man is a constitutional psychopath." I asked whether psychiatrists held the same belief, and he said, "Oh, I don't know what the Freudian boys would say about it. I don't go in for that stuff. All that business about everything going back to early childhood is so much bunk, in my opinion."

I thanked Dr. Salter for his candor and went along to the warden's office, where I was to have my first meeting with Sutton.

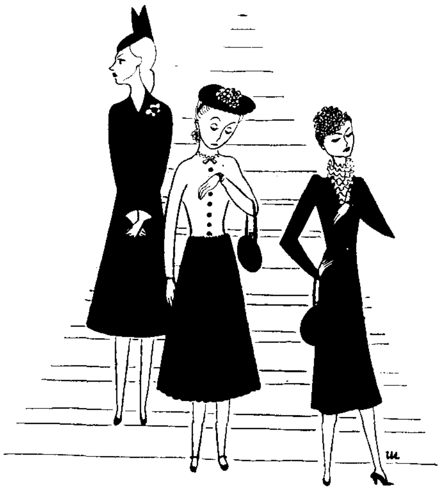
DURING the next three days, Sutton and I spent a lot of time together in the penitentiary. I didn't like the looks of the town of Lincoln, dominated, as it seemed to be, by the enormous penal institution, so I stayed in the more cheerful town of Omaha, and drove back and forth in a rented Ford. Whenever I went to see Sutton, I would park the car in the prison parking lot and walk over to a bungalow in the middle of a half acre of green grass, where I showed my credentials to a prison guard, who telephoned to another guard, inside the prison, and told him that I was on my way in. I would then go out the back door of the bungalow and walk about a hundred yards to the main door of the penitentiary. The guard there would look at my credentials before admitting me. I would then walk down a long corridor to the door of the visitors' room, where another guard would look at my credentials and let me into it, locking an iron-barred gate behind me. I had arranged to reserve a small table in a corner of the visitors' room, and I would sit there while the guard sent for Sutton. Presently, Sutton would appear, dressed in the penitentiary's standard white duck trousers and a white shirt with no tie.

I soon found that one of the outstanding traits of Sutton's character is amiability. He seems to want to please everybody he can in every possible way, and he is sensitive about the feelings of others. On the day I first entered the prison, I came down with a cold, and each time I visited Sutton, he asked me about it with genuine concern, and gave me advice on how to take care of it. After I had called him Sutton a few times at the first interview, he said, "How about just calling me Mike?" I called him Mike after that, and I still think of him as Mike. On the last day I saw him, I said goodbye and he shook hands with me and clapped me on the back with the same geniality he had shown toward the clerk in the Nebraska Clothing Company just before his arrest.

Although Sutton is thirty-seven years old, he seems younger than that. His manner is youthful and sometimes childlike in its simplicity and open frankness. At our first meeting, I told him that I was interested in hearing about his life and his methods of operating. His initial response was a disappointing one. Like a man giving the facts about himself to a desk sergeant or an insurance-company doctor, he told me that he was born in Paterson, New Jersey. His father, who died in 1936, was a night watchman in a silk mill there and became separated from his wife, some twenty years his junior, when their son was fourteen. Only once in his life had the younger Sutton done any legitimate work, and then only for a brief period—in a factory of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. in Paterson. After Sutton had given me this information, he seemed at a loss as to how to go on. "Is that the sort of stuff you want to know?" he asked. I replied that it was all right as far as it went but that I hoped he would soon feel more at his ease and just talk along in a casual manner. "O.K., I'll try, by just not thinking about anything special," he said, and grinned. "Now you tell me where to begin."

I showed Sutton a copy of his prison

record that I had obtained from the F.B.I., and suggested that he might like to tell about the first time he was arrested, which, according to the record, was in Paterson, on April 4, 1931, for stealing an automobile. He studied the record for a few moments and then said, "They've got most of it right, but it starts back in 1925, not 1931. When I was eleven years old, I was sent to a reformatory in New Jersey, and I was there off and on for two years. I ran away eight or nine times, and they always caught me and put me back in. It was pretty rugged in those days. They had us in cottages, and in charge of each cottage was this cottage master. If you got out of line, they would beat you up with their fists. Another thing they used to do was to punish the kids by making them stand against the wall, sometimes for hours. Plenty of kids fainted. I began fainting a lot myself after a while when they did that to me. I was sent there because I'd been stealing stuff—oh, chewing gum and boxing gloves and candy and a bicycle. Stuff like that. I didn't steal for the money, because I didn't know the value of money then. I was too young. It wasn't until I was around seventeen that I began using my brains and imagination and realizing the value of money. Another kid showed me how to break into a house. In those days, I used to use a kind of iron hook that you open orange crates with for a jimmy. You pry the window up and the lock busts. It's as good a kind of jimmy as any, in spite of all the modern improvements. I learned one thing right away along about that time. You ought to size up a house—find out who lives there—before you try to do a job. Then this kid and I had a quarrel about something and I went off on my own after that. I got into a house in Paterson and took seventy-two-fifty from the billfold of a man who was sleeping in a double



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bed with his wife. Then I met this kid again and we made up our quarrel and I showed him the house where I had got this seventy-two-fifty. You know whose house the kid told me it was? It was the house of the Chief of Detectives of Paterson—Captain Mosley. That was one on me.

"But I didn't get picked up for that. I didn't get picked up until that one the F.B.I. has here—the one for the automobile G.L. [Grand larceny.] Another kid and myself had stolen the automobile and gone joy-riding in it and the other kid got scared and told his mother and she told the cops and they picked both of us up. But this kid's mother hired a lawyer for him and he got off with a suspended. Dad had left home by then and Mother couldn't afford a lawyer for me, so I got this three- to five-year rap in the State Prison. I was around eighteen at the time, and when I got out, I was about twenty-one. My dad had died and I stayed around home with Mother and a couple of sisters. I didn't get a job for a while. I guess I was kind of a rebel against authority. Working at a regular job— well, I've always sort of hooked it up with working in the reformatory. I've always hated work. I like to get hold of money and make a big splurge around the other guys. When I had pulled off some good scores and had some dough, I would treat the other guys to drinks and all that stuff. I was still pretty young and I thought you could buy friends with money. You know, so as not to be lonesome. But of course that doesn't make any sense, and I got over trying to do that."

Sutton looked at the copy of his record again and found that the remainder of it was correct. He was arrested in Trenton on February 7, 1933, for burglary, and was sentenced to serve four to five years in the State Prison. Not long after his release, on December 31st, 1935, he was arrested in Paterson, on February 18, 1936, for burglary, and was sentenced to serve three to five years. He was paroled on January 5, 1939, and on May 1st of that year he was arrested in Toledo, on suspicion of burglary, but was discharged. On June 13th of the same year, he was arrested in Columbus, Ohio, for burglary, and was convicted and sent to the State Penitentiary. He stayed there until February 27, 1945, and was then turned over to the New Jersey authorities and sent back to the New Jersey State Prison as a parole violator. He was released on August 5, 1946, and on the following September

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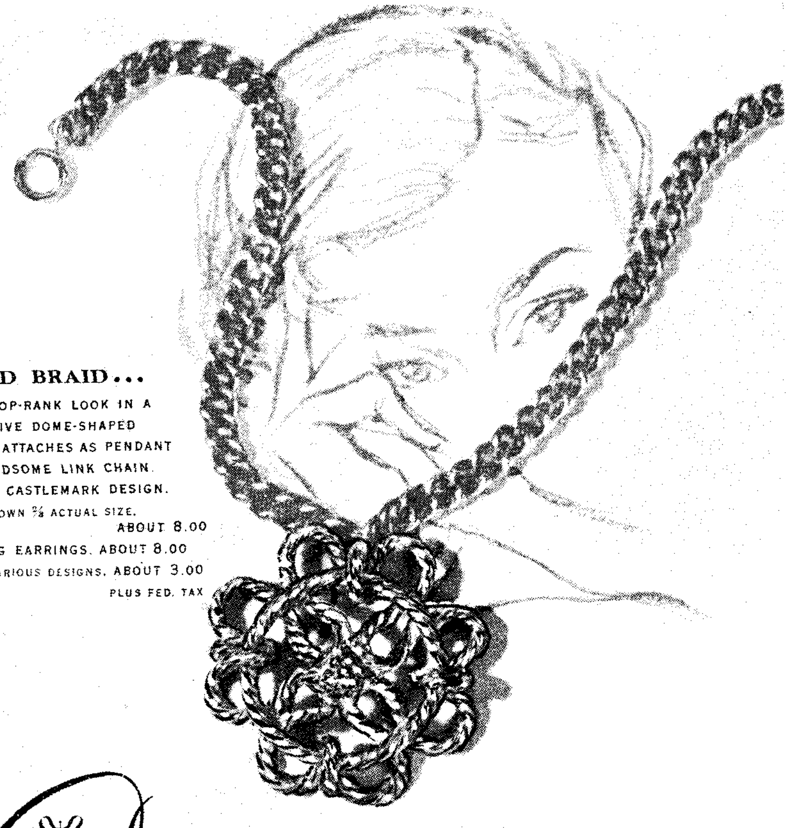

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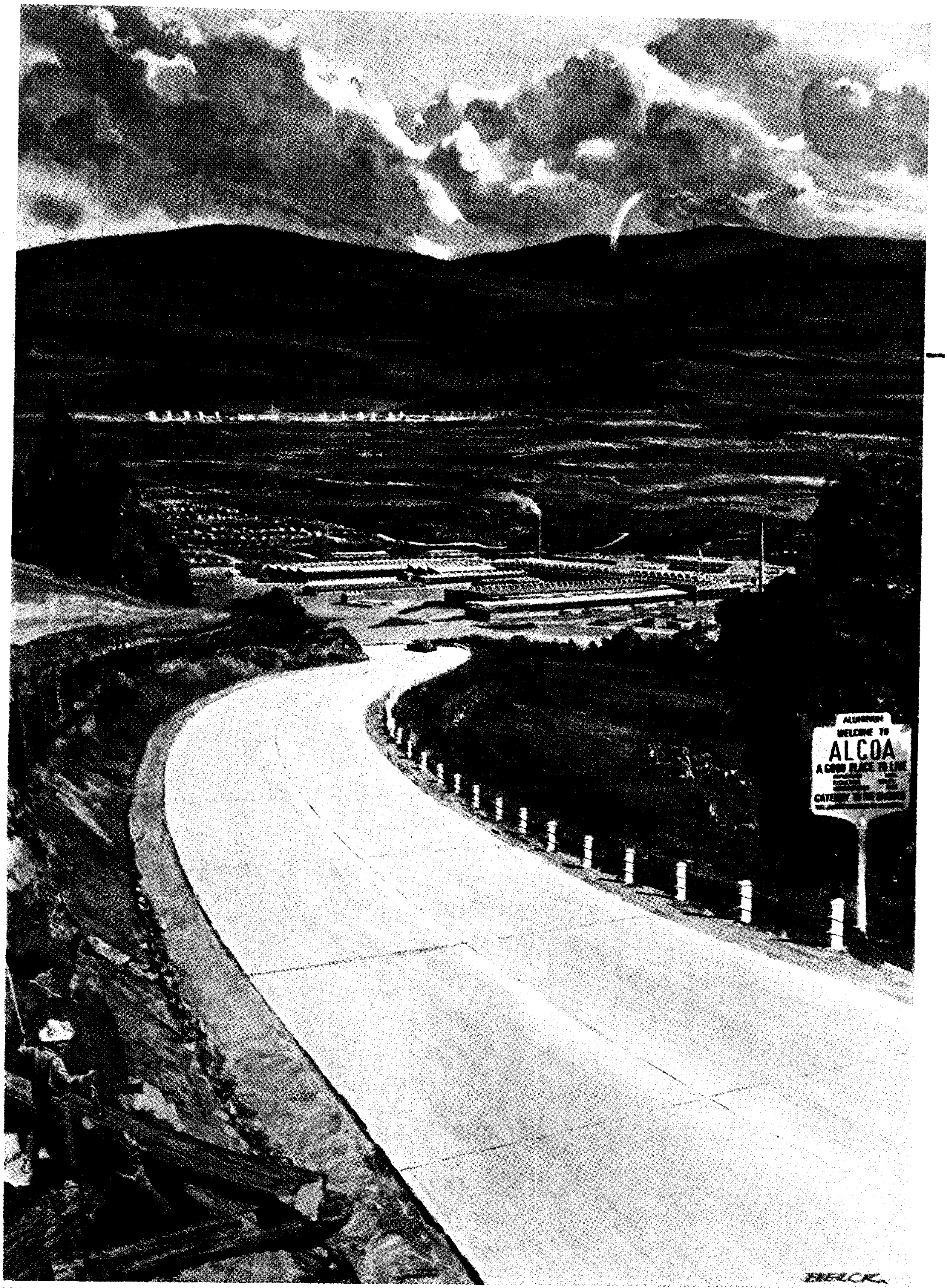
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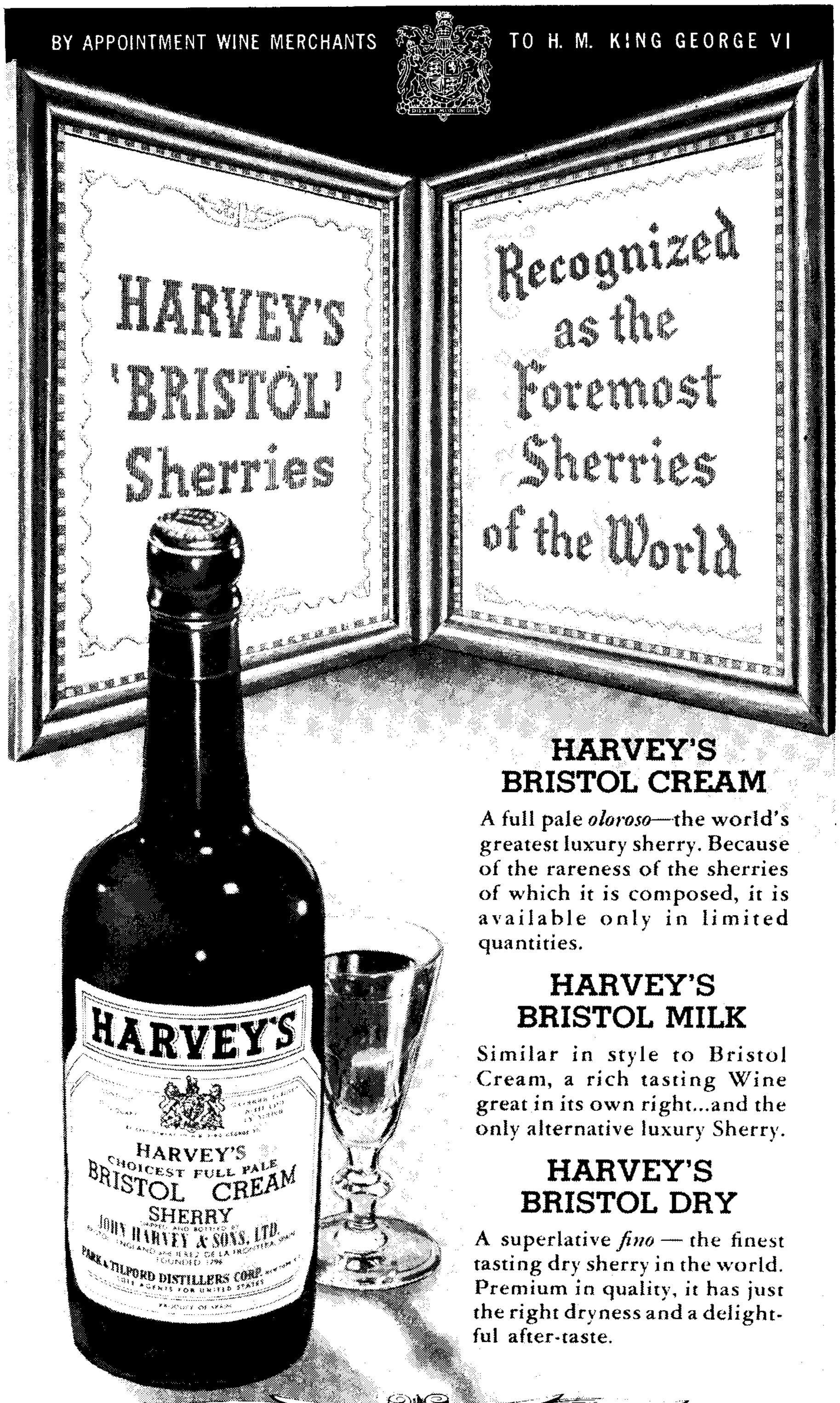
24th he was arrested in Portland, Oregon, for burglary, but was discharged. On October 15th of the same year, he was arrested in Davenport, Iowa, convicted of burglary, and sent to the Iowa State Penitentiary, at Fort Madison, from which, as has been noted, he was released on September 27, 1949. Sutton and I figured out together that he had been a free man one month and six days in 1933, one month and seventeen days in 1936, five months and eight days in 1939, two months and ten days in 1946, and forty-three hours in 1949—or a total of something over ten months in that seventeen-year period. During twelve years of the seventeen, he hadn't been free at all.

"That looks like I haven't been very smart," Sutton said, "but I've never in my whole life been caught in the act of burglary. What happened was that the cops picked me up every time just on general principles, and after they'd start throwing the book at me, I would confess to some specific job I had pulled off. I've always figured it was the best policy to confess, because if they really want to, they can frame you for something anyway, but if you confess, they go a little easy on you and you don't get to serve such long sentences. I could be sent up for life any time, with my record, but I've never yet been sentenced for life. I've never even had anybody wake up on me when I was doing a job. One time I was pulling a quick one, though, and I almost got caught. It was the home of a doctor in some town in Ohio—I can't even remember the name of it now—and I thought he would be asleep because all the lights were out. It turned out he was in bed but he wasn't asleep. I had jimmied open a window without making any noise at all and I was coming up the front stairs when this doctor happened to come out of the bedroom to go to the bathroom. I had to think fast and so I switched to a drunk. I made out like I was drunk as a monkey and had come in the wrong house by mistake, but I don't think I fooled the doctor. I could see that he had a girl in the bedroom. I had sized up this house before I tried to take it, and I knew this doctor was a bachelor. I figure he didn't want me to testify that I had seen him with a girl in his bedroom. Anyway, he never reported the thing to the police.

"That was a dirty one they pulled on me after I served that rap in Ohio—to give me back to the New Jersey cops for the parole violation. I'd served six years in Ohio and I had to go right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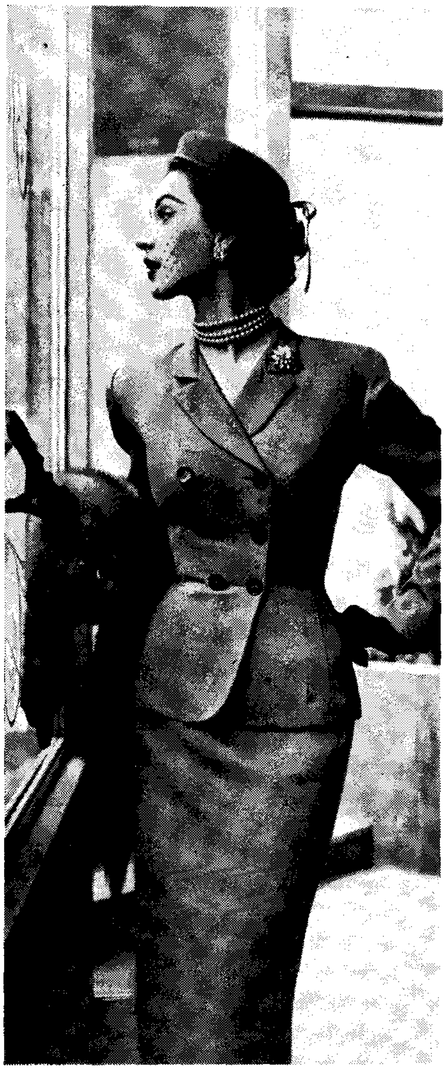

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back in again in Jersey and serve seventeen more months. When I came out that time, I was awful bitter. I really decided to go at it in a scientific way. I was all bitter and full of hate. I wanted to see everything at once and do everything at once. I went from coast to coast that time, and I was doing so good I was spending sometimes as much as seventy-five or eighty dollars a day. I got me a one-and-a-half-inch Stanley chisel. They're really strong. You can stick it in under a window and heave it just like that. It's also good for screens. You just slash the screen and open her up. I've often laughed at these expensive locks they put on store doors. These doors are usually doors with a glass panel. All you do is take off the four strips that hold the glass panel, slip it out, and walk in with the glass panel in your hands. You hit high-class places that way. The more audacious you are, the less people bother you. The same thing pertains to homes. In high-class homes, the side doors or the kitchen doors are very often a glass-panel door, but even if it isn't a glass-panel, these doors always have some kind of panel, and it's a cinch to take this panel off and walk in with it in your hands. I never pick locks. It's too much trouble. It's much easier to take off the panel. I don't care how well it's locked up, I can get in any house in this country with just that one chisel. Of course, on that trip I had an expensive brace and bit, three chisels of different sizes, a nail punch, and a flashlight, and stuff. And I wore this kind of canvas apron under my overcoat, with pockets in it for the tools. I used the brace and bit mostly for wall safes in homes. I had a two-pound hammer, too."

I asked Sutton if he ever heard from his family.

"I haven't heard from any of them since 1946," he said. "I think my mother must be dead by now. I used to hear from one of my sisters for a while and she said my mother had just kind of disappeared. Seeing as my dad was so much older than my mother, I guess I never really had much of a real home. It's like the reformatory was home for me. I don't mind being here so much, really, but I didn't want to get back in so soon. I wanted to make a pile before I was forty, pull off some good big score. If I hadn't lost my self-control that day in Omaha, I was going on to Reno, and I would have had myself a lot of fun before they put me back in again. I'm not such a bad guy, really. One time in Oregon, I took thirty-six hundred dollars' worth of

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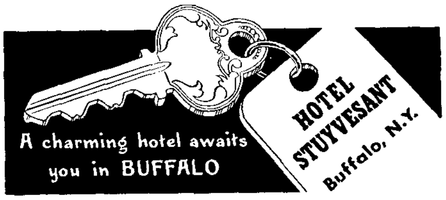

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jewelry from a house and eighty dollars in cash, and then I read in the paper where it said that the lady who had been robbed was blind. I sent all that jewelry, and the eighty dollars besides, back to her by parcel post—from another town, of course. I've worked out some kind of philosophy of life, but it's a little hard to explain. I don't figure it's wrong to steal the way I do. The world's pretty rotten, one way and another."

It was getting late, so we said goodbye, and I arranged to see him the following morning.

"YOU ought to get some of this antihistamine stuff for that cold," Sutton said when I returned the next day. "I read something about it in a newspaper last night." I told him that I had taken some but that it hadn't had any effect on the cold. "I like to read," he said. "I've done a lot of reading—Aristotle, Plato, Schopenhauer, books like that. First thing I did when I came here, I looked in the library, and I figured I'd already read eighty per cent of the books they've got there. This library doesn't hold any promise for me at all. I read a good book last night. It's called 'Knock on Any Door.' You know, when I was a kid, I hardly read anything but *Amazing Stories* and *Astounding Stories* and *Weird Tales*—all about rocket ships and space ships and stuff. I used to bust into a newsstand after it closed and take out a whole armful of those.

"I didn't get around to second-story work until I was about twenty-one years old. The safest kind of second-story work is when you can see the people are giving a party or something and are all congregated downstairs. Then you use a rope ladder and get in one of the windows upstairs. I used to have a rope ladder with a piece of fishing pole—strong bamboo, you know—at one end of it, with a strong hook screwed into it. While they were making a lot of noise downstairs, I would toss that over the railing of the second-story porch, or something like that, and the hook would catch onto something and up I'd go. If a house has trellises, you don't need a rope ladder. You just climb up the trellis. Of course, what you want to do then is hide somewhere upstairs until the party is over and everybody has gone to bed and is asleep. The men usually put their money and their billfolds on top of their chiffoniers, and women most of the time put their handbags in the right-hand drawer of the dressing table. A good, high-class home

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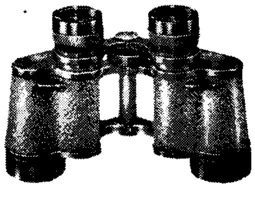

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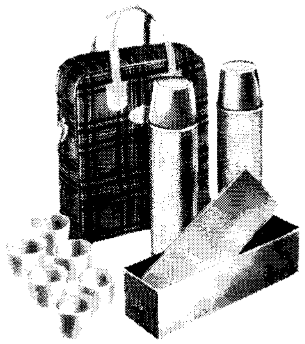

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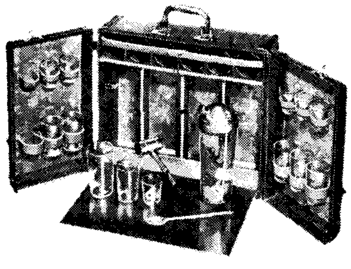

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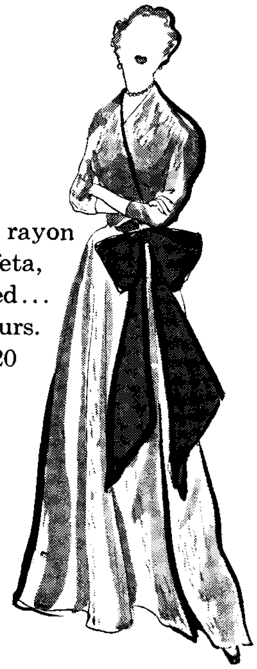
with a family of six or seven—parents and grown children and maybe a grandfather and a mother-in-law and so forth, and maybe some house guests—will average sometimes as much as five or six hundred dollars, just in cash.

"There aren't many tricks about keeping people from waking up when you're prowling through a house. It's just mostly common sense. When you go upstairs, you keep close to the wall, because if you go up the middle of the stairs, they'll squeak if they're squeaky stairs. If there's a dim light in the hallway and the bedroom doors are open, you stoop real low or crawl, so your body won't get between the light and the bedrooms. Blocking out the light that way might easily wake somebody up, because they're so used to it shining. When a bedroom door is closed, you pull the door toward you and turn the knob slow and then push it open very gently. It's pretty much the same way when you open a bureau drawer—you just got to do it gently. The money is usually where I said—on top of the chiffonier and in the right-hand drawer of the dressing table, but I've also found it rolled up in window shades and all sorts of places. If you do happen to make a little noise in a house full of people, it doesn't matter much, because they'll all figure it was one of the others. People never figure there's somebody like me in their house.

"I guess the best time I ever had was eleven days I spent once in Reno. I didn't do much gambling there, but I did a lot of good jobs around the big hotels at night. I only gambled one time, and that was roulette. I bet on red and I won eighty dollars, and then black came up eighteen times in a row and wiped me out. The only good haul I ever made gambling was once in Las Vegas. I won six hundred dollars in five hours, and kept it. In Reno, I used to feed the ducks in the park every afternoon. I'd buy me some sandwiches and maybe a good bottle of vintage wine, and I'd buy a loaf of bread for the ducks. I suppose I'm what they call a misanthrope. I like animals and birds, but I haven't got much use for eighty per cent of the men I've run into. I know there's a lot of good people on the outside, but I haven't met many. Another thing I like is brandy. It's a funny thing, but anything that has brandy in it—or if there's anything I can put brandy in—I go for it like mad. I hate whiskey. I don't know why, but I just don't like the smell of it.

"I've had a lot of girls when I've been on the outside, and I got pretty serious

Hattie Carnegie



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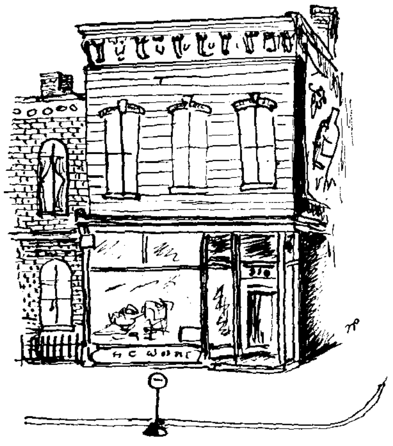
about one this time in Reno. I'd seen her in her car—a Buick convertible—around town, and one day when I was sitting in the park feeding the ducks, she came up behind me and said, 'What are you doing?' I nearly jumped six feet. 'None of your business, and what's it to you?' I shouted. I'd just been sitting there feeding the ducks and I didn't know anybody was around, you see. Then I quieted down and we got to talking and she told me she was living on a dude ranch. I figured this is probably a good touch. She wasn't bad-looking at all and she must have been maybe a couple of years older than me. I thought to myself, 'I bet I can marry this dame and I think she's got dough.' They have to pay around thirty dollars a day at those dude ranches. I told her I was working for the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company and that I had a La Salle convertible. I had on good clothes, of course, and I looked pretty sharp. She said there weren't enough men in Reno, and we went around a little bit together. Sometimes she'd pay and sometimes I'd pay. I told her I'd broken the axle on my La Salle, so we used her Buick. She told me she was getting a divorce from a big haberdasher in St. Louis. But I got tired of her after a few days and I went on to California.

"I wonder what makes me steal. Since I was a kid, there's been some kind of thrill in it for me. I like to sleep all day and get up around seven o'clock at night and prowl big estates all night long, until it begins to get daylight. Everything's so peaceful and quiet, and it makes me feel exhilarated, breaking into those big homes and seeing the people sleeping and hearing them and they not knowing I'm there. I've read all of Karl Menninger's books—or at least I've read 'Man Against Himself' and 'Love Against Hate.' I suppose I'm destroying myself by staying in these prisons all the time. Maybe that's my way of committing suicide. I know I'm emotionally un-



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stable and I have a deep sense of insecurity and plenty of inferiority—like when I'm broke and have bad clothes on. I guess the psychiatrists, like this Menninger, would base it all on my home life when I was a kid. After my dad left home, I never had what I wanted. I couldn't ask for a pair of skates and get them. I had to steal to get money to buy the things I wanted. I've heard of guys like me that have been sent away to insane asylums. There must be something wrong with me if I get a thrill out of stealing.

"Since around 1939, I've been having pains all along my left side. It bothers me when I'm trying to go to sleep, because I'm afraid it's heart trouble. I tell myself when I'm trying to get to sleep that I shouldn't let my mind get the best of me. It can do all kinds of things to you if you let it, especially in these places. I've read a lot about what they call psychosomatics, and I tell myself this pain I have is that. Then, sometimes, I have a buzzing inside my head. It seems like I black out for an instant and then it's over. And sometimes I wander off when I'm talking to somebody and I find it hard to concentrate. I fell out of a third-story window when I was three years old. I wasn't housebreaking—I was visiting my aunt. I don't seem to have any memory of anything that happened to me before I was about eight years old. I don't remember falling out of the window. I was told about that.

"I've had a lot of friends, but the kind of people I go around with when I'm on the outside are naturally more or less criminals. I sometimes work with some other guy, and I'm usually the brains of the combination and figure out the methods. It's pretty hard for me to have a friend who isn't a criminal, because when I have a friend, I like to talk to them about everything, and if the friend wasn't a criminal, too, I couldn't talk about stealing and stuff like that. I strike up acquaintances in bars and places like that and have a good time for an evening or two talking to some dame or some guy, but you can't go very far with that without something about what you do for a living leaking out. When I was in the pen in Ohio, I had a friend in there the last year. He did seventeen years there and his sister was still writing to him and visiting him and sending him Christmas baskets. He used to cry when he thought of this, and he let me share half of the sister's visits to him. When she came to see him, he'd talk to her for half of the hour and she'd talk to me for the other half. She was a swell

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girl. That kind of loyalty you don't see much of in a friend on the outside or in here. He got out of the pen before I did. I meant to see him in Portland, Oregon, where he lived. He'd been in for bank robbery. He was sentenced to twenty-five years to life, but he got out on parole after the seventeen years. But I never looked him up, because I didn't want to get him in trouble. He'd said he was going to go straight, and I think, with that sister of his, he probably did. I've heard of wives of guys on the inside who last maybe five years or maybe seven years, but I've never heard of one who lasted seventeen years.

"I was around twenty-one or so when my dad died. He was separated from my mother when I was about fourteen. I liked him best of all, but I guess he was too kind to me. He never whipped me, and he took me fishing and hunting. I played a dirty trick on him, too. He used to make little bets on the horses—a fifty-cent parlay and stuff like that. One time, he won sixty dollars. He used to write out the betting slips and give them to me to take to the bookie, along with the cash. Sometimes I didn't put in the bets and I made a little pocket money that way. What made me feel like hell afterward was I used to think, suppose one of those horses had come in that he'd selected and that I hadn't bet on. That never happened, but I used to worry about its happening a lot. He brought me a little puppy one time, and he used to give me money when he could—like a quarter or a half a buck. Like I told you, he was a night watchman. He knew everybody in Paterson. He could go along the street and it was 'Hi ya, Joe' and 'Hi ya, Jake,' and everybody liked him and he was never arrested in his whole life. He was sixty-three years old when he passed away. I guess my mother had a sense of guilt about me. From what I've read, I figure that's possible. Say, I'm feeling kind of tired all of a sudden," he said, looking at the clock. We agreed that it was time to end this interview, and I said goodbye to him for that day. He shook hands with me and said, "I don't know why I feel tired, but I guess I've been working pretty hard in the bakery, at that. Anyway, I think I'll go lie down for a while before dinner."

ON the third day, Sutton started out by talking about religion. "The reformatory cured me of religion," he said. "In the reformatory, they didn't ask you if you wanted to go to church or to Mass—they forced you to go. Anyway, I don't believe in religion at

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Liz was not selfish. John had to admit that. Nor was she spendthrift. She paid far less for clothes than most women and appeared twice as attractive: "I think it's a wife's duty to see to it that her husband dresses better than she does." With this in mind she pleaded, "John, we're making fifteen thousand a year now. Isn't it about time for us to buy your suits from J. Press?" He had protested that J. Press was the tailor for Harvard men who weren't quite sure of themselves but who had to make a reputation on Wall Street. "I like the suits at Filene's," he had insisted. But in the end he had gone to be fitted at J. Press's and had come away looking very respectable in conservative high lapels and expensive English suitings. Liz was delighted when her Boston friends said, "Really, John is getting to look too distinguished."

Shortly after she had rebuilt his wardrobe, he had enlisted in the Navy, and there came the humiliating day when he appeared in gob's uniform, with the schoolboy's challenge, "Now let's see what J. Press can do to these!" Liz had cried and cried, "You look so damned ordinary. And so brave." But when he became an officer, she ordered a complete outfit from J. Press and did not comment when he ripped out the labels and scuffed up the coat. "He's still a darned convincing-looking officer," she said approvingly.

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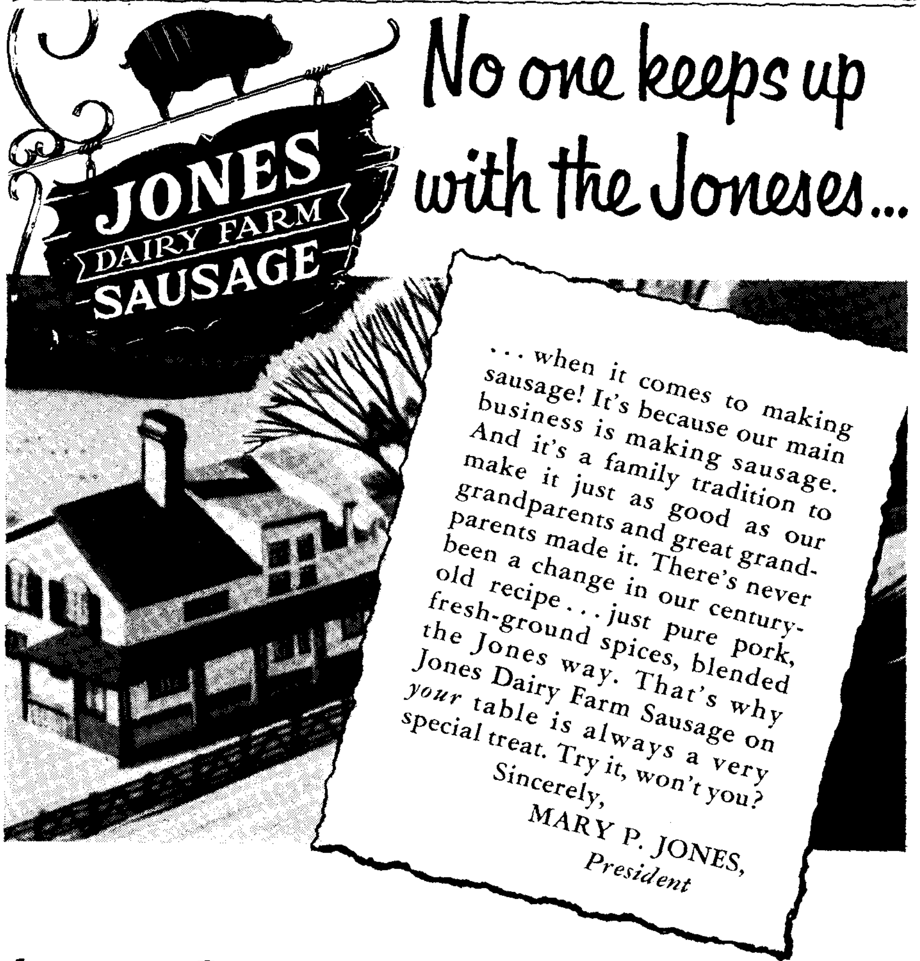

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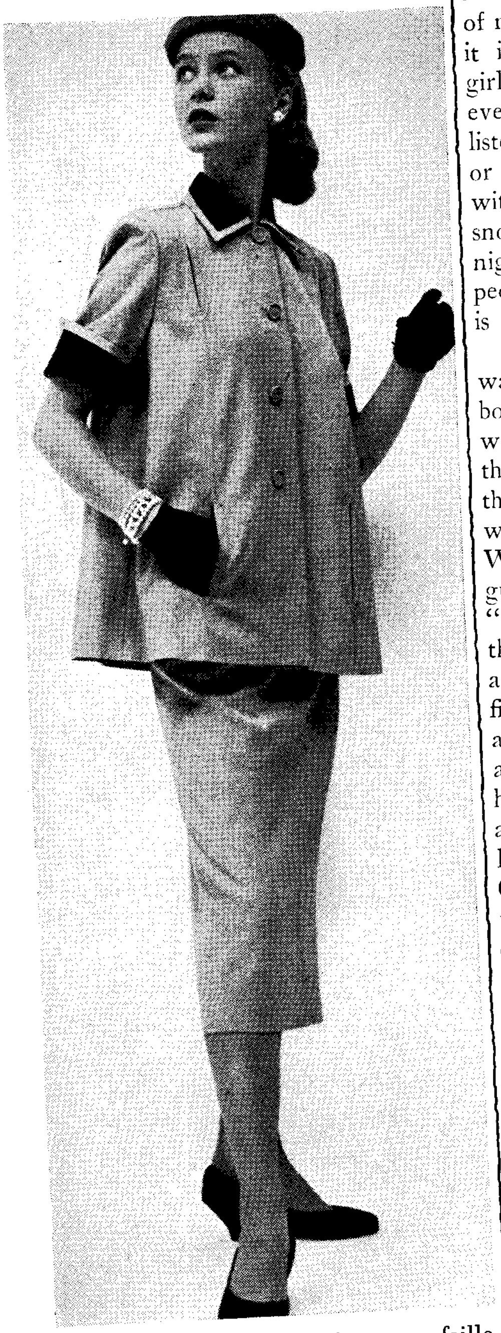

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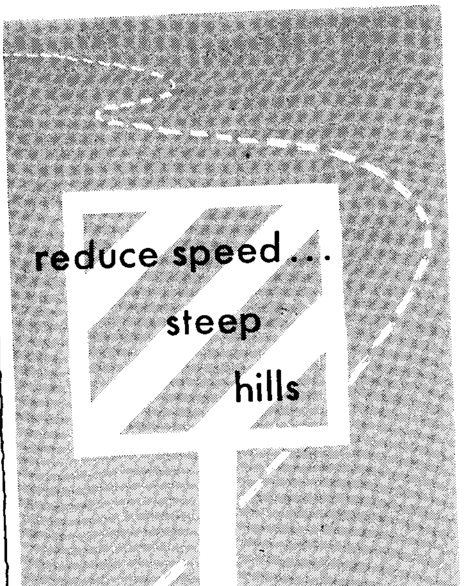
all. I think I just believe in a kind of live-and-let-live philosophy. I don't have any feelings about morals. I like women and I go around with them whenever I get a chance when I'm on the outside, but I'm more interested in stealing. I've broken dates with some hot chicks when I had a couple of good stores or a home I wanted to take. When I'm taking a home, I get a dry throat and the palms of my hands sweat. I like girls fine, but it isn't the same when I'm with a girl. When I'm out prowling at night, everything runs at top speed. I can listen and walk and climb and do three or four things at once. And do them with precision. I like to hear people snoring when I'm in their house at night. I'm kind of in my glory when people are snoring. It's like everything is clicking right."

I had obtained that day from the warden's office the two pocket notebooks that Sutton had filled with his writings, and I suggested that we go through them and see if there was anything he would like to elaborate on. He was delighted to see the notebooks again. When we came to the note about the gunpowder drink, he laughed and said, "Rum and gunpowder! I used to take that sometimes when I was feeling low, and with just one of those you feel like fighting six cops. Now, this list of clothes and stuff is what I was going to buy as soon as I made a big score. I've had all those things—or most of them—and I wanted to have them again. Then, like a fool, I lost my self-control in Omaha and bought that stuff right there where they were looking for me, instead of going to Reno and buying it.

"I wasn't going to go straight in Reno. I had no idea of going straight at all. I've come to the point where I don't think the prison officials or anybody else wants guys like me to go straight. If you're going to go straight, you've got to have some money and somebody to go to when you get out. You can't go straight on fifteen dollars and a cheap suit of clothes. You may learn a trade in here—like being a machinist—but the machinery is so obsolete that you try to get a job on the outside and the boss looks at you and says, 'Where did *you* ever work?' I didn't feel happy getting out this last time. I didn't feel right. It wasn't that I didn't want to steal, but I didn't want to start so soon or to be so desperate. But I knew I was going out with only fifteen dollars in my pocket and I knew I would have to steal right away.

"I've been spending some time in the workshop here, keeping up with my



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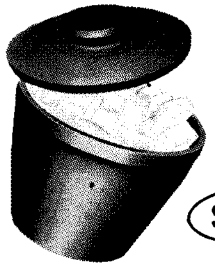

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gold-wire work. That's a kind of costume jewelry. I can do beautiful work with rhinestones, for instance, or amethysts—my birthstone is amethyst. I started doing it in the Jersey pen, but they didn't let me do any gold-wire work in the Iowa pen. I didn't do any hobby work at all there. I order the stuff I need from Sears, Roebuck with the money I earn in the bakery. Whatever you do in here, you've got to be awful careful not to break any regulations or stuff, or they'll put you in the hole. I was in the hole twice in the Ohio pen—once for carrying a knife and once for refusing to work. I don't even want to talk about the hole, but it's not nice, the hole. Even if I get to be good enough at the gold-wire work here so I can make a living on the outside when I get out, it'll probably wind up the same way. I'll go out broke and start stealing again or something."

Sutton looked over at a woman who, with a small child on her lap, was sitting talking to a prisoner. "My sister's kids would be nine years old and six years old now, and I only saw them for one month in my life, and that was in 1946. Well, anyway, the food is pretty good here. As long as you work around the kitchen, like I do, you get yourself some pretty good food. I've never had any stomach trouble. I can eat anything. One thing I don't like, though, is anchovies. I can eat them, all right, but I don't like them.

"Do you like living in New York City? You know, it's a funny thing, but I've never been to New York City. I lived in Paterson and all around Jersey until I took to the road, and I wanted to see New York City, but somehow I just never got around to it. But I try not to look back at anything like that—things I didn't do, things I never did. If you do that, you get to thinking about suicide. I try to look ahead to the future. I daydream about it when I want to, and I think about what I'm going to have when I get out. I'm trying to look at this as if it's my first bit, as if I'm in prison for the first time.

"About that regular job I once had in the Firestone factory. I was what they call a winder. You wind stuff like thread on a bunch of spools. My feet hurt from standing up all the time, and one day I was going to ask the foreman for the rest of the day off, but I couldn't find him, and so I just went on home, and I was fired, of course. I'd held down the job for three weeks and that was enough for me. I think it's pitiful that all the eminent psychiatrists and psychologists don't really know the truth

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OF WEATHER WISDOM

about human emotions and stuff like that. They've only scratched the surface, as far as I can see. Like Freud. I've read Freud. They all give explanations, but they don't try to help a guy like me. They find out what the cause is, but what good does it do me to know what caused me to be the way I am?

"For a little while, I was really ambitious when I was a boy. I wanted to become a chemist. There's this stuff, chlorophyll—it's the green coloring that comes from plants. I always had an idea when I was a kid and was fooling around with chemistry that this stuff had some kind of healing power. I figured it could be used in powder form. I used to rub it on my hands and it made them feel good. And now they're using it in cosmetics. It's an emollient, a skin softener. My dad used to buy me chemistry sets and I used to mix dyes he'd bring me from the silk mill and play around with them and stuff like that.

"I wonder a good deal about whether I'm crazy or not. They tell me they've got me taped as a constitutional psychopath, whatever the hell that is. Well, I know one time when I was in the segregation cottage at the reformatory for running away, I went kind of nuts. In the segregation cottage, they make you work a lot harder—around the grounds and stuff like that—and that makes you a lot hungrier, but they cut down your food in order to punish you. I was around sixteen then. It was a few days before my sixteenth birthday, as a matter of fact. I went kind of nuts—hysterical and everything—and they put me in the hospital. The doctors took some fluid from my spine and they gave me electrical diathermy for some kind of tension in my stomach.

"I've been trying to figure out about how many homes and stores I've taken in my life. Well, you see, I would steal every night when I was on the outside, and I'd hit three or four places a night. I figure I must have hit close to twelve hundred homes and stores altogether. I used to live in some swell hotels when I was going good—the Savery Hotel in Des Moines, the Roosevelt in Portland, the Riverside Hotel and the Golden in Reno, and the Utah Hotel in Salt Lake City, for instance. I don't like the South and I never went there. That's where the chain gangs are. I always wanted to go to New Orleans, though, but I never did. That sounds like a swell town, from everything I've read about it—some very rich families down there, and old ones, too. Well, I guess I've told you about everything I

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know. Is there anything else you'd like to ask me before you go back to New York?"

I told Sutton that I couldn't think of anything else, and he laughed and said, "Well, if you do think of something you want to ask me, just write to me. You know the address and I'm going to be here for quite some time." We said goodbye. As he started back to his cell, he waved and said, "Take care of that cold, now."

—St. Clair McKelway

•

The Presiding Officer. The time of the Senator from Arkansas has expired.

Mr. Mundt. If I may, I now yield 5 minutes to the Senator from New Jersey [Mr. Hendrickson].

The Presiding Officer. The Senator from New Jersey is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. McCarran. Mr. President, without taking up the time of the Senator from New Jersey, my recollection is—and if I am in error, I shall be glad to stand corrected—the Senator from South Dakota had utilized his 22 minutes.

Mr. Mundt. No. I used only 9 minutes.

Mr. McCarran. Mr. President, how does the time stand?

The Presiding Officer. The Senator from South Dakota used 9 minutes of his time.

Mr. McCarran. The Senator still has the rest of the 22 minutes?

The Presiding Officer. That is correct.

Mr. McCarran. And the Senator from Arizona has about 5 or 6 minutes left?

The Presiding Officer. The Senator from Arizona has 6½ minutes left.

Mr. Hayden. That could not be.

Mr. Mundt. The Senator from Nevada has 45 minutes, I might add.

The Presiding Officer. The Senator from Nevada has 45 minutes.

Mr. Hayden. I yielded 3 minutes and 8 minutes. That makes 11 minutes. That should be subtracted from the 20 minutes.

The Presiding Officer. The Senator from Arizona yielded 8, 3, and 5 minutes. That makes 16 minutes.

Mr. McCarran. And he had only 11.

Mr. Hayden. I had 22½.

The Presiding Officer. The Senator from Arizona had 22½ minutes.

Mr. Hayden. So that means that I have 6½ minutes left, does it not?

The Presiding Officer. That is correct.

Mr. Hendrickson. Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry.

The Presiding Officer. The Senator will state it.

Mr. Hendrickson. Is the time for this discussion to be charged to me?

The Presiding Officer. It is not charged to the time of the Senator from New Jersey. The Senator from New Jersey is recognized for 5 minutes.—*Congressional Record.*

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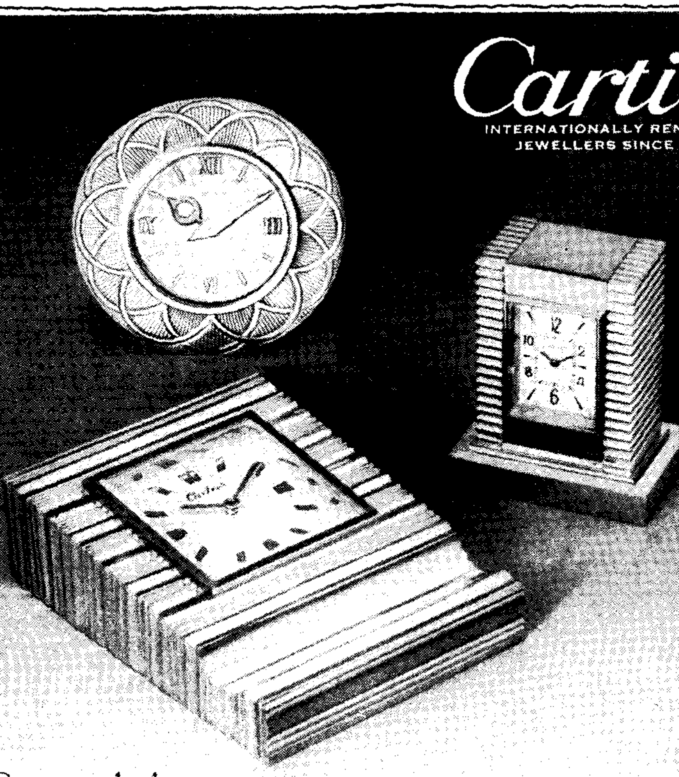

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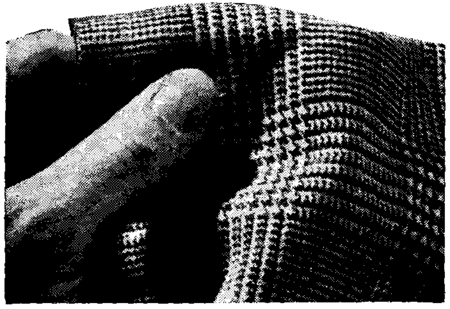

MUSICAL EVENTS

Small Wonder

"A LA FRANÇAIX," one of two new works the New York City Ballet Company is offering during its current stand at the City Center, is a charming triviality set to a featherweight "Serenade for Small Orchestra," by Jean Françaix. It burlesques youth, French morals, and possibly—in an offhand way—the tennis ballet "Jeux." At any rate, George Balanchine, whose witty creation it is, has seen fit to make the main character a youthful and devastating tennis player, who in his first and last appearances strikes a gleamingly fierce "Tennis, anyone?" pose. Tennis, indeed! He is addressing on both occasions a pretty but somewhat idiotic gamine who is happily dancing in the street with a pair of young roughnecks and who, idiotic or not, understands exactly what he really means. At their first meeting, the hero, a very superior fellow, rudely sends the two ruffians packing, and the girl is overwhelmed by this display of manliness. Before their whirlwind courtship can stop spinning, however, an enchanting sylph, her eyes cast demurely down, floats onstage. Our hero, confronted with this finer-type thing, flicks off his playmate and enters soulfully into the new game. A tormented pas de deux ensues, in which the enchantress remains as crisp and cool as a stalk of celery. She then exits. Feverish now, the athlete goes into an energetic solo and leaps out of sight. The three street dancers reappear, and the tennis player comes back, chases the two boys away again, and resumes his affair with the gamine. Once more, his wooing is interrupted by the appearance of the sylph, but it is a changed sylph, who has evidently reconsidered matters, for no sooner has she drifted on than she pauses, peels down her white gown to reveal a skin-tight coral-colored bathing suit, and dashes playfully off, the tennis player in pursuit. Spell broken and, presumably, mission accomplished, he's back in a few moments to take up with the little gamine again.

Not a moment is wasted in telling this wild fable. Balanchine's choreography is sharp and clear, and the inconsequential score, scarcely noticeable most of the time, furnishes a pleasant and appropriate background. André Eglevsky, in the role of the tennis player the night I watched "A la Françaix," danced superbly. Janet Reed was a captivating soubrette, and Maria Tallchief was a stunning sylph, sacred and profane.

THE other new ballet in the company's repertory this time out is Béla Bartók's "The Miraculous Mandarin," a work that is more than thirty years old but has never been presented here before. It has been restaged by Todd Bolender, who also took the title part the night I saw it. A macabre piece, whose intentions are none too clear, "The Miraculous Mandarin" is, as nearly as I could make out, some kind of lurid blood rite, and, rocking with the punches, I decided that for all of its symbolism it is essentially nothing more than a shocker—and an unsatisfactory one, at that. Bartók's score, wiry and tense but corrupted at intervals by grossly sentimental reflections (it has much in common emotionally with Richard Strauss's "Salome"), is strongly suggestive, but the story is something of a letdown. A street gang—five fellows and a girl, clad in bloodstained rags—is revealed in a murky setting the program calls "any city street, anywhere in the world." Its members are stretching their limbs wolfishly as the curtain rises. The only visible architecture, at the rear of the stage and to one side, is a tall unit consisting of several sets of steps, apparently meant to suggest a confusion of streets and stairways in a slum area. As the action develops, an old man and a young man are murdered, and it becomes evident that the gang indulges in killing for its own sake—not for, say, robbery—and that the girl is the lure. Whenever the girl has made a conquest, the men, moving with catlike speed, come out of hiding and finish off the victim.

Well, now, after the two unfortunates have been polished off, Bartók's music, still suspenseful, becomes clamorous and also somewhat imperious in tone, and, lo and behold, there at the very top of the steps stands a slender mandarin. He lightly descends, inclining his head toward the girl and reaching out to her in a gesture of appeal. After some irrelevant byplay, she knocks him down. He gets up. The toughs come on, and the Chinese gentleman, still reaching out to the girl, finds himself in the hard embrace of one of the male members of the gang. They smash him with their fists, jump on him, and then watch him reach out to the girl again. They knife him, and still he yearns. Finally, they throw a rope around his neck and hang him from the steps; they pull the rope taut, and he shudders horribly, hangs stiffly awhile, and then up come his hands again in that old gesture of supplication. Frightened, the five hoodlums run away, letting the rope, and the mandarin, fall to the ground. The hard heart of the moll is finally softened by all of this, and she runs toward her Oriental admirer and clasps him in her arms. The warmth of reciprocated affection somehow humanizes him, so that his wounds take effect and he dies, leaving the distraught young baggage moaning over him. The only other thread in the ballet is the appearance, before the mandarin comes on and again after his death, of a blind girl, groping her way about the stage and, ultimately, up the steps to a pedestal of loneliness as the scene fades out.

This probably sounds more entertaining than the damned thing actually is. Maybe the trouble was Bolender's choreography, which seemed less violent, despite all the activity, than the circumstances demanded. Then, too, I'm afraid that even now I don't quite get the point. I could probably look hard and find one, but I'd much rather, in cases like this, have the ballet's creator find it for me—or at least give me some assurance that he knows exactly what he's doing.

As for the performers, Melissa Hayden was savagely effective as the girl, and Bolender was a cool piece of bric-a-brac in the title role. The others, all minor characters, did their jobs well.

—Douglas Watt

•

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meade, new custodians of the John Balch House, who were introduced to the public for the first time on Saturday, came to Beverly from Stoughton, where they were very prominent. Meade is a retired business man, being secretary-treasurer and founder of the Capitol Heating and Contracting firm.

His father, Moses Meade, a resident of Everett, was a veteran of the Civil War and Meade recalls how his father used to tell of standing on Beacon Hill and watching Boston burn.—*Beverly (Mass.) Times.*

In the good old days when there was something doing every night.

•

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[*From "A European Tragedy," by Josef Israels II, in Variety*]

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APPALLING THOUGHT: One year from today there will be 25 million more people on earth than there are now . . . Autumn's arrival carries a warning for you leaf burners. Remember that smoke from burning poison ivy is highly poisonous, too . . . What's in a name: Funeral directing establishment in San Diego is Goodbody mortuary . . . You might stick that old eyeglasses case of yours in the glove compartment of your car. It makes a handy gadget to hold coins for the parking meter . . . Clap hands and rejoice, girls. Available is a latherless shave cream—for women . . . Latest survey of slot machine pay-offs made in Nevada shows that 8,400 nickels were put in a slot machine in a consecutive period—that's $420 worth—and the machine paid off $168. The jackpot was hit once in every 1,397 times . . . The guy who defined charm as "the sum total of your personality" really came up with a mouthful . . . Revised definition: Small Fry—$3 steak.

★

IF A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER asks you to pose for a picture, stand up on your tiptoes while he shoots it. That position gives you a more alert look . . . Latest definition of a snob: A guy who won't start up a conversation with a beautiful girl in a clubcar if he doesn't approve the book she's reading . . . Patients going through the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., frequently have some free time between appointments. With this in mind, apparently, the contractors on the new diagnostic building erected a very comfortable grandstand for the use of spectators interested in watching the progress of the new addition. An indication of how right they were: The grandstand is packed daily . . . Neck-bending users of bifocals may find handy a new type of rotatable lens to fit spectacles. The lens can be turned so the bifocal section is at the top.

★

I'D HAVE A TEXAS-SIZED JOB reporting on all the things that have happened since we last met in this little column, but I'd like to take you into our family circle and tell you of one award that gave all of us on the staff very real gratification. The Star and Tribune were awarded the 1951 University of Missouri medal for distinguished service to journalism. Just as we're proud of the national recognition that has come to our newspapers for responsible leadership, we also take pride in the fact that the best-liked, most respected newspapers of America's Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 615,000).

★

GENTS WHO'VE BEEN wearing those summer shoes with nylon mesh over the toes report an irksome offshoot. They're nice and cool, but the mesh area is also a happy hunting ground for mosquitoes. And nothing, say they, is so exasperating as mosquito bites on the toes, especially when you're at a formal party where you can't take your shoes off . . . Travel note: A Minnesota family touring in the Pacific Northwest stopped to buy an Indian blanket, one of those colorful affairs. When they got it home, they discovered the blanket had been manufactured in—Faribault, Minn. . . . Take it easy, Pa. A new wheelbarrow not only hauls stuff in the usual fashion, but the front dips down and scoops it up. It's worked by a hydraulic apparatus powered by a lever. You still have to pull the lever, though . . . Your dentist can tell the moment he peers into your yawning yap whether you're right or left-handed. Right-handed persons will brush their teeth more efficiently on the left side of their mouths. It's vice-versa for the southpaw . . . Among the new burlesque queens is Maggie Ogle.

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TWELFTH SUMMER

THE summer my little brother went into business was a black one for me. Up until one hot evening in July, I was the self-respecting twelve-year-old sister of a nine-year-old boy, and then, suddenly, I was only a girl who was going to have to sit and wait while Sonny came and went as a person of affairs. We were all on the porch of our summer cottage at the lake that evening—my mother, my father, Sonny, and I. My mother was fanning herself and murmuring that if my father didn't patch some of the holes in the screens, we'd be eaten up by mosquitoes. My father said "Yes, yes" a couple of times in an absent-minded way, and kept on putting his fishhooks and flies in order. Sonny and I were playing parcheesi, and I was winning. All at once the bolt was hurled. "Son," my father said ("Son"—not "Sonny"!), "how would you like to go into business?"

"Fine," said Sonny.

"You're almost ten years old," said my father, "and I've been thinking it's time you learned something about money."

"O.K.," said Sonny, and drove me into a rage by sweeping all the men off the parcheesi board and leaning back to listen.

Sonny could have a magazine route, my father told him, and he'd make two cents on every copy he sold at five cents. My father drove back and forth to work in our town, twenty miles away, and he said Sonny could ride with him. My mother asked, For heaven's sake, what was he thinking of? What was the use of bringing children to the lake in the summer if you were going to take them right back to town again and put them to work? My father told her to hold her horses. He said Sonny would go to town only on Thursdays, his entire route would be in three big office buildings, and he'd take him to lunch every week.

"At the New Iroquois?" asked Sonny eagerly, and I knew he was already tasting the pie à la mode he always ordered at that restaurant.

"At the New Iroquois," said my father, and that cinched it. Sonny wanted to go, and none of my mother's arguments made any impression on either him or my father.

THE next Thursday morning, Sonny was up early. My father thought twenty-five miles an hour was as fast as a car should be pushed, so he always gave himself plenty of time. At first, I was inclined to sulk in bed, but finally I put my bathrobe on and went and stood in the kitchen doorway. Sonny sat at the table, the shine of vaseline on his pompadour, the whiteness of his starched middy suit and his stockings, and the glory of being in business combining to make him radiant. My father sat across from him, looking pleased, and my mother buzzed about, scrambling eggs and frequently reminding Sonny that he didn't have to go if he didn't want to. Nobody even noticed me, at first. "Hello," I said eventually, and garnered some comfort from the fact that each of them said "Hello" in return.

"Looks like it's going to be a nice day," I said, and they all agreed.

"Guess I'll do some diving from the raft today," I said, pointedly, to Sonny.

"Ish ka bibble," Sonny said.

I leaned against the doorjamb disconsolately for a while, and then sat down and ate.

The fervent goodbyes my mother bestowed on Sonny, and the sight of the dust settling silently in the driveway after the car had gone, deeply saddened me, and I considered allowing myself to drown, later, when I went out to dive. The day was endless, partly because my mother kept track of the passing of each hour and wondered what Sonny was doing during it but even more because, in the course of nine years, I had grown used to having Sonny around and, reluctant though I was to admit it, I was lonesome for him. Silence lay across the lake as I swam to the raft, and though I kicked the water furiously to make some of the companionable noises of swimming, the sound died in the quiet. I dived once or twice, but the water seemed too deep and lonely, so I lay on the raft and thought, I should worry, and ish ka bibble. I kept seeing images of Sonny effulgent with success as all the men in three

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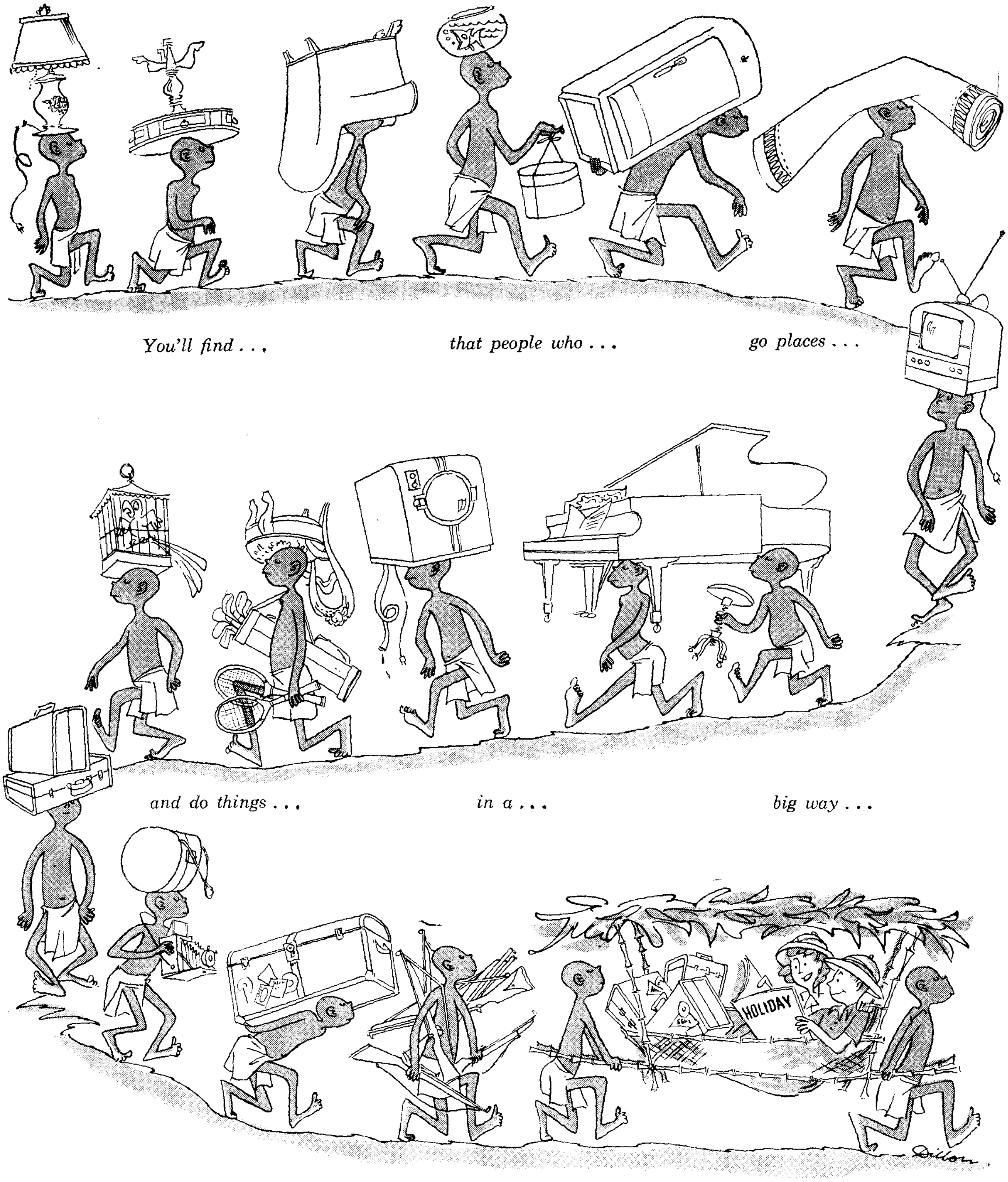
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office buildings swarmed to buy his magazines, and I occasionally saw heady images of myself holding a silver loving cup I had been awarded for diving, or for writing a poem, or for being an actress—it was hard to decide which. I stayed there until lunchtime, and then swam back to the cottage.

After lunch, I wound up the Victrola. Alma Gluck sang "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," Harry Lauder sang "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," Caruso's heart and voice broke in "I Pagliacci," and an infinite sadness hung over the afternoon. I asked my mother to play cassino, but she said she never could keep her mind on cards, and to wait till Sonny got home. There was nothing to do but wait.

Sonny came at last, bearing his shield. It was a large gray canvas bag with "The Saturday Evening Post" lettered on it in black. It hung from one shoulder and flapped against his white stockings. His middy suit was rumpled and so was his pompadour, but victory shone in his face. He and my father came in together, my father's arm around Sonny's shoulders. "Well," my father said to my mother proudly, "our son is a real businessman!"

I listened to every wonderful, anguishing detail. Sonny had made a big hit. All my father's acquaintances had wanted to know where he'd got such a handsome son. They'd all been glad to become regular customers, and they'd given him the names of other men. Sonny had had to go back to the magazine distributor several times to refill his bag. Then my father said that he and Sonny had better sit right down after supper and work out a system of bookkeeping. My mother said to let the child have *some* rest, and my father thought awhile and then agreed, saying he'd like to get some fishing done before dark anyway.

Almost every evening, after supper, my father and brother and I went fishing. That hour in our boat, moving toward the lowering sun and then, as the sky grew dark, coming back toward the light on our cottage porch, had always been one of the happiest of the day for me. We spoke in soft voices, so as not to frighten the fish. Sonny and I would take turns rowing, creeping by one another carefully on the boat's damp bottom as we shifted seats. After a while, my father would slip the heavy stone that was our anchor gently into the water and would stand up in the prow, silhouetted against the sky, and begin his rhythmic casting. Sonny and I would push reluctant worms or flipping silver

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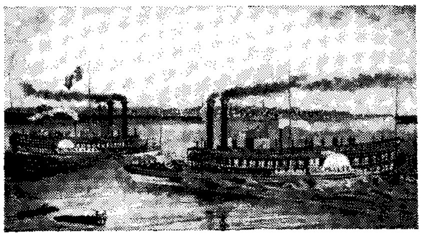

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minnows onto our hooks, lower our bamboo poles, and wait for hungry sunfish or crappies to come by. That summer, my father had decided I was getting old enough to learn to use a rod and reel, and for several weeks, whenever the lake was calm, I had been allowed to stand and cast.

On that black Thursday, it was different. We dropped anchor and my father said, "Let Sonny try casting tonight."

I was stunned. "But he's too *young!*" I cried.

"Hush," said my father. "What's the matter with you?" Then, looking over my head toward his son, he said, "If he's old enough to be in business, he's old enough to learn casting." I decided at that moment that the next day I would drown myself for sure.

FROM then on, Thursday morning was a time of cheerful bustle. Sonny's hair had to be combed just right, and his breakfast had to be especially good; if it was a cool morning, there was hot cocoa for him instead of milk. Afterward, with his bag slung from his shoulder, he would be off with my father in a cloud of golden dust. Midmorning, I would walk the shady road to the post office and the grocery store. On other days, Sonny and I always went there together, and in the span of a few riddles and songs and races and arguments we were back home. Now, on Thursdays, I walked alone, and the way seemed endless. Every Thursday, the groceryman, who was called Skipper, because he wore a yachting cap, though everyone knew he'd never been in anything bigger than a rowboat, would say "Where's that young brother of yours?" and I would answer "Sonny's gone to town today. He's in business on Thursdays."

Skipper would say, "That so? Fine boy, that boy. He'll be Somebody someday."

A glow of pleasure would rise in me then. After all, this future Somebody was my own little brother. But when the screen door had slammed behind me, the glow would drain away, and as I scuffed the dust and pebbles on the way home, I knew that someday, dazzling in my beauty and charm, I would sweep into Skipper's store and he would take off his yachting cap and ask "Are *you* the famous actress?" (Or "poetess," or "fancy diver.") And if he should ask "What's become of that young brother of yours?" I'd say casually "Oh, he helps me."

There was no more fishing on Thurs-

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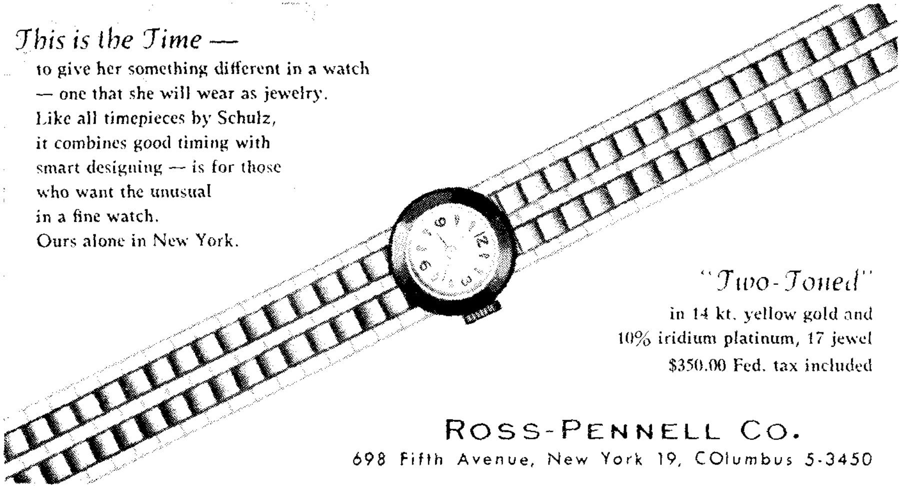

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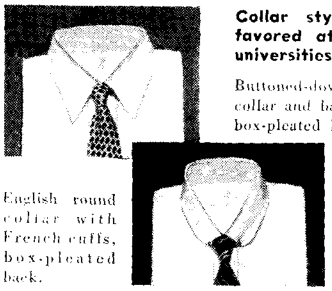

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day evenings. On the first two or three, in spite of my mother's protests, Father and Sonny went off together after supper to the library table in the living room to count Sonny's money and check his records. My father had bought him a ledger, and on its blue-and-red-lined pages Sonny wrote the names of his customers and as he made the rounds each week entered the date and the notation "Paid 5c" or "Owed 5c." He often couldn't collect for his magazines because the customers weren't in their offices when he made his delivery. The third week he had the ledger, he and my father got into an argument over it. Sonny said the lines were so close together they made the names squinchy; my father said he would just have to get them in somehow. Then my father said that "Paid 5c" and "Owed 5c" was a very poor system. He said that he had already shown Sonny how to make his entries, and that there was no point keeping books unless you did it in a businesslike way. Sonny insisted that the system was good for *him*, and my father said all right, it was Sonny's business. After that, he just sat at the library table and read his paper on Thursday night while Sonny wrote and erased, and sometimes stopped to pour the shining money from his purse and build little towers of dimes and nickels.

Meanwhile, my mother and I did the dishes. Thursday night's dishes seemed the week's worst. The pots and pans apparently multiplied, and the kerosene stove would never heat water fast enough. By the time we had flapped our towels and hung them up, Sonny would have finished his checking and counting. He would put back in his purse the money my father had taught him to call "working capital" and drop his profits lovingly into his iron-courthouse bank. He would shake the bank and come to the kitchen rattling it and smiling proudly, and my mother would smile proudly back at him. I hated him.

ONE Thursday evening, late in August, I heard Sonny's voice rise, wailing, over the clatter of the dishes my mother and I were washing. He and my father were having another argument.

"But I have too many customers!" Sonny insisted.

"Too many customers!" said my father. "I've never heard a man in business complain of *that* before!"

My mother hastily dried her hands and went into the living room.

"This son of yours!" said my father.

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"The more customers he gets, the less profit he says he's made."

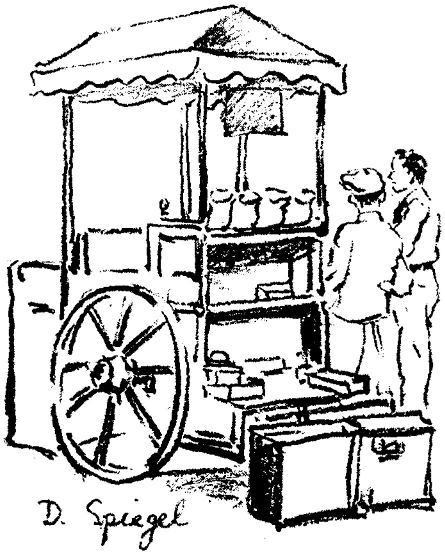
"Gracious!" said my mother. "How's that? Did you buy something, Sonny?"

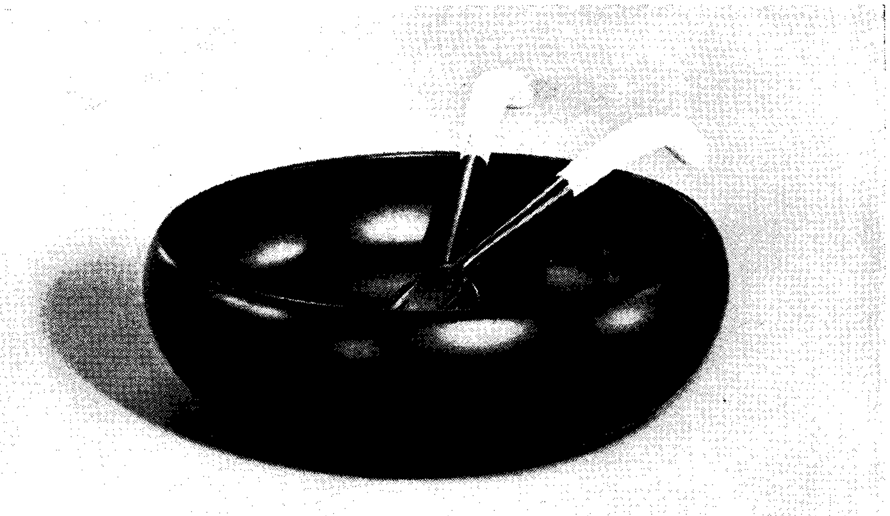
"Buy something!" said my father. "What would he buy? *I* buy his lunch. *I* give him nickels for his afternoon root beer and cream puff!"

Sonny said, in a small voice, that he couldn't always remember who owed him from the week before, and my father replied, very quietly, that he wasn't supposed to remember—that was what the ledger was for. He added that he guessed he'd better have a good look at that ledger one of these days. He probably would have looked it over right then, but Sonny said he had a stomach-ache, and my mother said it was probably that rotten New Iroquois food and Sonny had better lie down.

Somehow, my father didn't get around to the ledger for another week. We went fishing the next evening, and visitors came for the weekend, and I suppose it just slipped his mind, then, until Thursday. I remember that evening clearly. It was the night my brother went out of business.

We had lighted a fire in the living-room grate to clear out the damp chill rising from the lake. My mother and I finished the dishes, and found my father and Sonny still at the library table. Sonny was peering at the ledger, pencilling and erasing and making much ado about slapping and blowing the shreds of eraser off the paper. My father held his newspaper in front of him, but I could see he was keeping his eyes on Sonny. I had taken an extra piece of muskmelon out of the icebox, for my second dessert, and I sat on the stool in front of the fire to eat it. I was glad Thursday was almost over, and the warmth of the fire and the luscious muskmelon juice





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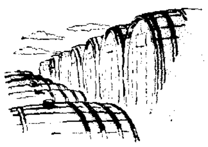

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that ran down my gullet made me feel good.

Suddenly my father said "Well?" and Sonny murmured that he'd let him see it right away.

"How can you have forty-nine customers and a forty-five-cent profit?" my father asked.

"It's a profit, just the same," Sonny said. He was sitting still, staring desperately at the ledger page.

"Profit!" my father cried. "He works all day," he said, turning to my mother and me, "I transport him, I feed him, every week he says he's got more customers, and now I find he's got less than half the profit he ought to have!"

My mother set her mouth in a straight line and bent over my brother as if she were shielding him from my father. "Sonny," she said in her gentlest, most coaxing tone, "tell us what's the trouble."

"Nothing," said Sonny.

"Nothing!" roared my father. "Don't tell me 'Nothing'!"

"Sonny," said my mother, "do you want to quit this— this monkey business?"

Sonny kept looking at his ledger, and after a minute he said, in a whisper, "Yes, I guess I do."

Then it all came out. The whole trouble, Sonny said, talking fast and breathlessly, was that he had too many customers. The more he got, the messier the names in the ledger got. He sometimes had to prop it on one knee to make his entries, and his magazine bag would pull his arm down, so that often it was hard to tell whether he had written "Paid 5c" or "Owed 5c," and just who it was that had paid or owed. He said that he had figured most people would remember to pay him, and that sometimes some of them did, but not always.

At first, I thought my mother was going to laugh or cry—I couldn't tell which. Then she just put her arms around Sonny and didn't say or do anything. My father gave a little moan. "What grade are you in, son?" he asked.

My brother said he was going into the fifth grade.

My father shook his head as though he couldn't believe it. "In the fifth grade," he said. "Nine and a half years old. And he can't read his own handwriting!"

"The whole thing was nonsense," my mother said angrily, but my father didn't pay any attention. He stood up. "Son," he said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to learn to read what you write

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before I'll put you in business again."

My brother swept his purse, bank, and ledger from the table and bolted out of the room. No one said anything. My mother sat down in her rocking chair and looked at the cover of a magazine. I wanted to go to the kitchen to get rid of my melon rind, but I was afraid to stir the silence, so I sat there and looked into the fire until the heat made tears come to my eyes. After a few moments, my father sighed and walked out to the cold, dark porch. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him standing there, hands in his pockets, looking into the blackness.

I got up and tiptoed into the kitchen, and from there I crept into my brother's room. It was dark, but I knew that he was already under the blankets. I whispered "Sonny," and he didn't answer, so I went to his bed and felt for his face. He was crying, and he shook my hand off roughly. I stood there in the dark beside his bed, and suddenly I was crying, too. "You should worry, Sonny," I whispered. "You should ish ka bibble about that old business."

He didn't answer. I leaned against the cold brass bedpost and wept heavily and helplessly. I wept for Sonny, and for my father, and for myself, too, because I knew that I probably would never be a great actress after all.

That's about all there was to that summer. In another week, we were packing to go back into town, and Sonny and I were happy at the prospect of being in school again, although, as custom required, we rolled our eyes and groaned whenever we spoke of it.

—HELEN HARRIS PERLMAN

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION IN THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Pacific Stars & Stripes*]

U. S. 45TH INF DIV—It isn't that he's bashful, but every time a Japanese asks Cpl. Tom C. Baka his name he reddens from toe to pate.

"They break into laughter every time I tell them," said the Chicagoan.

Baka spent many an uncomfortable moment when meeting Japanese people until he finally found that "baka" in Japanese means "crasby."

•

Roberta Robinson O'Keeffe, wife of radio entertainer Walter O'Keefe, was awarded a divorce this week at Halley on a charge of extreme cruelty.

Meanwhile, it was announced that the test phase has begun on the experimental atomic breeder reactor at the AEC's Lost River site at Arco.—*Denver Post.*

Damned inopportune moment.

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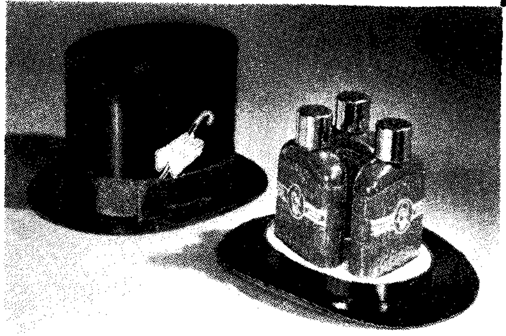

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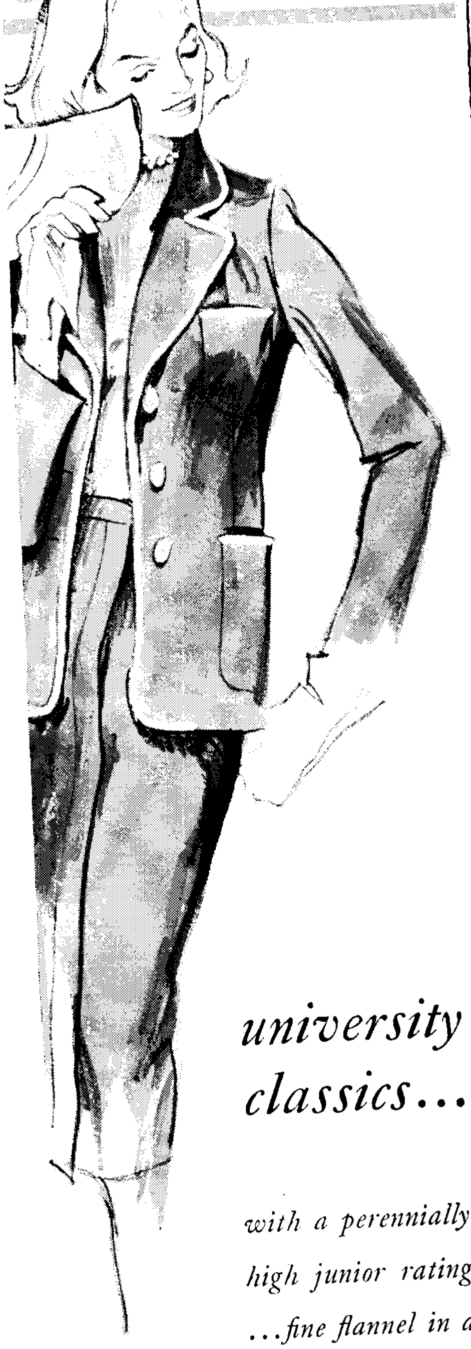

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•24 WEST 57•

THE ART GALLERIES

Season's Opener

AS with the first spring games in baseball, the opening shows of the art season may not seem to carry as much weight as the later ones. But they count just the same, and in spite of the earliness of the period there are a fair number of quite lively offerings to be seen at the moment. At the Passedoit, there's an exhibition of water colors, all the product of a season spent in Arizona by B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Nordfeldt, now in his early seventies, is an artist who to my mind has never received the recognition he deserves. Solid, serious, thoughtful, a bit ponderous, perhaps, but not unduly so, and armed with the technical competence that avoids extravagant display and in fact tries to conceal its excellence, he has been mostly occupied these last few years with a series of semi-mystical sea scenes, of rocks, gulls, wave movements, and so on, and it must have been something of an adventure for him to shift to the radically different subjects he has lately undertaken.

The desert country of the Southwest, moreover, with its dazzling lighting and incredibly dramatic contrasts, has proved a death trap to almost as many modern painters as it was to pioneers in the old days. Nordfeldt, though, has picked his way through the artistic pitfalls the region presents with great skill and acumen, and while I don't think the pieces have the strength and assurance of his Eastern paintings, they represent a highly creditable accomplishment.

Perhaps unconsciously, he leans on Marin a trifle too much in his attack—particularly the device of filling his backgrounds with jagged broken lines to suggest the effect of the desert heat and the sun-shimmer. But the device works well, and his generally low-keyed palette, though it becomes a little monotonous at times, makes his occasional bright spots of color all the more brilliant and dramatically effective. The pictures aren't titled, which makes listing difficult. Among the ones I liked best were a view of distant mesas, darkly red and numbered 9; No. 1, a study of pink cactus flowers blooming boldly against a dun-yellow background; and No. 15, again of desert flowers in bloom and similar in design, if somewhat more delicate in treatment.

THE Mortimer Levitt has the first one-man exhibition in New York of paintings by a twenty-one-year-old Bostonian named David Young, who despite certain technical immaturities—which his youth, of course, would justify—seems to me an artist of considerable promise. He's an abstractionist, tending toward the organic in subject rather than the geometric, and with a feeling for bright color and rather sinuous design that recalls, though glancingly, the paintings of the early Matta. His faults lie chiefly in design, and vary from a tendency to overwork his material until its purpose is lost sight of (as in "Lycanthrope") to the quite opposite tendency to fall back on patterns that are essentially banal, as in the loosely organized "Occurrence" and the strikingly red-toned "Loup-Garou." For the most part, though, his compositions are both sensitive and expressive, while his color is almost unfailingly apt, imaginative, and attractive. For a young man, too, he commands an exceptionally wide palette, and appears equally at home with the low-toned hues of "Idiot by the Fountain" and the much higher-keyed ones of "Birth of a Turquoise." "Idiot by the Fountain," by the way, with its adroitly contrived suggestion of an image reflected, trembling, in disturbed water, seemed to me the most successful picture in the show. I also liked the small "Jazz Beast, 2," the slightly larger "Rock," with its ascending patterns of bright reds and grays, and the pale, beautifully handled "Lost Moment."

IN a combined first showing hereabouts, two more youngsters, George Mueller, twenty-two, and Joel Vasey, a year older, are exhibiting paintings based on musical conceptions—each intended to convey an impression of a composer—at the Artists' Gallery, and though the idea of expressing music in paint is fairly commonplace, they bring a good deal of freshness and real originality to it. Both are non-objectivists, and both reveal an approach that at first glance makes their styles appea interchangeable. But Mueller, one discovers, is the stronger of the two; hi designs are more sweeping and mor boldly outlined, and largely for thes reasons his "Bach I," with its long slanting, contrapuntal forms; the mor complex yet still rhythmic "Bach III; and the pale, spidery-patterned "D rius Milhaud" are the best pieces in the show. Vasey tackles Bach, too, among others, and as his style is more formal and deliberate, it serves (as in *his* "Bach III") to bring out a side of the composer that Mueller generally overlooks—the dryly formal, precisionist side represented by the piano pieces, say, instead of the more grandiose one of the religious compositions. I admired, as well, his "Vivaldi," with its effect of brittle animation, and both men obviously have much more sophistication and musical understanding than is usually expended on work of this specialized genre.

AT Associated American Artists, one finds the artists taking over temporarily the functions of the dealer and impresario, to the extent that some twenty of them, all connected with the gallery, have each selected a younger or less well-known painter, whose works are now being shown in a group exhibition called "Protégés." The difficulties of scaring up talented unknowns on demand being what they are, I imagine that most of the "protégés" are promising students whom the sponsors have discovered in their own art classes, and I was interested, and pleased, to note how rarely the styles of selector and selectee coincide. Raphael Soyer's young Milton Seaman betrays a few atmospheric overtones that suggest the manner of his mentor, and there are certain similarities between George Grosz and his entry, Jane Ollendorf. But even here the resemblances are faint, and for the most part the selections are broadminded in the extreme. No titles were available when I was there, and I think I'll content myself with saying that I thought Donald Pierce, with his oddly stylized religious pictures, was the standout of the show, and that he was closely followed by Shirley Mills, with her crisp little landscapes; Robert Steed, Garo Z. Antreasian, and Edgar Munhall.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

BOSTON (INS) Did you ever wonder why clocks are eight-day affairs, instead of seven?

The 101-year-old eight-day clock on historic Faneuil Hall is back in place after its usual four year cleaning.

And Oliver W. Richardson, of Medford, veteran employe of the Howard Clock Co., which made the clock, has come up with an interesting explanation.

Cantaloupes are a good summertime source of vitamin C.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) News-Sentinel.*

Interesting, and *apt*, too.

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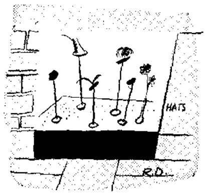
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

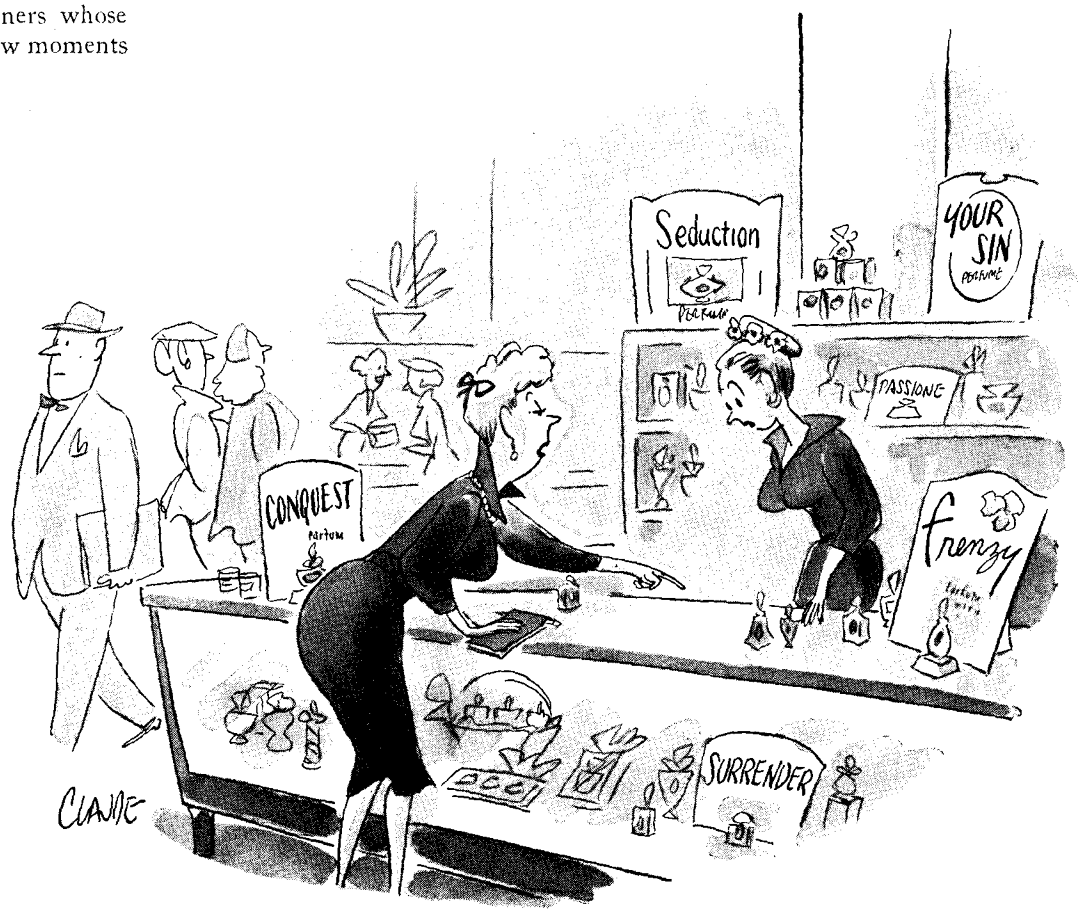


EVERYTHING changes, people say, but the tried-and-true formulas remain constant. So much for really startling news. There was a great outcry this season that the sheath was finished and we were all going out on the street in voluminous skirts of tweed or heavy wool or the like, with crinolines underneath, such skirts being supposedly helpful to your waist and hipline, forsooth. Well, I'll concede that there is nothing more attractive than a rippling movement in soft or rustling afternoon and evening fabrics, but wide skirts in more sturdy fabrics require, to my mind, better than average height, a small waist *and* bust, and preferably an age under thirty. On the so-called "mature" figure, wide skirts can look clumsy indeed. Besides, we've *had* the New Look, remember? These thoughts are induced by an inspection of the very best ready-to-wear clothes at some of the very best specialty shops, a report on which will now be unveiled. The handiwork of most of the designers whose names turn up in the next few moments (it might as well be noted) appears in more than one of these establishments. If a designer is represented in just one place, that fact will be pointed out too.

It would seem that I am not alone in feeling that the campus is the place for swing skirts; the old masters, such as Hattie Carnegie, Ben Reig, and Maurice Rentner, bear me out. The ready-to-wear Carnegie suits have slender, four-gored skirts and no nonsense; the jackets are likely to have small shawl collars, nipped waists, and short, padded peplums. And all the Reig suits I've seen have straight skirts. One, at De Pinna, of a red-and-black dotted wool, has a jacket with a deep, crossed double shawl collar and two buttons at the waist in front. At the rear, there is seamed detail aping this surplice closing, plus two buttons at the small of the back. A Reig at Saks Fifth Avenue is of black wool. Its jacket has graceful, curving seams down the back, and the shawl collar becomes quite wide as it approaches the waist. Then, Saks show Rentner suits of misty pastel tweeds. One has a tiny petal collar, a bosom tucked like a shirtwaist dress, and a short, sharp peplum. The skirts are straight and gored, and, defying the notion that straight skirts are mean to the hips, the sizes go right up to 20. So there.

Two other tried-and-true formulas, the Princesse and the Peplum, have been going steady for some time now, and you'll find princesse lines scattered through these pages. As for the peplum, the peplum tunic has been particularly glorified by Traina-Norell in a minaret silhouette—a tunic that goes smoothly down the hips to about mid-thigh, below which a fourteen-gore street-length skirt swirls. For cocktails, this appears in navy or black faille (navy finally seems to be catching on for winter), with crushed elbow-length sleeves and various necklines, the most fun being a deep oval one with the standing-up band that surrounds it knotted casually at one side. For evening, they do this silhouette in satin, with crisscrossed string straps supporting the straight-around décolletage. These crop up at Bergdorf, Bonwit, and other top shops. Lord & Taylor have the minaret silhouette in gray flannel with a prim round collar and self buttons down the front. This is one of the few really wide tailored skirts that look fine on adults.

IT is hard to recall when there were better wool dresses. This is a good year for Harvey Berin, one reason being that he has schemed up a little wool dress that is given an excellent chance (in the winter books) to become the first uniform since Chanel's reign, and the wearers of it won't mind a bit. It's done of imported gray woollens, including one that is striped like a diplomat's trousers, and its sharp, turnover collar has a black taffeta bow under it. There's a fly fold down the front of the bodice,



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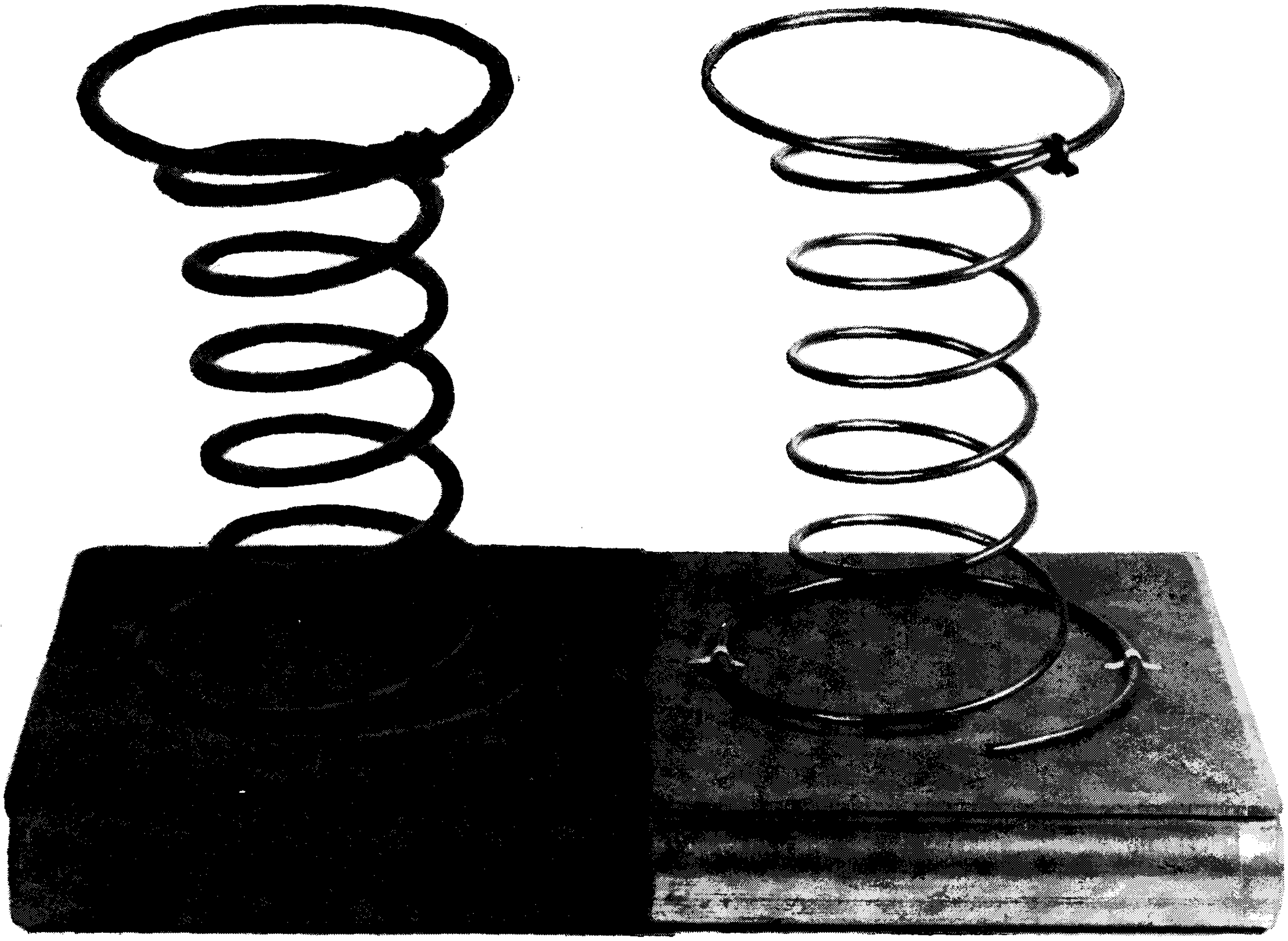

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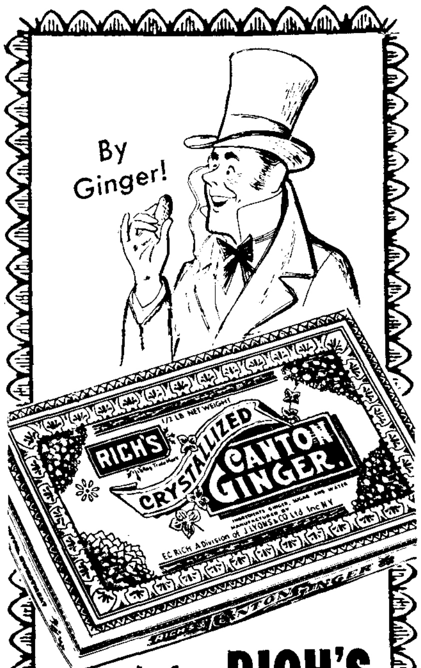
long sleeves with gussets under the arms, and slightly jutting pockets on a skirt so straight that it needs a back vent to permit the owner to move. The skirt is lined with taffeta; there is the long back zipper that is increasingly prevalent, thank God; and the thing costs around $80 all over the place. (This, by the way, is the only modest sum in this whole high-style treatise.) The utter femininity of Pauline Trigère's graceful any-time-of-day wool dress suggests the Vionnet of old. There's an easy cowl neckline in front and an easy circular skirt, and slot seaming coming forward in Vs over the lower ribs gives it the supple look characteristic of Trigère. In purple, geranium, and more self-effacing tones (such as good old black), at De Pinna, Saks Fifth, and other shops.

There are plenty more wools around. Rentner's coat dress, in brilliant reds and royals and modest beiges, has a round, collarless neckline and big, self-covered buttons straight down the front, in contrast to the skirt, a wayward wraparound that jogs out laterally low on one side. Saks has this. Dior's American collection includes a stunner of masculine gray worsted, whose below-the-waistline box pleats are released to make a soft, full skirt. The oval shawl neckline descends to the waist, where it crosses before it ends on one hip. The opening is filled in with a black satin vestee that has a little turnover collar. The customers at Bergdorf Goodman are enthralled by this one. Fira Benenson (Lord & Taylor only) has slender, simple, poised wool dresses. One of purple or taupe is equipped with a tiny shawl collar, bone buttons down the bodice, and more buttons down the skirt just back of the hips. Nettie Rosenstein's soft wool jersey, with the modified turtleneck that is all around town, has wool pompons about the hips and a gathered skirt—very dressy indeed (Jay Thorpe). And her deep armhole tapering into a sleeve that goes all the way to the wrists is a welcome sight at a time when there's a surplus of "bracelet-length" concoctions.

The pioneer Franco-American designing team—Jacques Fath and Joseph Halpert (Lord & Taylor only)—has accomplished some masterpieces in day wool things that can be made dressy for cocktails, such as a black sheath with collar detail that folds back to resemble a yoke. Nice enough by itself, and for cocktails you can add a wide white faille scarf that emerges from the yoke detail at each side of the chest, is caught in by the belt, and then descends the sides of the skirt in two wide panels. (All



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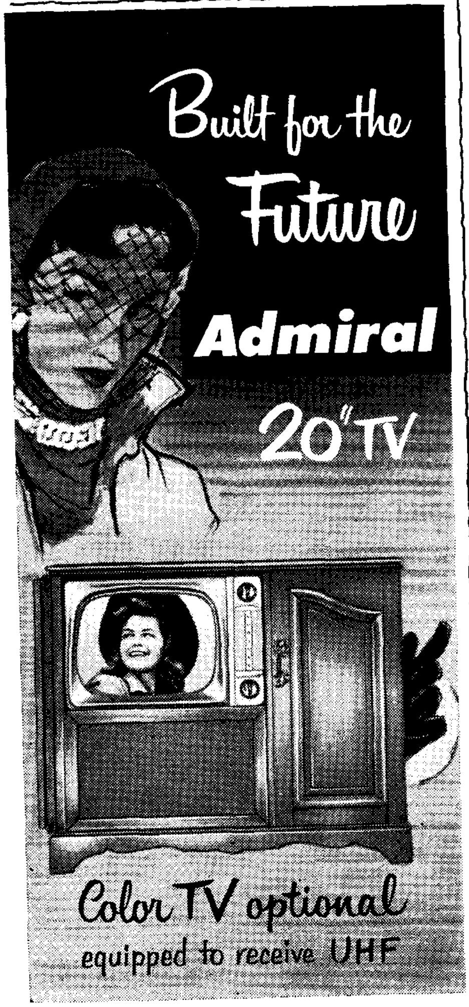

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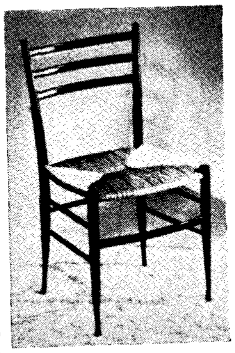
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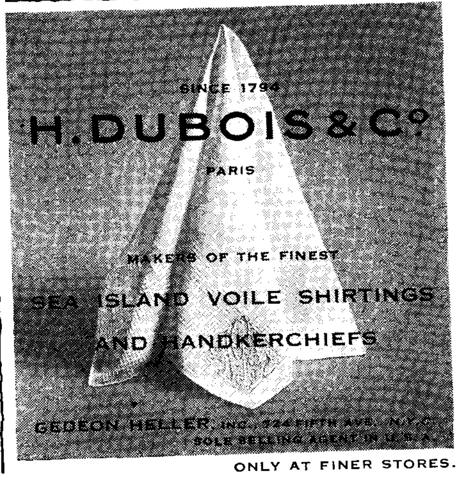
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of Fath's white detail is detachable.) Then, a sheath of gray worsted has a skirt wrapped around to the back and a small, crossed shawl collar. (Most Fath necklines are irregular.) A huge organza handkerchief can be buttoned on one hip pocket to give a lopsided, hippy effect—and dress it up, too. One black wool sheath with a modified turtleneck has a tab below the belt. Through this you push an enormous faille scarf to produce two hem-length panels at the side front.

Cocktail wools appear, too, in Marusia's collection (Saks only), which includes a beige or black wool lace dress with a plain surplice top and a skirt that is full in front and has side pockets. Anthony Blotta goes almost mad with a gray flannel sheath that has short sleeves, a deep oval décolletage front and back, and rhinestone buttons down the front. A fingertip flannel jacket lined with red wool goes over this, and silver fox comes around the neck of the jacket and edges its hem. You're supposed to wear this wrapped upward in front, barrel style, but you *could* wear it open if you want to feel like dowdy old 1950. (Saks has this ensemble.)

Finally, Trigère has a theatre suit that is sheer and subtle devilment. A longish, fitted jacket of black wool has a V décolletage out to the tips of the shoulders. At that point begin her brand-new leg-of-mutton sleeves, rising a bit above the shoulders, surrounding the upper arm in soft folds, and tapering to the wrist. A red silk rep vestee underneath barely shows above the neckline of the jacket. The total effect is a décolletage strangely bare and voluptuous in a basically subdued suit. The décolletage, naturally, could be filled in with a blouse for lunchtime (Bergdorf).

FURS, for years, have been trying to look as supple as cloth, and now cloth wants to look as bulky as fur, at least in coats. I'm thinking especially of the Ben Zuckerman coat at De Pinna, a fitted, furry one of cocoa wool with a deep pile. No collar in back, deep, curved double lapels in front, and jutting pockets. De Pinna also has Mangone's long, loose coat of wool, lined with civet cat and sporting civet muff cuffs, as well as Gershel's long, loose coat of black poodle cloth. This last can be wrapped like a cocoon. One of Gershel's "shorties," which are fingertip length and of wool as heavy as felt, has plenty of stitching on the edges, plus big dull-black leather buttons and a noticeable flare in back. The barrel-shape jacket, which cups under you at the back and is pulled

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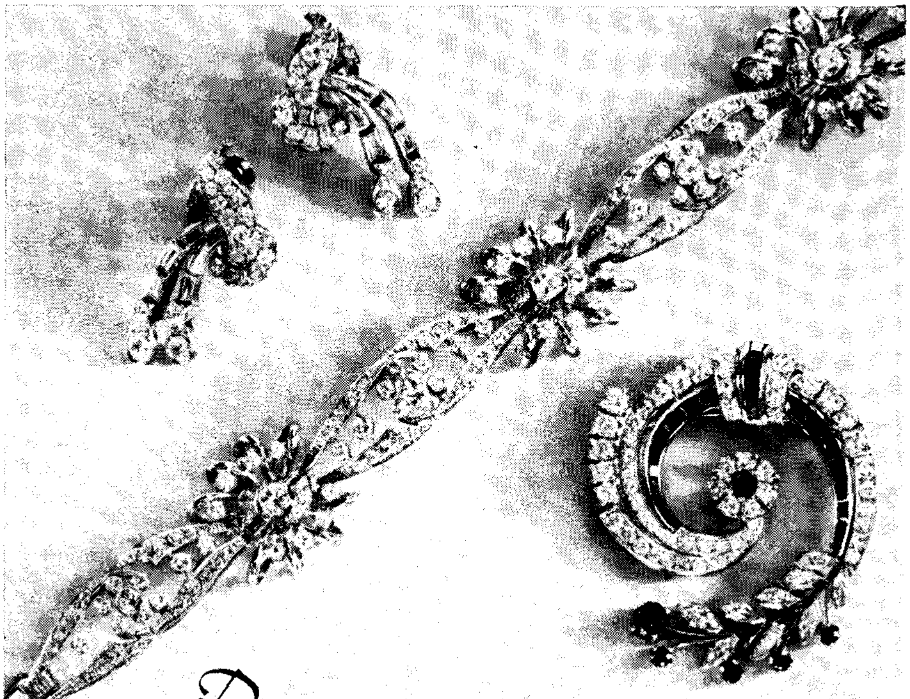

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up to one side in front and held in place by your own hot little hand, flapper style, is done by Dior in chinchilla cloth, so cut that it manages to be straight in front and not cumbersome. A straight skirt goes with this. Zuckerman gets back into the act with an overjacket of this type that is part of a nipped-in town suit of tweed. The jacket is lined with black mole and has a vast shawl collar that can lie flat or be crumpled around your throat any which way. All of these, too, are at De Pinna. Lord & Taylor have a Fath-Halpert black velvet evening wrap on barrel lines. There's a longish cape effect behind, a fold that goes across the back of the neck and comes over the shoulders, and a scarf to be wrapped at will. (If you yammer enough, they might make it up in wool.)

TO balance the controversy over full versus slender skirts for daytime, there is a controversy over long versus short dresses for formal occasions, with long ones creeping back into favor again. The most manic short formal dresses come from Traina-Norell. They're separates. The tops (which are one with the slim sheath slips) have modified turtlenecks and long sleeves (these usually of silk jersey) or no sleeves and a V décolletage in front, plus an inverted V of fabric going up the back; the full, reinforced skirts are layers of black monkey fur stitched on cable-net skirts banded with sequins (Bendel) or are tiers of curly ostrich (Bonwit Teller). It's the epitome of that thing called "surface interest," besides being thoroughly gala. Harvey Berin offers a number of strapless short dazzlers for girls-about-town. Some are of heavy satin, with lined skirts and either all-over iridescent-bead embroidery or just chunky beading on the strapless bodice. Another is of gold lamé with a beaded butterfly pattern over it. Milgrim has quantities of these Berins. De Pinna likes both his black velvet version with chunky jet beading on the bodice and his dance dress of Chantilly-type lace, covered with a spidery pattern of sequins. The lace apron overskirt of this one is long in front and ascends in back to show a pleated nylon net petticoat.

Traina-Norell have done beautiful and astounding things with long clothes for evenings. This house loves really big puffed sleeves, ones that billow and loom as soon as they are released from the tiny cartridge pleats over the tips of the shoulders. One dress combines peacock-blue satin, for the huge sleeves

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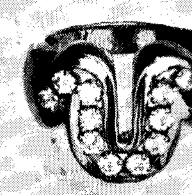

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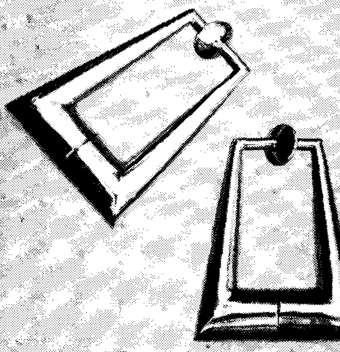

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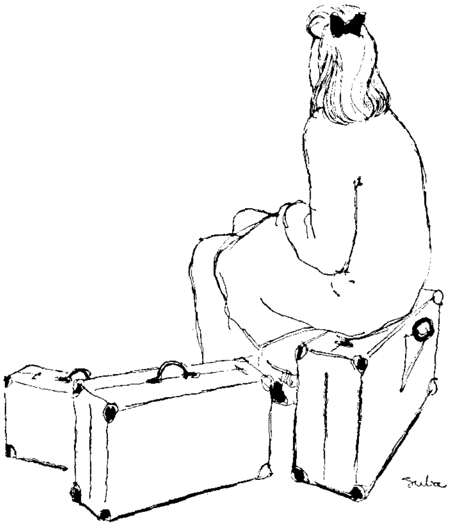
and Empire drapery across the chest, with hunter-green satin that glides smoothly down the body to the floor (Lord & Taylor). And one of the most spectacular dresses since John Singer Sargent's heyday is a Traina-Norell of black velvet. Just those enormous sleeves rising on each side of a very bare chest, sinuous lines down the body, a slight train, and not a bit of ornament anywhere (Bonwit Teller). Trigère makes an extremely simple long dress of geranium-red faille, all princesse, with shoulder straps and a big net stole in color to match (Bonwit).

The great Nettie Rosenstein is turning out magnificent creations, as always, in every possible shade of delphinium, hydrangea, blue lilac, and the like, making, say, a full-skirted dress of poult-de-soie (I don't need to tell you that *all* full skirts are stiffened, do I?) with one slanting strap above the bodice. Bonwit Teller show it with her stunning evening coat of the same fabric. This hangs straight and full, and has a triple inverted pleat down the back from the collarless neckline and triple folds at each side of the front. Saks has her willowy slipper-satin halter dress in the palest delphinium, with stiffened pockets on the hips. From the back, a wide, gathered panel of a darker hue of the fabric sweeps to the floor.

It can be no surprise that Bendel cherishes its débutante customers. The current tempter is a strapless job with a skirt that is layers and layers and *layers* of nylon net. A swag of satin ribbon, caught up with roses, glimmers under the first layer. The indispensable black lace dress, which can so often look limp and messy, is now profiting by all the modern methods of reinforcement. Champions in this class are on view at Saks (designed by Sophie), Lord & Taylor (designed by Fira



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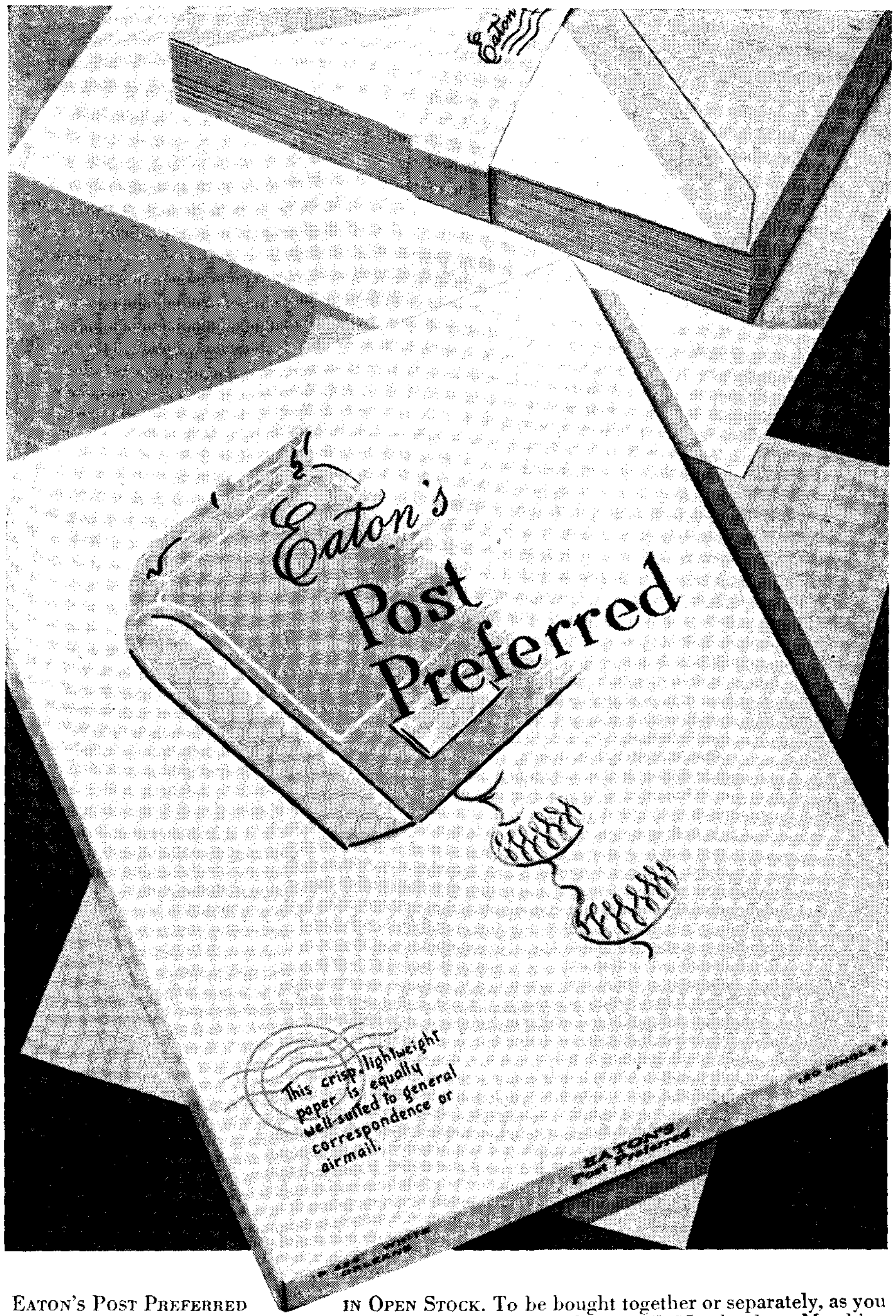
Benenson, with the hip yoke all fine tucks), and Bendel. And if it's drapery you want in your formal gowns, Philip Hulitar has a knockout in faille taffeta that is wrapped and wrapped up into a bow low on one hip; great fullness emerges from behind the opposite knee.

The Empire line bobs up here and there in modified form, but Irene (Lord & Taylor only) goes whole hog on it with a couple of her long evening dresses. A white satin with tiny black polka dots and an allover sprawled gold pattern that looks like spatters of paint is strapless, has a very high waistline, and bursts into just enough fullness below the knees to avoid the necessity of a slit. Another, of white satin, has a deep fold around the strapless top, and rhinestone flowers mounted on wire rise up a couple of inches from it to make a becoming arc flat on the chest. Howard Greer (Jay Thorpe only) has a short-waisted bit of nonsense in an evening doodad called Grandma's Jacket. Comes in double taffeta in Kelly green or black, has a collar that rises in back and sleeves that puff hugely, and ends just below the bosom.

FOR the in-between occasions, leave us not forget that the after-dark dress or costume is still the mainstay for the majority of us. It is reassuring to know, too, that the slim décolleté dress with the covering jacket is still on the scene. Adele Simpson's is of silk brocade with wide, crushed shoulder straps and a longish, three-button jacket like a wool suit jacket (Milgrim). Mollie Parnis likes petticoats to show; witness her black velvet dress with square neck and short sleeves. Little rhinestone buttons go down the side of the bodice but don't button shortly after they pass the waistline, in order to reveal the white marquisette petticoat underneath (Bergdorf). Hulitar, a great admirer of the princesse line, has a beautiful assemblage of late-day-and-evening clothes at Jay Thorpe, many of which come in sizes up to 20. A typical one is of faille taffeta, princesse through the body, with a wide, gored skirt lined in buckram. The wide, deep décolletage is filled in at the bottom with nude nylon net appliquéd with black velvet plume designs. (Milgrim has one of its own invention with a neckline of the same type, even more daring, in black barathea.) The short sleeve on this is a Hulitar trademark this year. It ascends, flaring a bit, to end just below the shoulder. Another Hulitar triumph is of navy taffeta, with a shirtwaist top and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push-up sleeves. The skirt is all pleats—stitched and released, stitched and released again, to produce a curious crumpled effect—and the red taffeta petticoat comes a good three inches below it.

Trigère's trim little cocktail dress of white cloqué is truly wonderful, what with the crossed detail on the chest, the short sleeves, and an engagingly youthful look. Bendel shows it with her cocktail coat of black velvet, which is lined with white taffeta, princesse style, and has those soaring leg-of-mutton sleeves already referred to. Greer, in quite another mood, presents Smoking (Jay Thorpe)—a smoking jacket of black cut velvet with satin lapels, and a straight dress of black satin with a wide, crushed midriff and vertical rows of Val lace on the bosom. And Irene (Lord & Taylor) has a frantic afternoon dress suggesting the twenties, of brown taffeta covered with wriggly black leaf appliqués. It is sleeveless, and has a high back, a square neckline in front, and a colossal bow of brown taffeta before one hipbone. The bow ends go around the waist. You like it or you loathe it; it is (to make up a word) Different. And Hattie Carnegie shows an unusual neckline in a slender, peg-topped little dress that comes in barathea, sheer wool, or white brocade. The neck is deep and square with two jewelled buttons high at the sides. A fold below the décolletage can be worn turned down and fastened to two other jewelled buttons near the waistline or turned up to cover the neckline and make the customer most demure.

Bergdorf Goodman's Bernard Newman manages to do clothes that are wearable but far from stuffy. For cocktails, he shows an extremely simple dress in satin of almost any color, with short sleeves and bib detail on the bodice, tied, near one shoulder, in a little string bow. Tobacco-and-black combinations are manifest in his narrow cocktail dress of brown satin entirely covered with reëmbroidered black lace, for one. This has a square neck, short sleeves, and peg-top folds on the hips. The other is a short affair for formal evenings, of black cut velvet over copper. This is strapless, and the brown tulle ruffle on the petticoat shows under the sidewise flare of the skirt when you move.

An important newcomer to the ready-to-wear scene is Lawrence Gaines, examples of whose art are to be seen at Lord & Taylor. Everybody has tried to make town suits of heavy tweeds, but he has an exceptional knack for making them look right. They're lined with muslin and silk taffeta and intricately seamed. One of undyed Shetland has a cardigan neckline edged with stitching, a nipped waist, and rounded hips reinforced with stitching. He also does one of the nicest black wool suits of the season. The deep round collar buttons at one side of the neck, and big buttons descend in a diagonal from there. The peplum is very moderate. The cuffs turn back and the sleeve buttons actually button. (He has a fetish about that and about hand detail.) Silk taffeta edges the collar and the self-covered buttons on a heavy black jersey dress of his, and its voluminous skirt, even bigger than a full circle, is of stitched accordion pleats.

Q—Mama, what ever happened to the simple little black silk crêpe dress?

A—The poor dear doesn't dare go out now, I'm afraid, unless it's chaperoned by faille trimmings.

—Lois Long

• •

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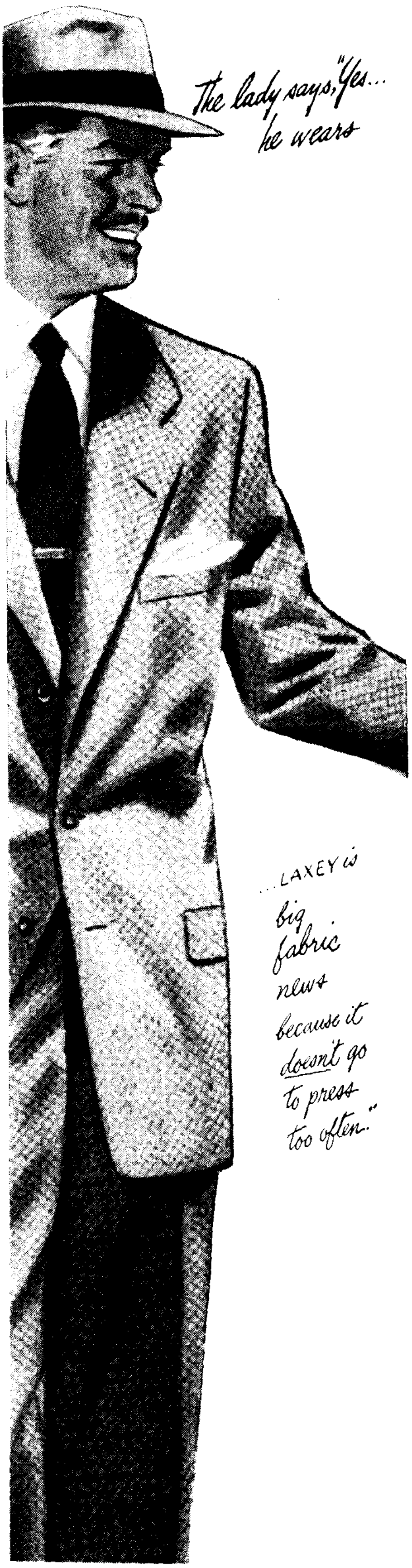
To drown the colorful rhetoric of the swans,
Whose more striking beauty silently shouts them down.
But the ducks seem natural here, the swans do not,
And as lords are unwelcome in a common pub,
The swans, imposed upon this scene, disorder it.

—Philip Murray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TEE AND GREEN

Dark-Horse Days

THE amateur championship of the United States Golf Association, played off last week at the Saucon Valley Country Club, near Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was probably the best-run tournament in the fifty-one years the event has been held, and except for a heavy rainstorm, which drenched several hundred unwary spectators toward the end of play on Friday, and left some casual water on the fairways for the next day's finals, the weather was beyond criticism. The condition of the course was sensationally good. Eugene G. Grace, who presides over the Bethlehem Steel Corporation (and, as nearly as I can make out, the city of Bethlehem and the country club as well), was determined that everything should go off smoothly, and everything did. At his instigation, the club hired extra men on a full-time basis as far back as two years ago to prepare the course for this one week. As a result, there wasn't a blade of brown grass to be seen, the huge greens (most of them are over a hundred feet across) were innocent of anything that could be taken for a weed, and the landscaping was reminiscent of the Tuileries. The politeness and consideration shown by those engaged in the operation of the tournament were as well kept up as was the course; the squads of Bethlehem Steel police who patrolled the grounds did everything for the galleryites but carry them around pickaback, and the marshals, with one or two inevitable exceptions, seemed to realize that the spectators were there for pleasure and not to be snarled at—an outlook that is found altogether too seldom in national-tournament play. All in all, it was quite a show.

The quality of play was fairly high. There were few sub-par rounds, but then Saucon Valley is a very tough course. It is one of the longest—just under seven thousand yards—ever used for the championship. The greens are heavily trapped, and the pins were so placed as to demand practically perfect approach shots. Many of the fairways narrow at the point where a good drive should end up, and the rough was thick and difficult to negotiate, especially in the mornings, what with the heavy dew for which the valley is noted.

Billy Maxwell, a twenty-two-year-old North Texas State College student, who won, was seven strokes over par for the hundred and fifty holes he played. None of the other contestants in the match play turned in a better score, so his victory, while unanticipated, was certainly deserved. As a matter of fact, the tournament was largely dominated by dark horses; all the semifinalists and seven of the quarter-finalists could properly be described as such. Besides Maxwell, whose home is Odessa, Texas, the semifinalists included K. Tommy Jacobs, Jr., of Montebello, California, the sixteen-year-old national junior champion and the youngest player ever to go so far in the national championship; Joseph Gagliardi, of Mamaroneck, the Metropolitan champion, who was Maxwell's opponent in the final; and John Benson, a plump real-estate dealer from Pittsburgh, who had never before gone beyond the first round in this tournament. The only golfer of national prominence in the quarter-finals was Charles Coe, who won the title in 1949 and was a member of this year's Walker Cup team. Benson struck me as the kind of hero duffers must dream about. He is forty years old and looks like an aging and bespectacled kewpie doll, and he has a curious, looping backswing and an abbreviated follow-through that stops short just above his knees. His drives are tremendously long, nevertheless, and until Friday, when he was obviously tired, he was sinking putts from all over the greens.

Of the many upsets during the week's play, the two most gasped at were Gagliardi's fourth-round defeat of Sam Urzetta, last year's champion, who had been four up with only eight holes to play, and the first-round defeat of Frank Stranahan by Robert Kuntz, of Larchmont. Urzetta's game suddenly fell apart, and he could no more explain it than anyone else. Stranahan, who at one time or another has won practically every other major amateur tournament, and who was beaten by Urzetta in the finals last year, simply seems to have bad luck in this tournament, which he has entered nine times and never won. He played well against Kuntz—the match went to two extra holes—but Kuntz happened that day to come up with his best round of the year, and won. Things are just tough, is all. —P. W. W., Jr.

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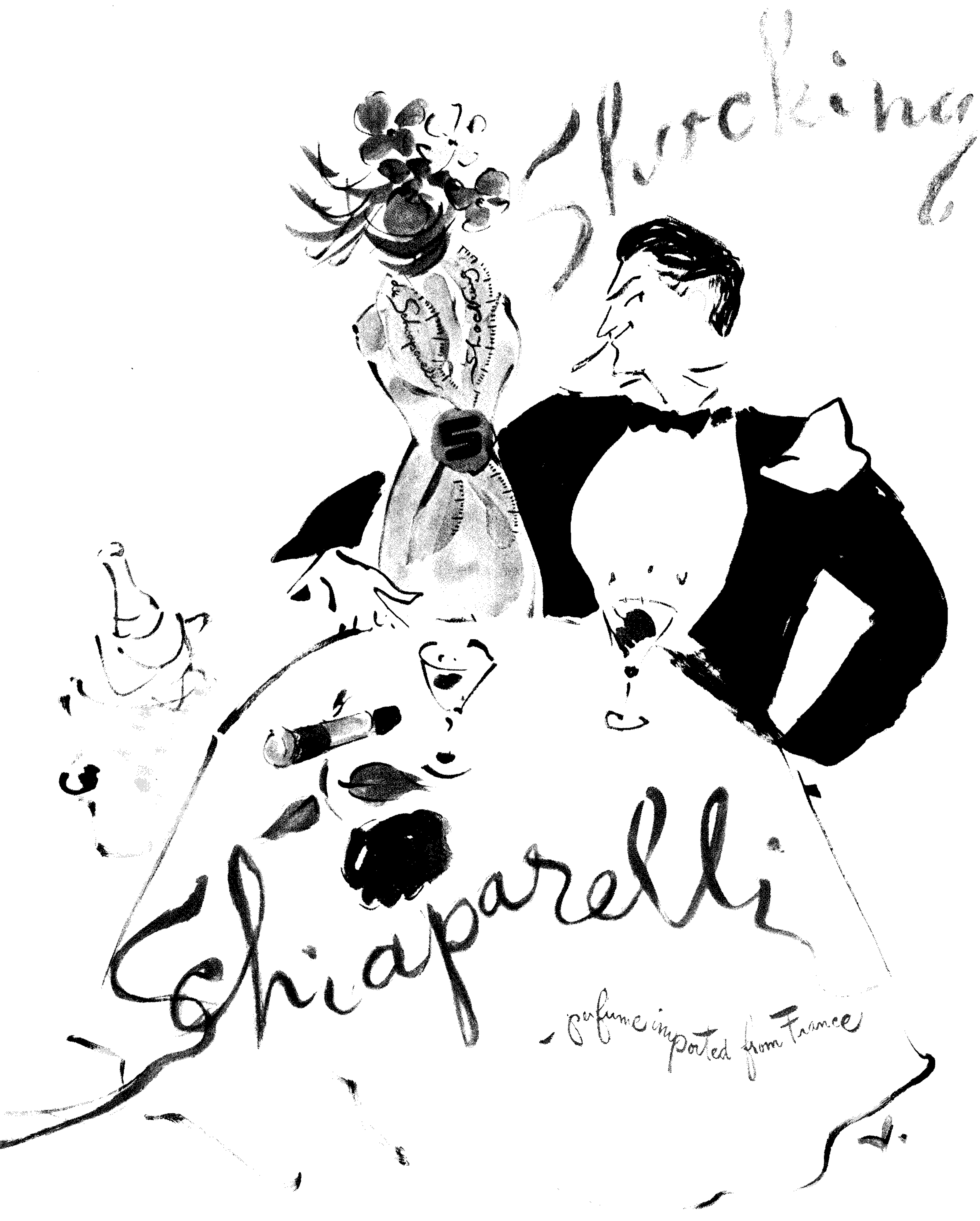
MUSICIAN'S WIFE UNHURT
—*Headline in the Times.*

What unhappened to her?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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Over the Bounding Waves

IN "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck paces a quarter-deck with the assured step of a mariner who has no fear of wind, wave, or any man. Since you've very likely read the C. S. Forester novel upon which this film is based, I don't think I need go into much detail about the hero's activities in the service of the British Navy during the early years of the nineteenth century. It should suffice to point out that the movie includes most of the derring-do Forester crammed into his salty romance and that it follows Mr. Peck, in gorgeous Technicolor, from Pacific waters around the Horn and all the way to the coast of France. I guess at my age it's a little hard to take much stock in a character who combines the glowing attributes of Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift, and all the Rover Boys with a flair for navigation and meteorology verging on the preternatural, but if Mr. Peck occasionally seems just too damned noble to have around, the picture manages to offset the monotony of his rectitude with plenty of shots of windjammers having at each other from all points of the compass. To add a touch of amour to the affair, the film introduces Virginia Mayo as a lady our Captain acquires as a passenger after an encounter with a Spanish lugger. This lady happens to be the Duke of Wellington's sister and the beloved of Admiral Leighton, Horatio's boss. But even though Horatio is married and his passenger committed emotionally to the high brass, our Captain can't help loving the girl. He's so laconic about the matter, though, that it's hard to tell he's in a ferment. This is all to the good, since the merits of "Captain Horatio Hornblower" boil down to simple, forthright action, with strong men at their guns and the sails bellying in the breeze.

THERE seem to be a lot of men from Mars or somewhere chasing around these days, and I'd just as soon have interplanetary travel tightly restricted. The latest visitor from outer space turns up in "The Day the Earth Stood Still." He's a fellow named Klaatu, whose home is on a planet several million light-years away from the earth. Because he fears that rockets and whatnot are going to make it possible for human beings to go touring in outer space and carry their squabbles to stratospheric heights, Klaatu decides to buzz down to Washington in a flying saucer and inform the authorities there that his folks want peace on earth and everywhere else. As played by Michael Rennie, Klaatu resembles a kind of high-class funeral director, and he has an amazing command of English for someone who has gained his knowledge of the language by listening to radio broadcasts. Anyhow, our fellow-citizens don't know whether to regard him as a friend or an enemy, and there is a general feeling that it would be a good idea to lock him up. He's a hard man to confine, however, and presently he is wandering around Washington in earth togs, visiting such points of interest as Arlington Cemetery and the Lincoln Memorial. Eventually, he falls in with a scientist of the calibre of Einstein, briskly solves a problem that has baffled the sage for years, and arranges to have the learned of the earth meet with him at his space ship, which is parked on a ball diamond nearby, along with a robot named Gort, who disintegrates people who bother him. What Klaatu has to say is that war is hell. I guess he's right.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

DEAR LOUISE LLEWELLYN:

I am what people call an old maid. I am 57 and for years have held a very nice position which makes me independent. A good friend who has written Mrs. before her name for 25 or 30 years is married to a wolf who is always running around after other women. I would far rather be what I am than to bear the name of a man as deceitful as her husband. I have seen him walking along with her and smiling at any pretty girl who will notice him, even while he is holding her arm. When I see these things, I dislike men more intensely every day because this one is almost 60 and old enough to behave better. How old is James Melton whom I hear on TV. L. T. O.

James Melton was born at Moultrie, Ga., in 1904.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

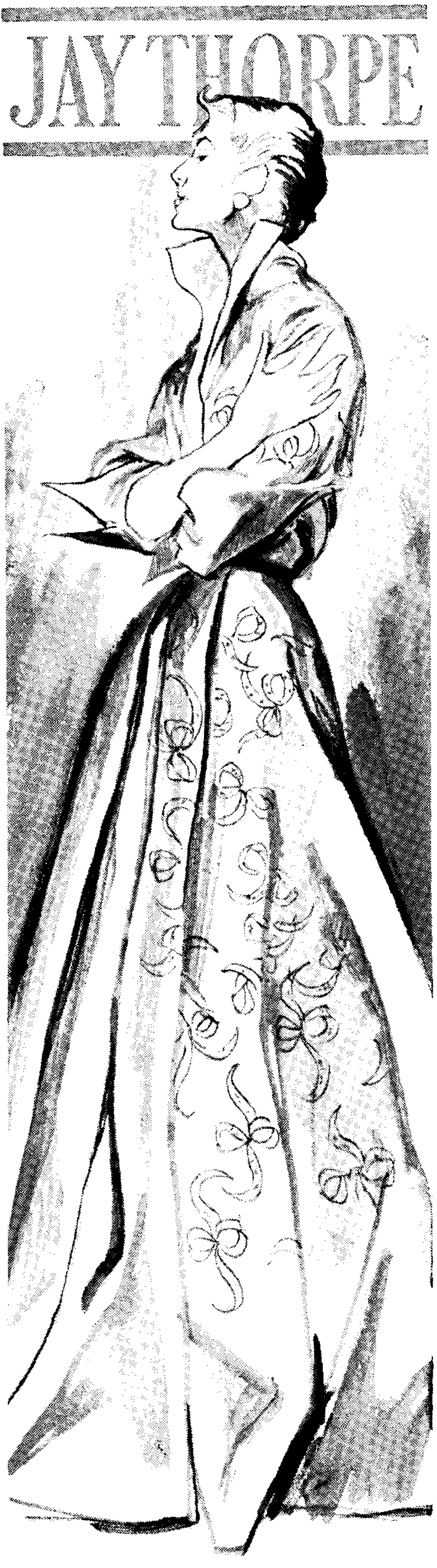
Aren't you the sly one!

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Santa Monica (Calif.) Evening Outlook*]

New worry of the world, however, if tropical diseases are successfully battled, will be the limiting of population, now controlled by sickness and disease. Influenza, however, will probably save the day, since it annually claims many victims, Sir Philip said.



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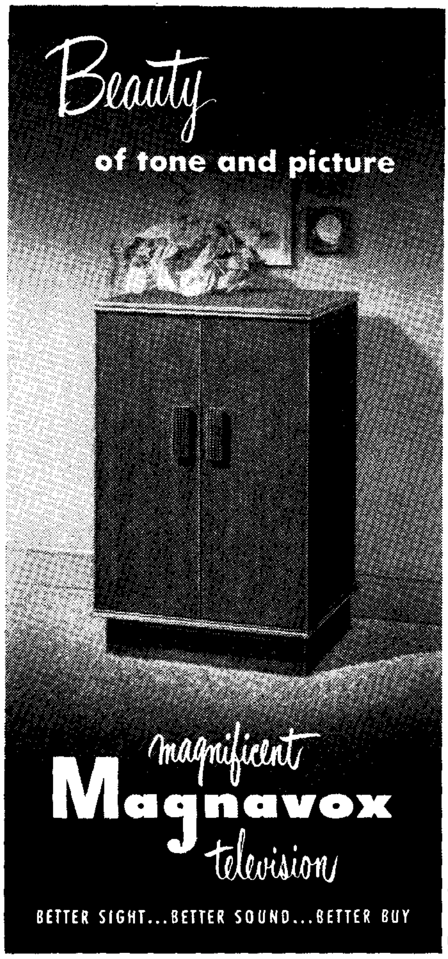

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THE SKY LINE

Magic with Mirrors—II

VIEWED from without, the thirty-nine-story United Nations Secretariat Building, whose east and west fronts form oblong green mirrors, is the glass of present-day fashion. But, once inside it, one discovers that it can make no claim whatever to being the future mold of form. So far from being the model office building it might have been, a light and a lesson to all builders, it is really a very conventional job, and the mistakes in conceiving and planning have unfortunate results upon the comfort and routine of the people who work there. To paraphrase General Bradley, this is the wrong sort of building, in the wrong place, facing in the wrong direction, for the wrong purposes.

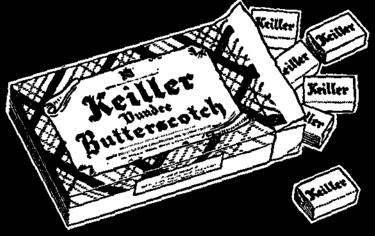
The interior has, however, certain striking and even ingratiating features. One arrives at the main lobby, reached from the west, by a semicircular driveway or the walk that parallels it. Though full-grown trees have been planted about the plaza in which these approaches are set, the only object that actually helps to give the structure scale is the mediocre little leftover building to the southwest, built for the New York City Housing Authority and now the United Nations library. By placing the tall and narrow Secretariat parallel to the East River, the architects have included in the vista for all who approach the building from the west the jeering, jangling hulk of the plant that ventilates the Queens Midtown Tunnel and the towering chimneys of the Edison works, farther to the south. (From the entrance of the General Assembly Building, under construction immediately to the north, this industrial area will be even more prominent.) As one passes a side entrance, one gets a pleasing glimpse of the East River through windows that reach from floor to ceiling on the east and west sides of the building. This entrance is, by the way, the logical place for the visitor to enter the building, for the Information Desk has been placed here. The main entrance is marked on the outside by a curving marble bay and an irregularly curved aluminum marquee that, alas, recall the "*modernique*" of the Paris Exposition of 1925. The absence of a fine sense of scale here is conspicuous, for the entrance, only one story high, is crushed to insignificance.

On the inside, the ceiling, low enough as it is, seems much lower because of the length of the lobby. The interior walls and columns parallel to the east and west green glass façades are faced with green marble. Those parallel to the north and south façades, which are unbroken surfaces of mottled white marble, are faced with the white marble. The floor, which is made up of large squares of black and white terrazzo, calls attention to itself too emphatically. The happiest feature of the lobby, humanly speaking, is the long bench at the south end. This should be a convenient place—like the information desk at Grand Central—for meeting people. The lack of such a feature is a weakness in most office-building design. (Someday, perhaps, this bench will be turned to face the splendid East River view.) Otherwise, the interior is in the frigid, impeccable taste that is the modern equivalent of what the architectural bureaucrats in Washington seek when they invoke the classic. If you like the Mellon Gallery interior, you should like the Secretariat interior, even if its proportions are not so noble.

The lobby, the first of five floors devoted partly or wholly to the social functions of the building, is connected by escalators and elevators with an underground garage and passages—one of which leads to Forty-second Street—as well as with the bank, the post office, the health clinic, the press center, and the temporary cafeteria. (As soon as the Conference Building is finished, the cafeteria will be shifted to its summit.) At the top of the Secretariat is the Secretary-General's floor, which is carpeted and includes a small but commodious apartment for the Secretary-General and rooms for the President of the Assembly. If the decoration of the interior is without notable dash or elegance, it is also inoffensive. In general, the color scheme of the working floors is gray—light-gray walls, dark-gray floors—relieved only by the blue of the doors, the sky blue of the United Nations flag. This, incidentally, is just about the only symbolic indication in the whole building that it has anything to do with the United Nations.

The plan of the working quarters is simple. The elevators, at the center of the building, open on corridors, one on each floor, that run north and south. Since the windows are continuous along the two glass façades, the office space can

How Luscious Can
Butterscotch Be?



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be arranged and rearranged, when that is necessary, without the interference of external columns; at the moment, the smallest cubicle is two windows wide. Yet even the lucky executives with an ample office at one corner of the structure cannot have the luxury of cross-ventilation, because of the blank north and south outer walls.

The problem of making such a building livable as well as comely was a tremendous one. Let us consider first the matter of orientation. The Secretariat's long axis runs north and south. If the building had been turned so that it was parallel to Forty-second Street, it would not merely have blocked out, for those approaching the General Assembly Building, the unkempt industrial district I have referred to but would have shielded the Secretariat's occupants from our intolerable summer sun, which can turn the completely exposed rooms on the east and west fronts into big Dutch ovens unless the Venetian blinds are drawn and the air-conditioning system is working full blast. Furthermore, the building could, like the Conference Building, have jutted out over Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. It would then have been conspicuously visible for great distances north and south, especially when it was lighted up at night.

The engineers concerned estimate that the present orientation of this narrow building, because of exposure to the sun during the summer, puts a load on the cooling system that raises the operating cost two and a half per cent. The human cost is greater; many of the occupants are compelled to work a good part of the day under artificial light behind their drawn Venetian blinds. Thus it is sadly necessary to remove the view the walls of glass were designed to reveal and to cut off the sunlight they were designed to admit. Even when the summer heat presents no problem, there is no possibility of natural ventilation or a pleasant natural light to work in, despite the vast amount of window space. Only overhead light, of course, is really important in an office; a window ending four or even four and a half feet above the floor would give proper light, and could be opened in summer to admit a breeze without sweeping unanchored papers off the desk. A combination of such a window and ventilating louvers at floor level would probably provide a superior system of ventilation. Why no one has tried this in office buildings (it has been successfully used in houses) is one of the mysteries of an

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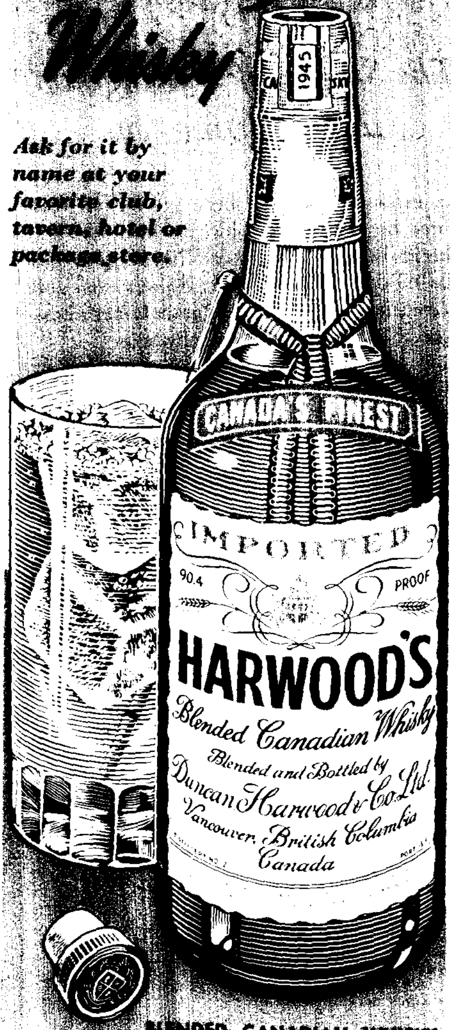

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Ronald Searle

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age that boasts of its capacity for experiment.

THE result of misorienting the Secretariat and using glass so exuberantly is to create a building that functionally is often windowless on all four sides. On this matter, the architectural historian Professor Henry Russell Hitchcock seems to me to have said the last word. "The most significant influence of the Secretariat," he recently observed, "will, I imagine, be to end the use of glass walls in skyscrapers—certainly in those with western exposures, unless exterior elements are provided to keep the sun off the glass." In this sense, Sir Joseph Paxton's dream of an all-glass building, which grew out of his experiences as a gardener, has been reduced to absurdity in the Secretariat. The desire for sunlight is sound, for direct sunlight kills bacteria and increases the amount of Vitamin D in the body. Perhaps a window mounted on vertical pivots, so that it could admit sun and air yet be turned so that no capricious wind could disturb a man's desk, is the answer. Lacking such a contrivance, the all-glass wall is an architectural folly, costly in both money and human comfort.

The standard floor of the Secretariat contains offices of various sizes. Because of the shallowness of the building (no point in the interior is very far from the windows, except on the blind ends of the building), this seems an admirable arrangement. Unfortunately, it produces far from ideal working conditions for the secretaries, who occupy the interior offices, where the only daylight is what seeps through the semi-opaque glass partitions that separate the outer rooms from the inner ones. New York's tenements of the eighteen-fifties had exactly the same kind of partition, a pitiful effort to atone for the fact that no daylight or ventilation was provided for the inner bedrooms. To see this symbolic substitute for light and air reappearing in a building that prides itself on its aesthetic modernity is like seeing Typhoid Mary pose as a health inspector. By opening up the blind walls, and by moving some of the lavatories that are unaccountably on the interior to the interior, the designers could have given a certain number of the secretaries decent exterior working quarters instead of the stuffy interior chambers they occupy.

IN choosing to house the Secretariat in a single monumental skyscraper, the architects forgot more than the important matter of maintaining the health

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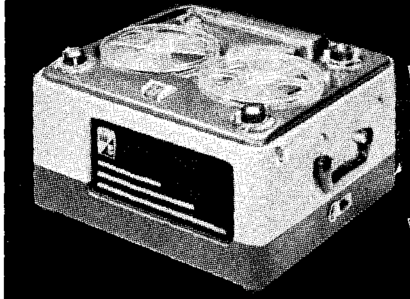

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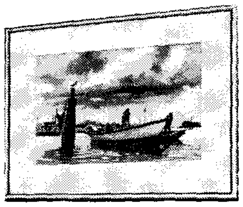

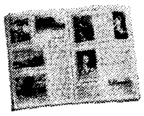

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and good temper of the secretaries. They forgot the necessity of maintaining an esprit de corps in such an organization by means of friendly and professional contact between people in related departments. At Lake Success, the United Nations personnel were housed in horizontal quarters and they went about the low building under their own steam. Sometimes they complained about the pedestrian distances, but they had only to be installed in the skyscraper to realize what an advantage horizontal circulation is in promoting accidental as well as planned meetings and conversations. Elevator transportation does not favor this kind of intercourse, and a large cafeteria for mass feeding does not favor it, either. You would not guess, from the plan and fitments of this building, that during the last twenty years a much higher regard for the welfare of the personnel had been making its way even into hardboiled business organizations, and that to further efficiency, if not sociability, little breaks in the day have everywhere become common. A big insurance corporation in New York has actually encouraged the British habit of "elevenses." It is astonishing to find that the only provision for this kind of refreshment in the Secretariat is the cafeteria. How pleasant it would have been if the architects had at least provided a solarium on every other floor or so for the relaxed serving of coffee, tea, and iced drinks. Such rooms would have given people a destination when they wanted to stretch their legs, which is almost essential for workers as dependent upon human contact and stimulus as the international staff in the Secretariat.

The Secretariat has been presented to the world as a building built about human needs, but that pious profession should bring a blush to the architectural ears of Mr. Pecksniff. Humanly considered, the Secretariat Building is as obsolete as iron dumbbells. The skyscraper form was conceived in Chicago, in the eighties, as a means of making the land in the Loop more valuable by increasing the amount of office space that could be piled on it, and it was not long afterward that the tall towers began to serve a secondary function of publicity and advertisement. At no point in the evolution of the skyscraper was the efficient dispatch of business under conditions that maintained health and working capacity the controlling element in the design. Given a magnificent opportunity to break completely away from the stereotypes of narrow-gauge business standards, the architects of the United Nations Secretariat could do

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no better than perpetuate an outmoded form, save for a few structural innovations that merely decrease its usefulness.

I am aware that I am putting in a minority report on the Secretariat Building. But those who praise it without severe reservations do modern architecture a disservice by judging it mainly on its superficial elegance. A building to house an international personnel devoted to bringing about world coöperation and world peace should be more than a slick mechanical job—and, as I have said, even the mechanical details of this structure are sometimes far from slick. Such a building should, by its zealous attention to human functions and human needs, itself symbolize the great purposes it serves. It should give at least a preliminary glimpse of the new world, the world in which human considerations will be uppermost and will set the mold for all our organizations and institutions. It should be both a visual and an operational symbol, and its beauty should arise out of the due fulfillment of all its functions, graded in the order of their human importance. That is almost the last merit one could impute to the new United Nations Secretariat Building. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

THE PUMPKIN COACH

Down the walk my daughter goes,
Five and a half and braided;
Primped for something called a school,
And henceforth to be graded.

Drowned in autumn red and gold,
The yellow head is gone;
My questions fall as thick as leaves
Littering the lawn.

Up the road my daughter goes,
And under a maple tree
A pumpkin-yellow omnibus
Shuts its door on me.

—KATINKA LOESER

•

The name of "The Saturday Review" has lost the last of the authority and prestige which once surrounded it. Now, since the latest scandal to be perpetrated under its auspices, the Robert Hillyer attacks on Pound, it is extremely doubtful if there is a single writer of real integrity left in the country who would care to publish in its pages.—*From "After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge, page 249.*

Acknowledgments: Sections of this book have appeared in a different form in . . . "The Saturday Review of Literature."—*Ibid., page xv.*

Under a different name, we trust.

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THE RACE TRACK

Hill Prince Returns

THOUGH I'm thoroughly in control of what enthusiasm I have for most of the horses I've seen this year, I confess I'm still a pushover for Hill Prince. So let me say straight out that I was delighted over his return to the races, at Aqueduct last Saturday. It was his first start since he went lame last December galloping on the concretelike track at Santa Anita, and while he didn't win (he finished third to Tea-Maker and Northern Star), he gave more than an inkling of what you can expect from him later on. There are two schools of thought, you know, about the kind of race that is best for an animal of his size and quality after such a long layoff. One school is all for an easy gallop to give him confidence; the other favors a hard one to find out how good he is. The Spinalong Handicap, which Hill Prince ran in, certainly wasn't what you'd call a soft spot; the distance was only six furlongs (he's much better at longer races), and he gave plenty of weight to seasoned opposition. Despite these disadvantages, he buckled down in the stretch and ran as if he enjoyed it. I liked that especially, and there, in short, you have my feeling about Hill Prince. I could go on to say that he was always a good-looking colt and that with maturity he is far and away the handsomest racer in training. Actually, he's so compact and well balanced that you hardly realize how big he is until you're standing beside him. Also, I can report, his tail has grown a lot and has a fine natural wave in it.

UP to last weekend, a minor preoccupation of Aqueduct racegoers was what on earth had happened to the Greentree Stable, which was so successful at Saratoga. To be sure, it hadn't started many runners at the current meeting, but those it did start had failed to click. Guillotine, for instance, lost an awfully close finish to Sheilas Reward in the Bay Shore Handicap early in the week. Just for that, One Hitter, an old Greentree standby, beat Alerted by a nose in the Edgemere Handicap on Saturday. Alerted, who had beaten Battlefield recently, made a good try, but that's more than I can say for Lone Eagle, who obviously wasn't as good as he was at Saratoga, and Moonrush, who seems to be just another California horse.

THE Narragansett Special, won by Hall of Fame at Pawtucket last week, must have been anything but dull. It seems that Greek Ship, the well-fancied second choice, bolted and then pulled up after going half a mile, and after that there was a claim of foul against the winner by the rider of Abstract, who finished second; the claim wasn't allowed, and the crowd put on a small New England mob scene. Arcaro, who rode the obstreperous Greek Ship, has found himself in a similar predicament before. I daresay many horseplayers remember the furor created by a crotchety mount of his named Mahout in the Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont five years ago. Mahout, who was a very short-priced favorite, ran only a couple of furlongs, then stopped abruptly and refused to budge till the race was over. As I remember it, the spot Mahout chose for his tantrum was near the place where he was accustomed to leave the track after his morning workouts. The point at which Greek Ship decided he wouldn't play any more was, as it happens, right at the gate through which the horses return to their stables. I gather from chats with returned travellers, incidentally, that Hall of Fame wasn't the ball of fire that he had been in the Classic Stakes and the American Derby. All the same, he'll probably be tapped for Horse of the Year, or something of the sort.

I'M afraid that the finer points of light harness racing are largely wasted on me. However, I thought the fifty-thousand-dollar two-mile trot won by Pronto Don at Roosevelt Raceway the other evening was as good a show as the Hambletonian, though there were fewer horses in it.

AND, getting back to Aqueduct, the management, in case you haven't noticed it, is now posting the track conditions on the jockey board. Colonel Martingale is pleased.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

. . . The largest single gift was $1,000,000 from Mrs. Fred J. Fisher, for a student dormitory and a revolving student.—*Chicago Tribune.*

What's he study—whirling mice?

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BOOKS

Requiem for a Dramatist

MR. FAULKNER'S new offering, "Requiem for a Nun" (Random House), is in the main a sequel to "Sanctuary," and is concerned with the further misadventures of Temple Drake, a tomboy whose qualities have always had an unsettling effect on her creator. Even for the heroine of a novel of violence in the heyday of the genre, she was experience-prone to an unusual degree: Between the time she slipped off the train at Taylor and the time she was to be seen yawning at the watery charms of the Luxembourg Gardens on a wet autumn day, a good deal had happened to her. She had been in an automobile wreck, she had been involved in two murders, she had been raped in a manner new to the novel, and raped old-style by proxy, she had been kidnapped and held prisoner in a Memphis brothel, and she had committed perjury that resulted in an innocent man's being burned to death by a mob. It may seem that fate, playing fair, could not have had more in store for a simple Southern girl. But it did.

We now learn that after a year in Europe, Temple went decked in virgin's white to the American Embassy in Paris and there married up with Gowan Stevens, the well-bred lush whose bout of drinking landed her in her mess of trouble. She added to that slightly incredible step the wholly incredible one of returning to Jefferson, her home town and the county seat, to settle down. For any but Faulkner characters, this ill-advised choice of partners and of a place to live would have meant a year—if that—of embarrassment, social slight, and domestic tension, followed by a move into the barely cognizant, unremembering vastness and anonymity that surround Yoknapatawpha County, with Temple headed for Nevada or the Virgin Islands. But being what they are, they stay right on there among the old, familiar faces, waiting for their doom. Mr. Faulkner picks them up eight years later, when it, or at least the first installment of it, has caught up with them. The reader is brought up to date on the Stevenses by means of a three-act play that tells of the blows that have hit the young couple. Wadded between its acts, for reasons of the higher symbolism (to do with law, the continuity of affairs human and divine through the effluxion of time, and so forth), there is an entertaining anecdotal history of Jefferson's jail and courthouse and the State Capitol from the earliest times to the present day, but the play is the thing—and a rather startling thing, too, when one analyzes it.

In Act I, Scene 1, a brief courtroom scene, we see Nancy Mannigoe, a colored former prostitute who has been employed as a nursemaid by the Stevenses, being sentenced to death for the murder of Temple's second child, and we are shocked to learn, from a stage direction, that Gowan Stevens' Uncle Gavin, the County Attorney, has been defending the murderess. This piece of tactlessness, noteworthy even in Yoknapatawpha circles, is pushed to the point of unprofessional conduct in Scene 2, which follows on the death sentence by thirty minutes. Gavin pursues the Stevenses into their home to press them for details of the crime that he believes were suppressed during the trial. He badgers them but makes no progress. All he gets at is the invisible worm that is eating away at the heart of the young folks' marriage—Gowan's knowledge that Temple just loved the time she spent in the Memphis bordello. This excites him, and he immediately starts probing on the new line it opens up. "What else," he asks Gowan, "happened during that month, that time while that madman held her prisoner there in that Memphis house, that nobody but you and she know about, maybe not even you know about?" This ranks high in the category of what Bergson, in another connection, called "*les questions qui ne se posent pas*," and its effect on Gowan is considerable. It deprives him of the power of coherent speech, and all he can do is mutter "So help me" and offer to hit Uncle Gavin with a whiskey bottle. Uncle takes the hint and leaves, and Scene 2 comes to an end.

The young marrieds go to California the following morning with their surviving infant and their memories, and it is hard to imagine what earthly power will be able to fetch them back to Jefferson and into a room with Gavin Stevens ever again. The answer is that pre-Freudian concept, the innocence of a little child, which used to reform burglars and reconcile the unhappiest of married couples:

> "We were on the beach, Bucky and I. I was reading, and he was—oh, talking mostly, you know—'Is California far from Jefferson, mamma?' and I say 'Yes, darling,' you know: still reading or trying to, and he says 'How long will we stay in California, mamma?' and I say

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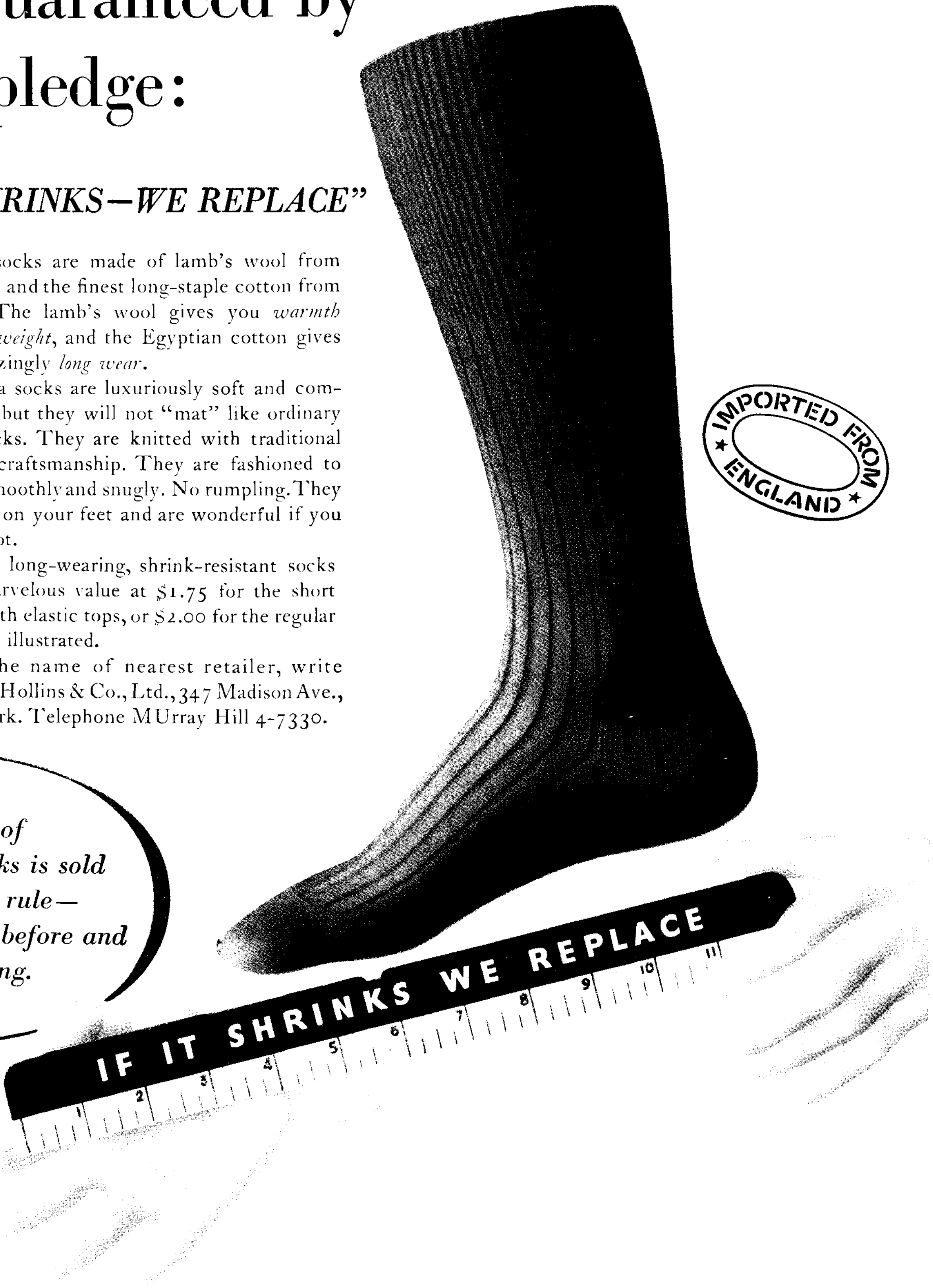

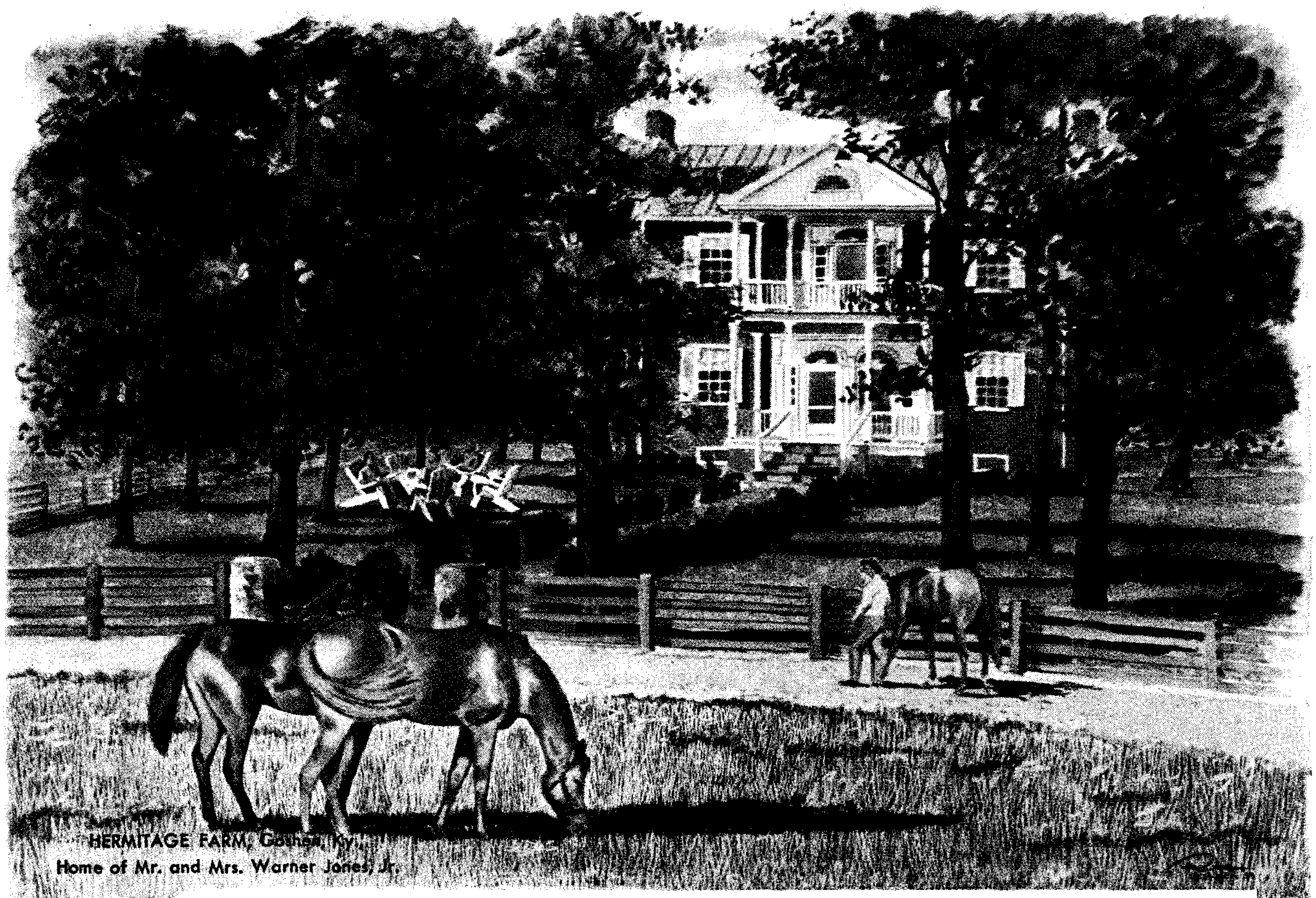
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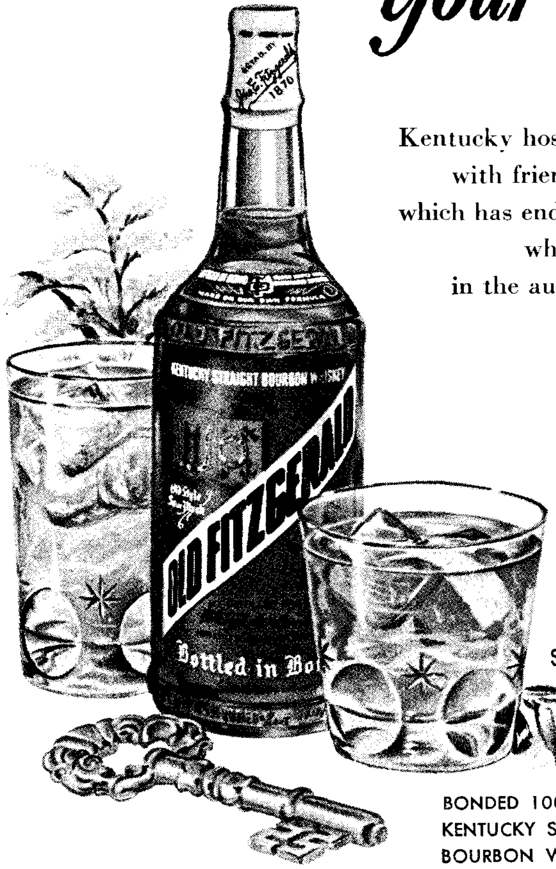
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'Until we get tired of it' and he says 'Will we stay here until they hang Nancy, mamma?' . . . I say 'Yes, darling,' and then he drops it right in my lap . . . 'Where will we go then, mamma?' "

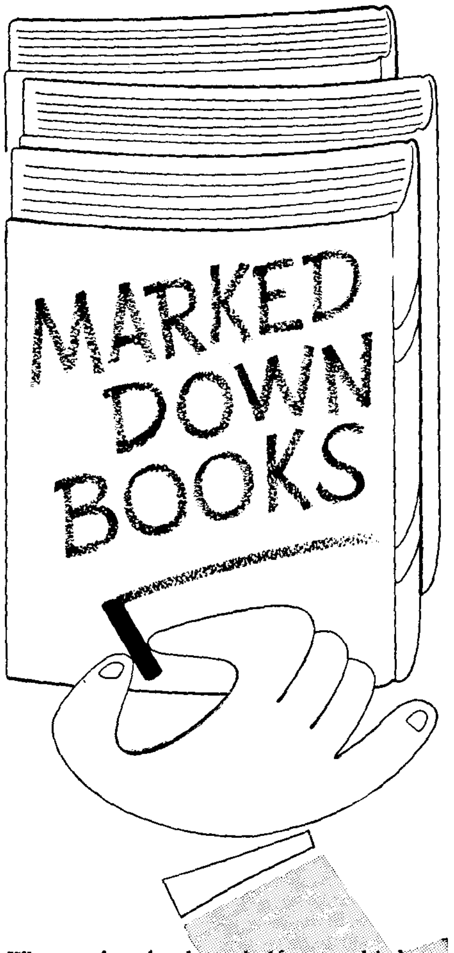
Convinced by this that there is no place to hide, the party return to Jefferson, and Scene 3—same room, same company, same badgering, but four months later—becomes possible. Gavin is harping on Temple's sense of guilt now, convincing her that she must go to the Governor and tell him the whole background of the murder, even as far back as Memphis, for the ostensible purpose of saving Nancy's neck. After turning every which way, she agrees and the curtain falls.

Act II takes place in the office of the Governor, a singularly patient and long-suffering public servant. Wakened at two in the morning, he listens unprotestingly by the hour while Gavin Stevens, spouting rhetorical nebulosities about the moral law, takes Temple apart with no discoverable motive and squeezes her little secrets from her. What had impelled the Stevenses to employ Nancy? Temple was drawn to her because her teeth had been kicked out on the steps of the bank one morning by the cashier, who resented her choice of the moment when he was opening the place for the day's business to present an apparently valid claim for a two-dollar fee that had been outstanding for a fortnight. This had convinced Temple that of all the people in Jefferson Nancy was the one who could speak her language, so she had hired her to have someone around she could talk to. What she wanted to talk about was how wonderful Red, the dance-hall bouncer Popeye had procured for her as a lover, had been. And later she had had her affair with Red's younger brother to talk about. While she was mewed up in Miss Reba's in Memphis, she had whiled away the duller hours by writing obscene letters to Red, and Junior had treasured these down the years. Then he had turned up to do some blackmailing. Blackmail and a happy physical resemblance to Red were, of course, foundation enough for a romance, and Temple just naturally fell in love with her new charmer. But sporadic adultery proving inadequate, Temple planned to run off with him, as she had once intended with Red.

Here she was faced with a scruple, humanitarian rather than moral, that she had little cause to suspect in Nancy. Gowan has, all along, had his doubts of the paternity of his first-born, and the second child is still too young to be left behind. You can't be meaning, says Nancy, to "leave one with a man that's willing to believe the child ain't got no father, willing to take the other one to a man that don't even want no children." Temple is, so Nancy, unable to frustrate the elopement by hiding the jewels and the loose cash that were to finance its initial stages, murders the younger child. All this comes out, as reluctantly and painfully as an impacted wisdom tooth, in Scene 1 and in Scene 2, a flashback to the night of the murder.

Scene 3 opens with a line for the producer: *Temple does not know that the Governor has gone and that her husband is now in the room.* This switch depends on some sort of conniving and tiptoeing in and out of the room that is more than hard to believe in, but we are already far, far beyond logic and credibility anyway. When Temple realizes that this has taken place, she rounds on Uncle Gavin, asking for an explanation of exactly what is going on, and learns that the Governor had finally rejected all appeals for clemency in Nancy's case the week before. The moment has clearly come for Temple to add justifiable homicide to her record, but she keeps on talking. You just fixed this to make me suffer, she says, it wasn't even to make me "confess to my husband, but to do it in the hearing of two strangers, something which I had spent eight years trying to expiate so that my husband wouldn't have to know about it." (She does not explain what manner of expiation her carnal traffic with Red's brother has been, but no matter.) No, says Uncle Gavin. "You came here to affirm the very thing which Nancy is going to die tomorrow to postulate: that little children, as long as they are little children, shall be intact, unanguished, untorn, unterrified." The text does not seem to support this statement. The child has been butchered. Temple's affirmation has been, if anything, that girls who sleep around with members of the criminal classes and write them smutty letters will presently regret it; and Nancy is not going to postulate anything. Society, the law, or whatever you like to call it is going to break her neck in the hope of dissuading private persons from killing other private persons. At any rate, it is now after 3:30 A.M. onstage and there is nothing to do but bring down the curtain on Act II and get the characters off to bed.

They meet for Act III, seven hours later, in the Jefferson jail, where Mr. Faulkner's big surprise is waiting for us. Something—contact with Temple,



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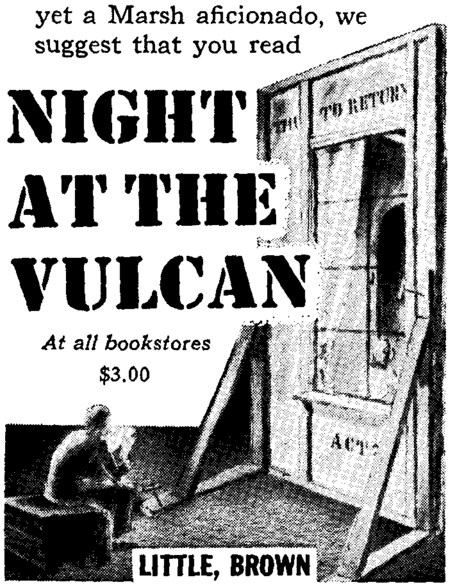

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perhaps; the satisfactions of murder, possibly—has transformed Nancy Mannigoe into a saint. Serene and calm, at peace with God and man, and coached about such problems as the existence of evil in God's creation by Gavin Stevens, ever ready with a leading question, she offers her former employer the consolations of religion. But if Temple has succeeded in becoming the agent of Nancy's salvation, she has not got to the point of salvation herself. She leaves the jail murmuring that there must be something, "anyone to save it [her soul]. Anyone to want it. If there is none, I'm sunk. We all are. Doomed. Damned." It is a dim revelation, and it has cost the lives of Tommy, Red, Popeye, Goodwin, Temple's second child, and Nancy to bring it to her. Temple is still just twenty-seven, and one can only wonder what dread events, what fearful harvest of mortal flesh, will be required to fetch her the whole way back home to a knowledge of Mr. Faulkner's fierce and frightening God.

One's feelings about this concoction as the work of the one unchallengeable and unquestionable genius at present functioning at the full tide of his creative powers on the American literary scene cannot be very happy. They may be softened by the joking thought that Henry James, too, wrote plays, and that Shaw wrote novels. Or they may be dodged by classification, by saying that this book belongs on the shelf alongside "Mosquitoes," a long way from "Soldiers' Pay," "Light in August," "The Sound and the Fury," and "The Hamlet," and is a mere aberration at the outer fringe of the work of a major artist. But the puzzle remains: why the genius who has given Jefferson and the County such reality and substance should have populated it with such people, so brutishly and incredibly entangled. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A WAY THROUGH THE WOOD, by Nigel Balchin (Houghton Mifflin). The story of a spoiled woman who feels she cannot bear to hurt anyone but who is nevertheless determined to get her own way; her husband, who gives her the benefit of the doubt so consistently that he becomes ridiculous; and her lover, who stands aside or comes forward, according to what he is told to do. Between them, these three create a snarled, tiresome situation, and Mr. Balchin describes their strugglings, their decisions, their

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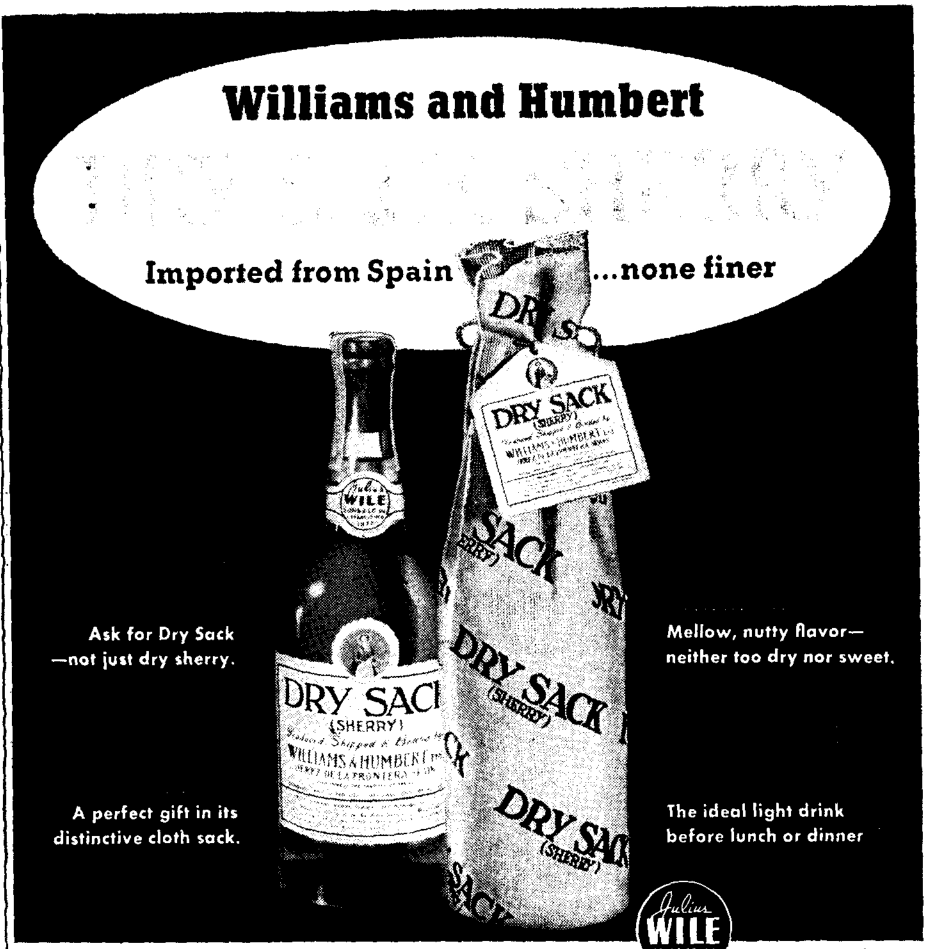
redecisions, and the final disposal of their fortunes as dispassionately as he can, considering that he employs the unhappy husband as narrator. The whole thing is a matter of trivialities and small scenes and useless discussions, and holds the curiosity with exactly the same intensity as a friend's account of his brother-in-law's trouble with his wife, or a newspaper story of a family scandal almost anywhere in the world.

THIS PLEASANT LEA, by Anne Crone (Scribner). It is to be hoped that few young women, in or out of fiction, approach their love affairs with the morbid patience and resignation of Faith Storey, the heroine of this book, whose spirit of self-sacrifice is so great and so eager that it obscures what is possibly a more human and attractive side of her nature. Faith, a poor country schoolteacher in Ireland, has two suitors, a city man and a country man. The city man, a weak but handsome fellow, ditches Faith to please his father and marries a rich girl, who soon dies of consumption. The country man wins out in the end, not because Faith loves him but because she turns to him in an access of self-congratulation at having been able to reject the city man, now a widower come to advance his suit a second time. Miss Crone's prose, self-assured, elaborate, and passionless, is well suited to this heavy tale.

SOLITAIRE, by Pierre Larthomas (Houghton Mifflin). A thin little novel, translated from the French, about a lonely bank clerk who shelters a murderer for a night and decides that by his generous action he has changed his own attitude toward life completely, so that he will never be able to stay aloof from his fellowman again. One cannot help feeling that a man so hungry for companionship, and so kind of heart, would have found some object for his love years before the murderer crossed his path. It is equally obvious that his decision to have more to do with people is a matter of the will rather than of the emotions. Mr. Larthomas gives a touching picture of an encounter, but the cause of the encounter and the result of it are desperately contrived and hollow.

THE LOST SEA, by Jan de Hartog (Harper). The story of a ten-year-old Dutch orphan who is kidnapped by the captain of a fishing boat and carried off to sea, where he works as the ship sea mouse, a kind of cabin boy, and has many thrilling adven-



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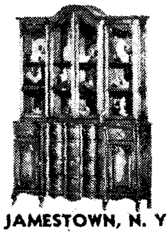

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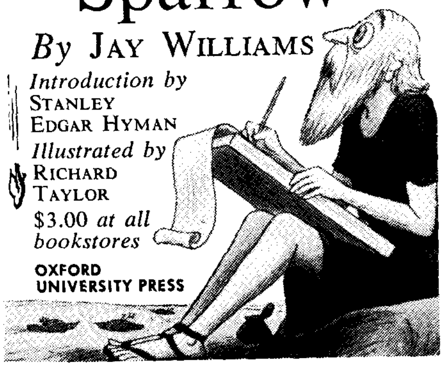
Fall of the Sparrow

By JAY WILLIAMS



Introduction by STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

Illustrated by RICHARD TAYLOR

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tures before he finally escapes back to land and his foster mother. Mr. de Hartog works hard to make the people of his story—the ferocious Black Skipper, the drunken Liar, and others—into startling characters, but the most memorable member of the crew is a tremendous cat named Murk, who conveys more by his silences than most of the others do in a night's conversation.

GENERAL

CALL IT EXPERIENCE, by Erskine Caldwell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A brief memoir, intended chiefly for the edification, or possibly the disenchantment, of people who are curious about the business of writing for a living. In the early, malnutritional phases of Mr. Caldwell's career, when he was turning out newspaper copy, book reviews, and phenomenal numbers of unsalable stories, he succeeded in getting himself involved in some interesting and occasionally very funny predicaments, both in his native Georgia and elsewhere. From about the time when he found himself capable of trading insults with Alexander Woollcott, however, his interests, it would seem, have grown more and more specialized, and the latter part of his book is overweighted with accounts of his contractual difficulties with his publishers, of conversations with his agent, and of his treatment at the hands of the critics, whom he divides, perhaps justly, into those who are "perceptive" and those who pan his works. A final question-and-answer section offers ambitious writers such bits of information as that there's always room for a good man at the top of a profession, that Mr. Caldwell has heavy taxes and expenses, and that if he had his life to live over, he'd most certainly choose the same profession.

THE RISE AND FALL OF HERMANN GOERING, by Willi Frischauer (Houghton Mifflin). A biography based in part on personal recollection—the author, a Viennese-born newspaperman, left Germany abruptly soon after his subject, of whom he was critical, came into prominence—and partly on researches and interviews conducted in Germany after Goering's death. In spite of having talked at some length with Frau Goering and with a number of her husband's former associates, Mr. Frischauer hasn't actually managed to add very much, except some lively and more or less reliable-sound-

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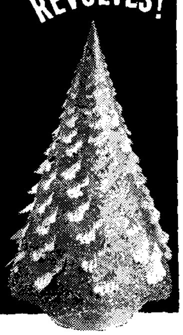

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ing anecdotes, to the knowledge already available about the Reichsmarschall, whose personal popularity with Hitler, he points out, fluctuated in direct ratio to the success of the Luftwaffe. Since Goering, in his role of Hitler's salesman, had a different face for practically everybody he met, the job of summing him up is an unusually difficult one. Mr. Frischauer hasn't attempted anything really definitive along these lines but has merely presented his findings as objectively as possible, and with relatively few of the journalistic flourishes that crop up, perhaps inevitably, in books about top-ranking Nazis. Photographs.

MEMOIRS OF ERNST VON WEIZSÄCKER, translated by John Andrews (Regnery). The author of this memoir, a German baron who served as State Secretary of the German Foreign Office under Hitler and subsequently as a Nazi envoy to the Vatican, was convicted at the Nuremberg trials for complicity in the crimes committed by his regime and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. It is his contention that his diplomatic career was, contrary to judicial opinion, a long, discouraging, and fruitless crusade in the interests of peace; that his membership both in the Nazi Party and in the S.S. was only token, or "decorative;" that by remonstrating with his temperamental Führer, quarrelling openly at times with Ribbentrop, and sending out frequent peace feelers through official channels, he served humanity far more efficiently than he could have by expressing his personal contempt for a government fundamentally repulsive to his sensibilities as an aristocrat and as a former naval officer. The Baron's presentation of his thesis is interspersed with regretful comment on the way Germany's national motives have been thoroughly and consistently misunderstood, as well as with stories about the many notables it was his privilege to break bread with. The book would profit by a good deal of cutting, since it contains little or no material that hasn't been presented previously to the public—although, to be sure, from a somewhat different point of view.

QUEST FOR THE LOST CITY, by Dana and Ginger Lamb (Harper). An account of a ten-year search for a forgotten Mayan city in the jungles below the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, near the border between Mexico and Guatemala. The authors are a California couple who in 1933 began a

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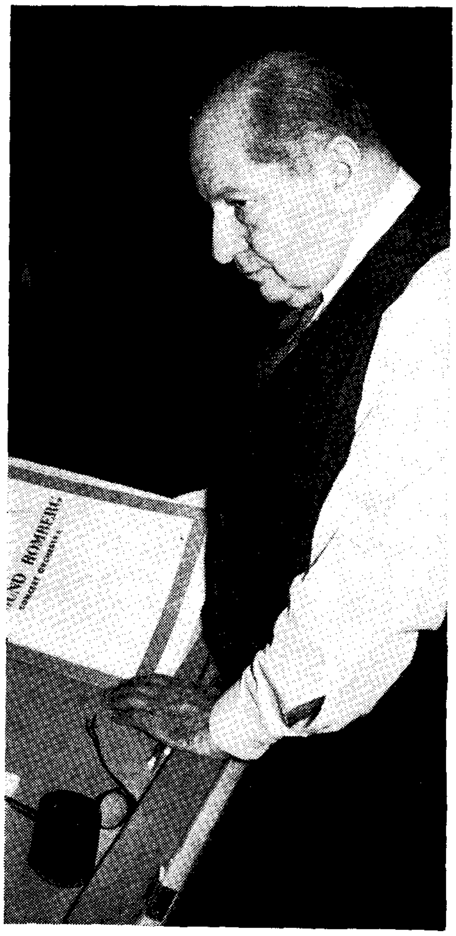

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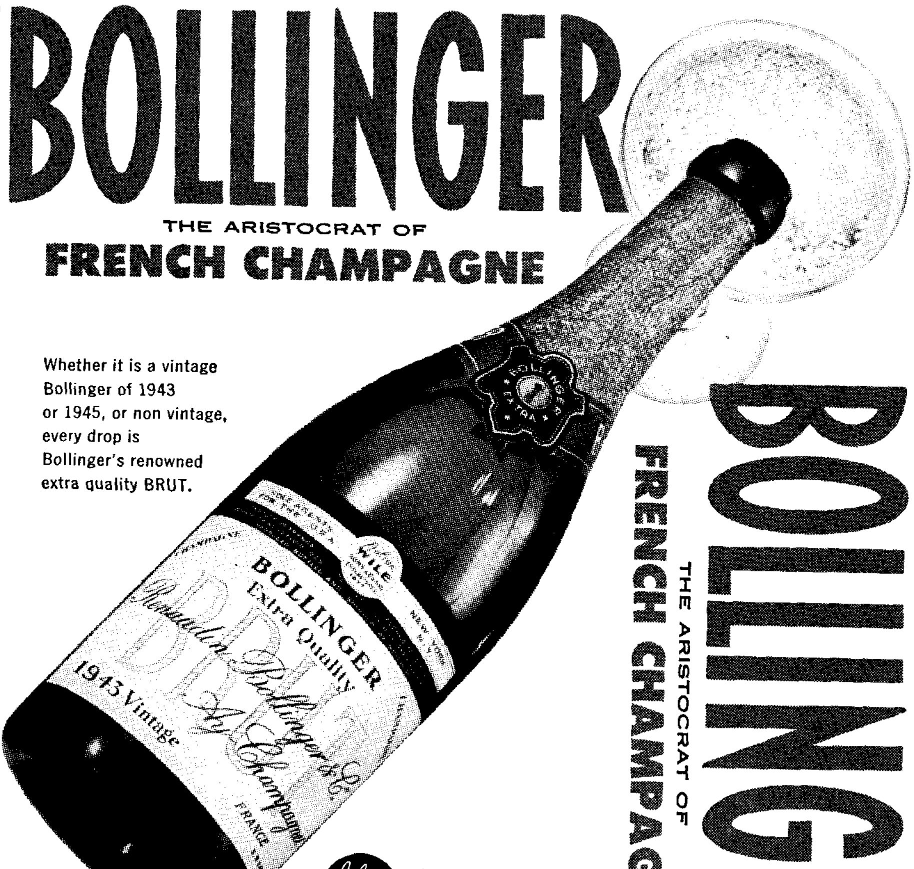

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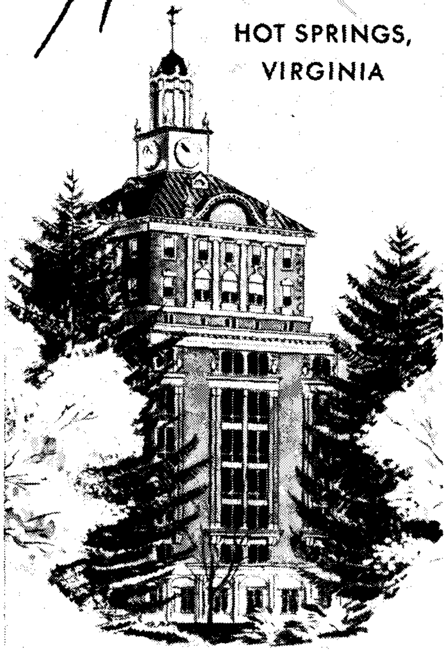

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sixteen-thousand-mile, three-year canoe trip down the coast of Mexico to the Sea of Cortés, which they described in their book "Enchanted Vagabonds." The Mayan adventure, preceded by a two-thousand-mile hike "to get into condition," was even more astonishing and, if possible, more hazardous; the sea offered only one threat to life but the mountains and the jungles offered a thousand, from poisonous insects and starvation to a bandit's bullet in the back. The narrative is full of the kind of satisfactory detail that answers questions before the reader can think of them, and is written in a breezy fashion that has no literary pretensions. There are sixteen pages of photographs and there could have been even more. The quest, by the way, was successful.

A Century of British Monarchy, by Hector Bolitho (Longmans, Green). A series of brief character sketches, written with the intention of casting fresh light on the affinity that has existed during the past hundred years between the British people and their Royal Family, and that, in the author's opinion, is now increasingly important in the pattern of British life. Since this phenomenon hasn't exactly passed unobserved by other commentators, Mr. Bolitho has cast about for novel ways of doing the job, and in the instances of Queen Victoria and Edward VII he has come up with such devices as playlets, conversation pieces, and imaginary memoirs, as well as with such factual material as excerpts from Victoria's exclamatory personal correspondence and from letters written by one of her mother's ladies in waiting and by the Prince Consort. In dealing with George V and his successors, however, Mr. Bolitho has resorted to the standard, glowingly reverential biographical method. The present Royal Family, we learn, captures the imagination of the public by its predilection for the family hearthstone, by its indefatigable attention to onerous duty, and by its disregard for what might be termed, under the circumstances, petty precedent. Illustrated by Philip Gough.

The Victorian Temper, by Jerome Hamilton Buckley (Harvard). An ambitious attempt to define, delimit, and assay the moral and cultural impulses of Victorian England. In speaking of his goal at the beginning of the book, the author almost talks himself out of pursuing it, admitting

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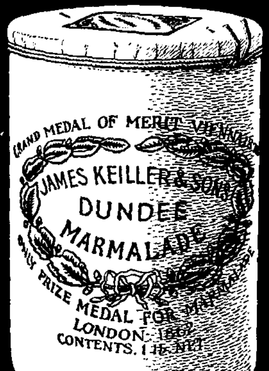

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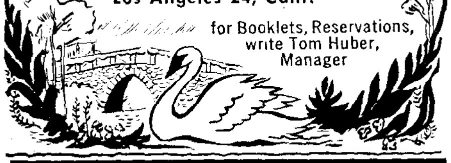

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that it is hard to generalize about an entire era and that distortion is apt to result if one does. Then, keeping an eye on the manifold contradictions, he proceeds to discuss the Victorians—early, middle, and late—in terms of the books and poems they wrote, the pictures they painted, and the objects of art they produced. The result is an intelligent work of social and literary history, diverting in places but without any high degree of cogency.

BEN JONSON, Volumes IX and X, edited by C. H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson (Oxford). These are the two latest installments of a monumental edition of Jonson, one of the most important achievements of our time in the field of English scholarship. The earlier volumes contain biographical material on Jonson, a set of essays dealing separately with each of his works, and the first sound and careful text ever to have been established for all his writings. The new volumes contain a historical survey of the manuscripts and editions of Jonson's works, the often curious and entertaining theatrical history of the plays, and a commentary on contemporary plays and masques that explains obscure words and references, gives the originals of borrowings from the Greek and Latin classics, points out connections or parallels with other works of Jonson's period, and discusses problems of interpretation. These volumes are more valuable and interesting to the ordinary reader than the ones containing the texts, in which the old spelling makes hard reading. No other Elizabethan writer is so full as Ben Jonson of allusions, both learned and local, and none displays a vocabulary more diversified and peculiar. These are the first adequate notes on Jonson, and they represent the first attempt since William Gifford's, in 1816, to equip with a commentary the whole of his dramatic work. There is still to appear a similar volume, compiled by the same editors, of commentary on Jonson's prose writings and poems.

THE PORTABLE HENRY JAMES, edited and with an introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel (Viking). This new book upholds the standard of able editing and attractive selection that has been set by this Portable series. The problem of presenting James in six or seven hundred pages would seem to be a staggering one, but Mr. Zabel has dealt with it

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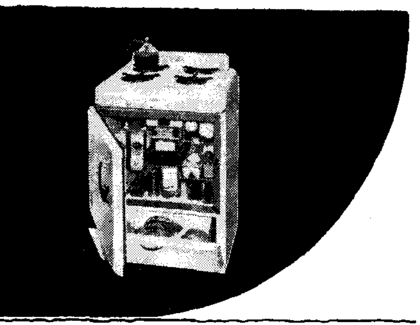

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

Anna, Where Are You, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Nobody really likes Anna Ball, but when she disappears, a conscientious old school friend thinks she ought to do something about it, and the result is an advertisement that attracts the attention of Miss Maud Silver, who is, of course, one of the most formidable old ladies in detective fiction. The cast of characters is various—including an herbalist, a male needleworker, a bird-watcher, and, naturally enough, two nice young lovers—and the action is almost equally profuse. There may, in fact, be just a little too much of everything—a not uncommon failing in this special field.

Man Dead, by Selwyn Jepson (Doubleday). If people will move corpses around before the police show up, they have to be prepared for complications, and Sarah Grey is no exception to this rule, though she is the daughter of a late Lord Justice and the victim is no less a personage than a Deputy Prime Minister. Sarah is fortunate not only in her social position but in the assistance of an admirer whose methods are nearly as offhand as her own. Just the same, she has quite a time with a gang of blackmailers before things get put together in a reasonably tidy manner. Mr. Jepson has always been an adroit operator, and this sample of his work should disappoint none of his admirers.

•

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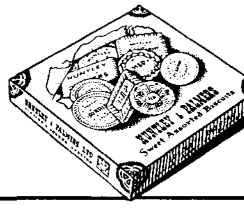

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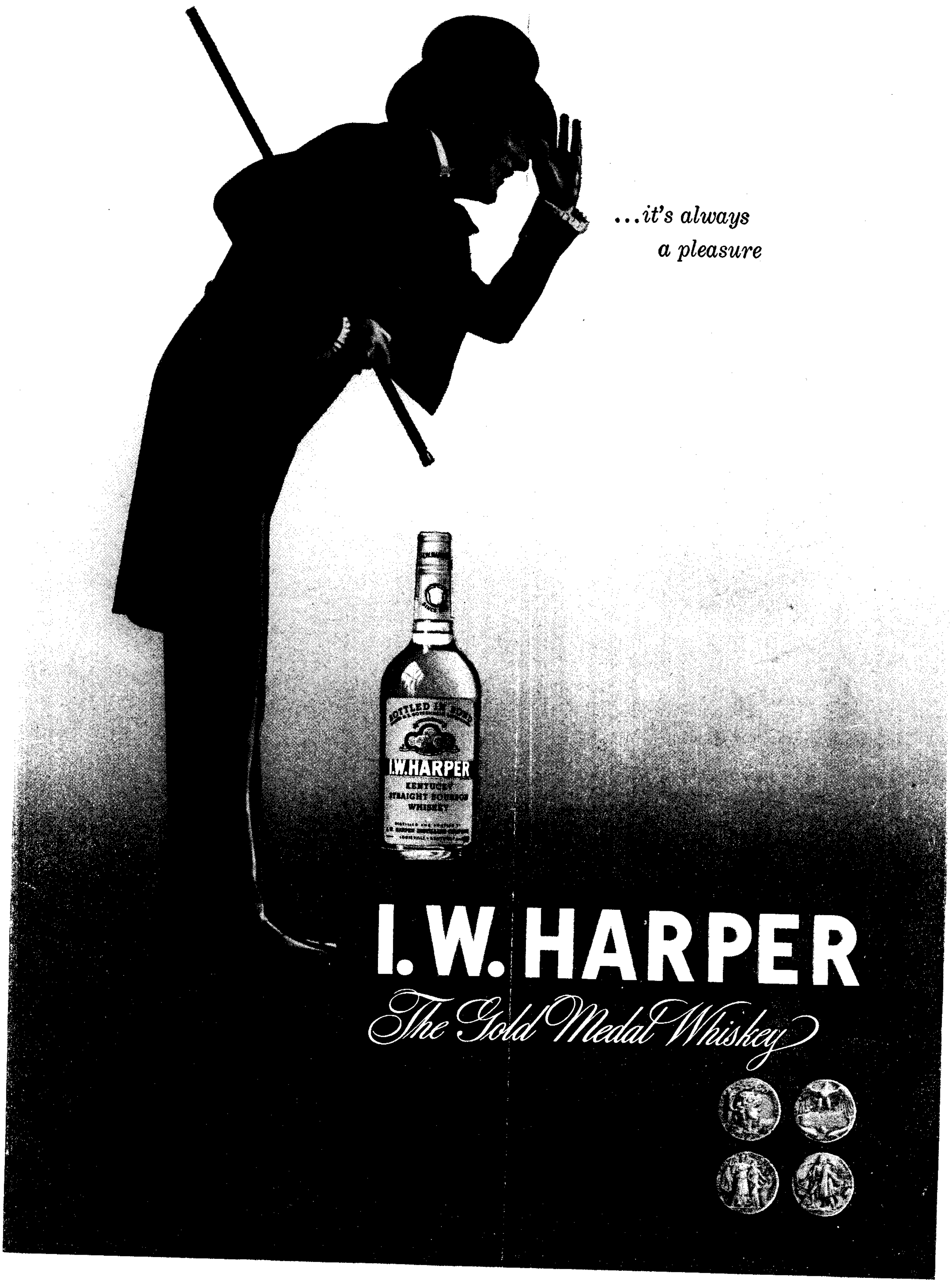
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